

THE
HISTORIES
OF

Lady FRANCES S—,

AND

Lady CAROLINE S—.

Written by the Miss MINIFIES,
Of Fairwater, in Somersetshire.

D U B L I N:

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POTTS.

M DCC LXIII.



T O

Lady T Y N T E,

Of Haswell, in Somersetshire.

MADAM,

WE have ventured to send in-
to the world, under your
Ladyship's protection, a Novel,
intituled, *The Histories of Lady
Frances and Lady Caroline S----*,
wrote with the warmest senti-
ments of virtue and honour.

Here your Ladyship will see a
helpless Orphan, conducted by
the hand of Providence to the
guardian and director of her ten-
der years, perfected and compleat-
ed with all the ornaments and
em-

DEDICATION.

embellishments human nature is capable of receiving.

We flatter ourselves these characters will amuse your Ladyship, when your mind is unbent from more noble employments; which will answer all our intentions, and give us an opportunity of acknowledging ourselves

Your LADYSHIP'S

obliged and obedient

humble Servants,

M. M. S. MINIFIE.





THE
HISTORIES
OF
Lady FRANCES *and* Lady
CAROLINE S-----.



Lady LUCY WALTON to Miss HAMILTON.



HARMING delightful Ashley! how reluctantly did I quit thy peaceful solitude for the noise and hurry of London.—The first ten miles after I parted with my Juliet and her amiable cousins, I saw nothing but hedges stripped of their verdure, and thought on nothing but the entertaining scenes I left behind me.—Though my body is dragged away from you, my mind still hovers about sweet Ashley-Park, sometimes with your good (aunt, I was going to say; but is she not as much a mother

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mother to my dear Miss Hamilton, as to her own Harriot and Charlotte?) thanking her for those civilities she has lavished on me these three last happy months, spent at that seat of social harmony. From Mrs. Wentworth's apartment I go to yours; there I find all my dear girls, chat of a thousand agreeable things, or, if it happens to be a fine morning, stroll with you into my favourite walk, which summer has so well fortified, that winter, advanced as it is in all its horrors, has not yet been able to conquer it. With such reflections I beguiled the heavy hours, taking off the fatigue of a journey which, without them, must have been tedious and disagreeable.—At my arrival in Grosvenor-Square, I found the best of fathers waiting to receive me; who has not enjoyed his health so many months together since the death of my mother; but at this time seems free from all disorders, having a sound mind in a sound body.—Lord Ormsby, as usual, all life and spirit, tells me, I ought to make my lowest court'sey, as Lady Townly says, thank him down to the very ground, for having put off a visit to Heartly-Abbey, on purpose to see me at my return; suspecting I may have been spoiled by your indulgence, and want some wholesome lessons to set me in order.—I am to present his compliments to the hospitable family which so kindly entertains strollers; and since such a vagrant, as his sister, meets encouragement from them, he is determined, he says, to try his own interest, as soon as he comes back from Lord Edgmore's. You are a mad creature, was my answer, and must not expect that people in their right senses will receive you. I have given his lordship room to hope the winter will not approach much farther before we are favoured with your company. My father longs to

see ladies so remarkable for their fine sense and genteel accomplishments; besides, their presence (he was pleased to add) would afford him a double satisfaction, as he should be then sure of enjoying more of his Lucy. This tender compliment from such a parent, was more acceptable to me than the most studied eloquence from any other man in the universe; and must be my excuse for repeating it.—I have this moment a card from Lady Frances S——, daughter to the Duke of ——, requesting me to be of her party at a masquerade next Thursday. I shall readily attend her, if I can prevail on my brother to give us his company, leaving my letter unfinished to seek him. I will soon acquaint you with the success of my petition, being uncertain whether he will have it in his power to oblige me, as he has fixed on that day for going to Heartly-Abbey.

I have returned her Ladyship an answer in the affirmative; my brother's affection having never yet suffered him to pronounce to me that significant monosyllable, *No*.—Quite charmed am I with the thoughts of meeting Lady Frances, not having seen her since we parted at Chelsea: we were then but children. I left the school some time before her Ladyship, with great regret; she being of so sweet a disposition, that I loved her as a sister. She is but lately returned from Audley-Castle in Sussex; the seat of Lord Henry S——, her uncle, where she has resided two years.—Is it not surprizing, as she is an only child, that the Duke and Dutches could consent to so long a separation?—to me it is unaccountable.—Lady Clayton, Lady Ellers, and Miss Blount, send up their names; I must attend them. So many congratulatory how-d'ye's on my arrival, that I have scarce a minute uninterrupted. Assure yourself,

my dear, that were I inclinable to vanity on being thus seemingly distinguished, my pride would be sufficiently humbled in recollecting that it is a mark of respect conferred on all, and which all claim by the rules of good breeding, from time immemorial: whether deserving or not deserving is never considered on these occasions.—My brother has already bespoke my habit, but will not let me know into what I shall be metamorphosed 'till it is brought home.—The ladies who have just left me, together with the Hon. Miss Houghton and Miss Carlton are to be of our party.—Lord H—— desires, by a particular message, that I will favour him with a quarter of an hour's audience: a very unexpected visitor! he knows my determination, from which nothing shall ever make me recede, having often declared I never can give him the least preference. Indeed, that man whose addresses I could accept, is yet a stranger to my eyes: however, since Lord H—— requests another conversation, no doubt with a design of entering on the same subject, I will not refuse to hear him; but depend on it, I am resolved to insist on the prerogative my father has given me, to approve or disapprove, as I think fit; and once more to repeat my denial in terms he shall not be able to evade.—

His Lordship is gone away in a state of mortification, having exhausted numberless arguments to no purpose, which might not have wanted force, had they been used against any person less determined than myself: however, I have now reason to hope it will be the last trouble I shall receive from that quarter.—I did not intend to dispatch my letter 'till I could send you some account of the masquerade; but dreading the imputation of neglect, my gratitude bids me hasten
to

to assure my friends, that to be always thinking on them is the highest pleasure that can be felt by their affectionate

LUCY WALTON.

Lady LUCY WALTON to Miss HAMILTON.

JOY to my Juliet, joy to every dear friend at Ashley. If you do not already know the occasion, take it now as it occurs on recollection. —The important Thursday arrived; the ladies mentioned in my last, attended by your Lucy, Sir Robert Fenton, Mr. Temple, the Hon. Mr. Bruce, and my Brother, being joined by Lady Frances S——, and Lord Milford, who is among the numbers of her admirers, sallied forth for the Hay-Market: the rooms were full and remarkably brilliant; all our party was soon promiscuously engaged, by kings, quack-doctors, Roman senators, chimney-sweepers, and the devil; the last tempted me with much oratory to dance a minuet, that mortals might see he was not entirely disregarded, even by goddesses; my good brother having for that night made me empress of the moon: so Mr. Temple (for it was he who personated the grand deceiver) knowing the small pretensions I had to my kingdom in the upper regions, presumed to accost me thus freely. Although I told the mischievous monarch that his influence was already too great in a world where he had so many worshippers, yet, like our first parent, I could not long resist his eloquence; but had I not known him under his disguise for a spirit of the gentlest nature,

nature, and much esteemed by you all, I should not have assented to his proposal with the alacrity I did. — Whilst he was thanking me for my condescension, a gardener, selecting a fine flower from a basket of various sorts, with a genteel air presented it to me, politely saying he hoped an offering, pure as my divinity, would not be rejected. His conversation then turned on the nature and beauty of the plants he held; in which he made many just and entertaining similies between the vegetable and gay world. I was very attentive; but Mr. Temple uncommonly so: which I attributed to his high relish for observations rational in themselves, and delivered in a manner agreeably instructive: when breaking out at once, I think I should not be unacquainted with that voice, said he, Good God! my dear Frank, replied the stranger, this is an unexpected happiness; I heard you were gone into the country: then taking off his mask, your resemblance stood before me in such lively colours, that I was startled to a degree which I fear did not pass unobserved. — Every feature, every look the same. Lord! my dear! I hope this strange accident has not made me appear very ridiculous in Sir William's eyes; for need I tell you, this gardener was the brother of my Juliet, who after an absence of so many years is at last restored to her wishes. Had I not then reason to congratulate those hearts, who never feel a pleasure of which I do not participate; or a pain, which I would not be the first in removing. — Great satisfaction was expressed by both at this accidental interview. I heard Sir William tell Mr. Temple, that it being late when he came to town, a rambling humour prevailed on him to make one in this entertainment; and that he had not wrote to you of his being in England, as
he

he came over some months sooner than he at first intended, and should now see you before you could possibly hear of it.—I danced several dances, but could not prevail on Lady Frances to join in them: about one o'clock she retired, followed by Lord Milford, who is very assiduous in paying his court to her. I did not return 'till late, though impatient to descend from my altitudes some hours before; but my Inclinations meeting with opposition, I yielded to superior numbers.—Mr. Temple, who has promised to go with Sir William into Berkshire, will send early for this letter. That I might be the first in my congratulations, those hours I used to dedicate to sleep, are now yours.—Lady Frances's tender reception of me, was a convincing proof that she still possesses the same agreeable Temper, which had endeared her to me, when neither scarce knew what was meant by the word friendship. She has attained the highest perfection of beauty; but wanting a descriptive pen to do her justice, and not wishing to deface charms in another, through a consciousness of my own inferiority, I forbear attempting to describe what nature has made inimitable; so shall only say, her person is calculated to dignify the character she assumed, which was that of an Indian princess.—Her hair, brought over her head in a large tuft, supported the circle of royalty that adorned it; being a coronet of jewels: the shining brown, and fineness of its texture, adding lustre to their natural brilliancy. She had a robe and sandals of the purest white; richly embroidered with gold: and her whole form was so noble, that those who stood near her, appeared diminutive, as wanting charms to attract a look; while she, without seeming conscious of her power,

engrossed them all.—Wherever she moved, that part of the room was like the temple of some favourite saint, to whom all resorted without distinction : yet eagerly did she shun the crowd that followed her ; admiration not being alike desirable to all women.

Having leisure and inclination to let you know some of our dresses, I must now take your attention from Lady Frances, to engage it for Miss Carlton ; whom I shall present you as a shepherdess ; nor can Sidney's *Arcadia* boast one more lovely. Her jacket was pea-green, buttoned close with diamonds shewing a very delicate shape to advantage. Her hair bound with a garland of artificial flowers, coming so near to nature, that you could almost have fancied them glowing on their native beds. A crook, ornamented after the same manner, received peculiar grace from the hand in which it was retained. Lady Clayton, Lady Ellers, and Miss Houghton, wore domino's ; Miss Blount the habit of a nun.—I have already told you that mine was of my brother's choosing ; and represented the dress of Diana : never had I such difficulty in complying with any request of his, knowing myself incapable of moving in so exalted a sphere.—My robe was azure, spangled with stars : on my head I bore a large silver crescent, in my hand a bow and quiver. The oddity of my habit drew on me more questions than I could answer with propriety ; and the wittings being far more numerous than the wits, by a thousand impertinencies gave me fresh cause to repent of my complaisance. I am not fond of this diversion ; and if ever I go to another, it must be in a domino. I have said that Mr. Temple shewed us his cloven foot ; he was attended by Sir Robert Fenton

Fenton as a harlequin; Mr. Bruce, a Turkish bashaw; my brother, Mercury, as their harbinger, in a coat of flame colour, a white mantle trimmed with gold, his beaver white, wings at his head and feet, and a rod of silver in his hand; which rod he has laid so successfully on my eyes, that I am forced to obey its summons.

Friday morning.

The prince of the air, just going to take his flight, and soon to alight in paradise, is impatiently waiting for my letter. What a present do I now send you! a brother, whose absence you have so often regretted, and (if Mr. Temple's haste to be with you does not greatly deceive me) an addition to a long train of admirers: among whom you have none more sincerely so, than your obliged

LUCY WALTON.

Miss HAMILTON to Lady LUCY WALTON.

THANKS to my dear Lady Lucy! the joy she gave is hardly yet subsided.—As I was yesterday sitting at my toilet, Sally came running to me half out of breath, saying, the cleverest gentleman—just alighted from a chariot—with six foaming horses—was asking Madam Wentworth all about me.—This girl is daughter to a poor man in the neighbourhood, who has eight other children; which was the reason of my taking her for my servant. Her rusticity I overlook on account of her honesty and readiness to oblige: and was not much alarmed at her abrupt manner; till my aunt entering, cried out, with apparent pleasure—

blefs me! Juliet, I can tell you news—your brother, my dear, is in England—how, madam! in England!—Starting from my chair with agility, down fell the table, the dressing boxes rolling about the floor: Can it be? but say, my dear aunt, is not my brother below? I am sure he is.—You are right;—but don't hurry yourself: be seated till you are more composed.—For your giddy friend was hastening down, having forgot that her cap was off, and her hair unpinned. My aunt said, she had been chiding him for not letting us know of his arrival; but did not mention a word of any person's being with him. As soon as my cap was replaced, down I flew.—The first object my eyes met, was a gentleman with his back towards me: running up to him I was going to throw my arms round his neck; when he hearing a footstep, turned, and rescued me from the confusion I should have been in, at the manner in which I proposed welcoming Mr. Temple, mistaking him for Sir William. In the full sense of the words, I came off with flying colours; and being convinced he was a stranger to my intentions, had paid him my compliments with tolerable composure, when my brother joined us.—Our joy was then reciprocal; for never was there greater affection than subsists between us; our birth commencing at the same time: indeed, we are thought the exact resemblance of each other.—He talks, and I believe thinks of nothing but the masquerade. In vain did the graceful coronet encircle the head of your Indian princess; in vain were placed the glowing flowers on that of the fair shepherdess; the gardener neglects them all, and becomes a follower of the virgin huntress, whose shining crescent had for him charms more attractive. Shall I give you part of a conversation
I had

I had with him a few moments since? but why do I ask, when you are not present to forbid me? What a happy creature are you, Juliet, in being honoured with the friendship of the finest woman in the kingdom?—I dare say you mean Lady Lucy Walton; looking at him with one of my arch smiles, as you used to call them.—To be sure he did.—Well then, my dear brother, you are certainly right; but have you ever seen her? Sly girl, he return'd; don't you know that I saw her at the masquerade? to her face I am yet a stranger; when I spoke of her as a fine woman, I meant her shape, air, and manner; but above all, the beauties of her mind: for without them, none of your sex, my sister, can be truly lovely, these are the ornaments which the fair should be studious to attain; by them the finest complexion would be heightened, the eyes sparkle with brighter lustre, while every feature, thus animated, would speak the cause from whence such charms proceeded.—This observation made me determine to be very good; for what will not a woman undertake to be thought handsome? but full, as I was, of my own amendment, and the advantages proposed from it, I neglected not to assure him you had a face little inferior to that mind, and that person, for which he so justly admired you.—At this a sigh escaped him, that by its length he seemed to intend should reach your Ladyship: and knowing it would out-travel the post, I sit down to enquire if you have yet received it.—What, in the name of Love, am I to do with him? for this is the deity that must be invoked in his cause. I'll e'en send him to town, and pray employ him in planting flowers under your window.—But now let me call you to an account.—Granted.—What then did
you

you mean by saying you had sent Mr. Temple to me as an admirer? had you any grounds for your surmises? if so, my whole vengeance must fall on Charlotte; for 'tis she has stolen him from me; nor does she, I really think, repent her theft.—For my part, I made as sure of an humble servant, as I ever did of a new cap.—What then must be my disappointment, after sitting one whole hour alone with him, plaiting my ruffles, expecting every instant when he would enter on something particular, to see him start from his chair, like one just recovered from a trance, go to the window, and look wishfully into the great road, and then hear him ask how far it was to Lady Friendford's? though, poor man! he has been there often: but this love is a sad destroyer of the memory.—Now you must know, that Harriot and Charlotte were gone to spend the day with her Ladyship. Was it not enough to awaken suspicion? if you have led me into the scrape, nothing can screen you from my revenge, but a Christian disposition to return good for evil.—Well, I must tell you how I penetrated farther into this love affair. My cousins came home very early, yet was Mr. Temple all impatience for a long time before.—As the evening drew on, so did his apprehensions: he wished the ladies might not get cold; he saw a storm in every passing cloud; and I protest would at last have teased me into the vapours, had I not been relieved, and his fears put an end to, by their welcome appearance: when a few hours convinced me of what before I more than half suspected; that is, of your Ladyship's mistake, and Charlotte's conquest.—On our retiring, Harriot and I rallied her; whilst she, as innocent as a lamb, could not for the world suppose any such thing.—Did we imagine

gine that Mr. Temple, who had seen so many fine women, could like such a country girl?— Oh! if that is all, my dear, and you approve him, I'll engage for his preference of you.—I approve him! I am sure I said no such thing.—That is true, you have not said it; but then your eyes, your eyes; they are sad tell-tales, as well as his; and 'tis through those windows of the soul, that I have discovered your having no objection to each other. —With my usual good-nature, when I had nothing left to say, I allowed her the same respite I now shall your Ladyship.—We hope nothing will prevent us from paying our personal thanks to the Earl, for the honour he has done us; and you for that conferred on me, in permitting me to stile myself your Ladyship's most obedient

JULIET HAMILTON.

Lady LUCY WALTON to Miss HAMILTON.

WE who have indulgent parents, or such as supply their loss, like the aunt of my Juliet, ought to think them the richest gift of Providence.—An incident has happened since my last, that gives more force to this reflection, than any other I have ever met with.—Scarcely am I yet recovered from the hurry of spirits it occasioned.—Sitting alone this morning, I was told that a young lady desired admittance to me, with great earnestness; but being taken suddenly ill, was obliged to drink a glass of water, before she could deliver her request.—I imagined her to be some young woman who had suffered in her fortune, and wanted my mediation with my father. This I the more readily

readily concluded, as his beneficent disposition is so well known, that it would not have been the first instance of the kind within my remembrance.—Well does Mr. Addison observe, that there is something sacred in distress; and not to give an immediate attention to it, is to acknowledge we want the only virtue that can distinguish us from that part of the creation which hath not reason for its director.—I bid a servant shew her into a little room, in which I always receive such visitants; for people who are not used to splendor, are often so much aw'd by it, as to be prevented from entering into conversation with a necessary freedom.—Reaching it almost as soon as the person whom I had ordered to be conducted to it, what was my astonishment to find there Lady Frances S———, whom but two days since I saw at the masquerade, inspiring all who beheld her, with respect, even to veneration, now unattended; in appearance all terrified, and ready to sink; her feet being scarce able to support their trembling burthen.—Unable to speak, I received her in my arms; her head fell on my shoulder, while her hidden grief found vent in a most violent gush of tears.—I said every thing my great surprize and amazement would admit of, to lessen her affliction, without knowing the cause; but was satisfied of her prudence, and that it was not a common one.—Her dignity returning, a dignity accompanied by the sweetest humility, with more composure she desired me to assist a poor distressed creature, whose friends were at too great a distance to protect her.—The first favour, said her Ladyship, I shall petition for, is, that the Earl will receive me into his family for a few days; the next, that he will suffer one of his servants to carry a letter for me to my uncle, who is now in Sussex. I am sensible, continued she, that I ought to
hide

hide nothing from you, before I can have any title to your confidence: nor can the world longer be a stranger to what has hitherto been with difficulty concealed. She then proposed recounting to me the chief incidents of her life; requesting I would acquaint the Earl with as many of them as would prevent her from sinking in his opinion. Tell him, madam, tell his Lordship, that I hope I am not the very guilty creature, which my being driven disgracefully from my father's house seemeth to bespeak me.—I intreated her not to give encouragement to a thought that would increase her uneasiness. Then conducting her Ladyship to another apartment, and leaving her writing to Lord Henry, I went to my father and repeated to him all that had passed. He had, he said, heard it rumoured, that the Duke and Dutchess were less fond of her than she deserved: and the character of her mother, which was that of a vain woman, who never disguised the influence she had over her husband, being well known to him, he was not at a loss to divine the cause of this application.—But go, Lucy, said he, tell her she shall command my most tender protection: and then ordered his steward to be the bearer of her Ladyship's letter to Lord Henry. This message brightened into serenity the dejected air that before overspread her countenance: and having recovered her disordered spirits, she began her narrative, which my giving you in her own words will not only entertain myself, but raise in your breast those delightful sensations, ever sure to flow from a humane and gentle disposition.—How much am I concerned! said her Ladyship, that I cannot acquaint you with my grief, without making you a sharer in it: for compassionate minds are ever ready to sympathize with the unfortunate; and when thus interested, they certainly,

for

for a time, experience real pain, by adopting another's woe. But still, my dear Lady Lucy, you must pity me, indeed you must, or I shall be more unhappy.—Having answered her with that affection, which my heart felt for this dear injured creature, (injured I knew she was, being too well acquainted with her worth to suppose the contrary) she thus proceeded. My grandfather had three sons, of whom my father was the second. He married the Hon. Miss M——, consulting neither of his parents in this union; who were so very averse from it, that his Grace was inflexible, and would listen to no terms of reconciliation, notwithstanding his Dutches (of whom he was doatingly fond) endeavoured to bring about that event, though far from approving her son's choice. It was not a deficiency in title or fortune that prejudiced them in her disfavour, her personal perfections being great; but the world censured her for a love of admiration, and haughtiness of carriage to her superiors.—Indeed, I have been told the Dutches received some proofs of it, which so irritated the Duke, that he withdrew from my father a large income, reducing him in his circumstances, from affluence to necessity. Lord Henry (through that principle which has been the guide of all his actions) denied himself every expensive pleasure, that he might be able to assist him; while his elder brother, of a far less forgiving disposition, refused to see him; declaring publickly, that my mother's want of condescension was the reason. This, and some other reflections that dropped from him, coming again to her ear, the wound was so inflamed, as to make it impossible for the hand of time, or balm of gentleness, to heal it. When my father's fortune was at the lowest ebb, he became heir apparent to the dukedom, by the death of the Marquis, which was
a great

a great disappointment to my grandfather, who, being of an infirm constitution, and having lost his Dutchess but a twelvemonth, was by this fresh stroke soon hurried to the end of his own days. He left my father possessed of the title and what else he could not withhold from him, which was scarcely the fourth part of his fortune.—The first five years of my life, which commenced at the time his Grace died, I was given up too much to the care of servants, who finding my mother's indifference for me, neglected the trust reposed in them. She was fond of public places, because always distinguished for her beautiful appearance.—Being thus caressed abroad, and indulged by my father at home, she thought not of enquiring into the management of her child: and to the best of uncles am I indebted for the least advantage of education. He returning from the south of France, where he had been for the recovery of his health, prevailed on my mother to place me at Chelsea school, himself conducting me to it. He made it his request to Mrs. H——, that she would be particular in her attention to me; and enforced it by a genteel liberality.—Nor did she promise him more than she strictly fulfilled. About this time died my sister Caroline, two years younger than myself.—Had she lived—but for her sake I ought not, will not wish it.—Here her Ladyship paid me an obliging compliment on our intimacy; expressing the uneasiness she felt at my leaving the school before her.—I did not return to my father's 'till I was fifteen, continued she, when Lord Henry fondly received me, and soon after gave me a set of jewels, which cost him three thousand pounds.—His tenderness partly compensated for the entire loss of my mother's: but why

why do I say I lost it? that being a blessing I never could remember. My father, influenced by her example, seemed to have contracted a settled indifference for me; and I was treated by both more as an incumbrance on the family, than their daughter. For three years was I never permitted to go into company; and except my uncle, who would sit whole days with me, I seldom saw the face of any other but my own servant. — His Lordship remonstrated to my mother on my too strict confinement; and at length got her to promise she would introduce me to some of her acquaintance. I was a stranger to his kind solicitude to obtain this point, till her woman came to me the next day, saying, her Grace had employed mine, and sent her to assist in dressing me; intending I should visit with her that afternoon. A favour so unexpected greatly surprized me; and would have made me quite happy, had not my mother's austerity taken off the pleasure I should otherwise have had in attending her. She sent orders for me to put on a crimson sattin negligee, though not suitable to the weather; but this being a matter of indifference to me, Mrs. Dalton equipped me as she thought proper. About six I was summoned to the drawing-room, and found there my father, Lord Henry, and my mother: his Lordship, with an air of affection not visible on any other countenance called me dear good girl; see brother, see sister, leading me to them, how your condescension has made her eyes sparkle with gratitude. Her Grace looked at me in a manner that made me tremble. In my agitation I dropped down on one knee, took her hand and put it to my lips; being so much affected by her unkind silence, that I felt the tears falling in a shower on my face — What does the girl mean? said my mother;

mother; this indulgence spoils her. — Indeed, brother, you persuade me to take a wrong method. — Go, madam, walk back to your apartment; I shall not carry you abroad to expose me. I replied not, but went sobbing from the room; my father left it with emotion; my uncle, in a whisper, begged me to be composed; and the coach drove away without any message sent me. —

I shall now finish this letter, but will begin another to send with it, being assured you are as full of curiosity, as was your affectionate

LUCY WALTON.

Lady LUCY WALTON, in continuation.

IT is impossible to describe, pursued Lady Frances, the agony of passion in which I found my mother, on being ordered to attend her the next morning. — At first it would not give her leave to tell me in what I had offended; at length, with severity, she said I had exposed her to my father and uncle, who accused her of being the cause of my ready tears: but they shall both know, continued she, notwithstanding their presumption in attempting it, that my authority is not to be interfered with. Go then, you audacious girl, frowning on me; nor thus let your tears flow where they will be disregarded. I would, with the utmost submission, have cleared my innocence; but observing that I did not immediately quit her presence, she asked with impetuosity, whether her commands were to be disputed by all who owed her their obedience: and putting me from the door, pushed it after me. — It was a small alleviation to my concern, on this treatment, to find that my
father

father had spoke of me with some regard ; though too certain that the desired effect would not accrue from it, as he never acted contrary to my mother's inclinations ; from which I had now nothing to expect. When I thought of her unkindness, it was a dagger to my heart, that deeply wounded it ; and must have been the destroyer of my peace, had not my affairs taken a turn, sudden as agreeable. — One morning, while I was employing myself with my pen, Lord Henry entered the room. — In his looks sat marks of innate satisfaction, that brightened his whole aspect. Seating himself by me, he enquired what had been the subject of my contemplations : my serious air, he said, bespoke me in a humour to indulge them. I only sighed. Why that sigh, my dear ? why such tokens of despondence ? Indeed, my dear uncle, I have not desponded : and to convince you of it, see the power I invoke, giving him this scroll, which I had just been writing. —

I.

COME, Hope, thou kind persuasive maid,
 Apply thy gentle art ;
 Oh, hither haste, with thy soft aid,
 To heal my recent smart.

II.

A smart, which nothing can allay,
 Should'st thou disdain to prove
 Thy soothing pow'r ; which all obey,
 And by its dictates move.

III.

With grief, and all her train of cares,
 With dire misfortune press'd ;
 Thee I invoke, to quell my fears,
 And smooth my ruffled breast.

IV.

IV.

To thy first dawn with joy I yield,
Thy swift advances meet ;
Each anxious thought my mind has fill'd,
I'll lay beneath thy feet.

V.

Pleas'd with my adoration paid,
She comes, sent from above ;
In all her native charms array'd,
And smiles of chearing love.

VI.

Lo! on my sight she sheds her beams,
And lights my darken'd soul ;
And chearful prospect gaily gleams,
And beauty fills the whole.

VII.

Misfortune's train was chac'd away ;
They fled at sight of Hope,
My soul seem'd breaking into day,
As thus the power spoke.——

VIII.

“ O, cease thy plaints, nor breathe a care ;
“ Content shall dwell with thee ;
“ 'Tis *she* must banish ev'ry fear,
“ Who comes inspir'd by me.”

IX.

I bow, and own in grateful sense,
The happy change I find,
Since warm'd by her sweet influence,
She deigns to rule my mind.

My uncle was moved by these lines, even to a womanish softness ; many a melting witness fell as he perused them : then taking me in his arms, yes, my Fanny, content shall ever be the companion of your soul, if it be in the power of my tenderness and fortune to procure it for you. These
expres-

expressions, and the paternal caresses with which they were accompanied, awakened in my memory what I wished not to recollect: and it was with unspeakable agitation that those words escaped me; O my dear, dear uncle! why will not my own father, why will not my own mother love me as you do!—They do, they must love you, he replied; time, which reveals all things, will certainly one day prove it. I have prevailed on them to consent, that I shall take my dear girl with me into Sussex; of my house there, from this time think yourself intire mistress, as well as of your own actions; and to propose this to you did I come to your apartment.—Though all I could say was too faint to speak the sense I had of his goodness, he assured me it was more than I owed him; being amply paid by my ready acquiescence with his proposal.—

In a few days all was in order for my departure; about an hour before it, my mother sent for, and received me with more good humour than I could expect; called me her dear, and said, if I continued to oblige Lord Henry, I should remain at Audley-Castle as long as it was agreeable to him. I begged I might be permitted to see my father; but this her Grace thought proper to refuse me; slightly saying, he was from home; though that instant he passed by the window into the gardens. Her Grace was confused, but took no notice she had observed him; and to prevent me from renewing my request, proposed engaging him to visit my uncle, whilst I was with him. I perceived she was averse from my seeing him, and that it would be in vain, was I to urge my suit farther; so I dropped it, contenting myself with thanking my mother for her promised favour; and so taking my leave of her, as did Lord Henry, we proceeded

ceeded on our journey.— Being arrived, and driving up the avenue, an elderly lady came down a walk leading from the castle, who stopped as soon as she saw us. I asked my Uncle if he knew her, and whether she belonged to that neighbourhood: he smiled, but without answering drew in the string, being very near her. She approached towards us, and the manner in which she welcomed my uncle, convinced me they were no strangers to each other. My surprize increased, when, on stepping from the coach, he took my hand and led me to her.—This, madam, said he, is the niece you have so often heard me mention; I shall now be more happy, as she must be perfectly so, in your friendship and affection.—To you, my dear Fanny, I present Mrs. Worthley, as a lady I highly esteem, who does me the honour to meet you here. Look on her as a mother; she has promised to receive you in that light.—Having saluted me with an air free from restraint, and perfectly engaging, she replied, now, my Lord, you give me a pleasing opportunity of paying some of those immense debts of tenderness, which I have been so long contracting at your Lordship's expence.—There was a fixed melancholy imprinted on her face, which I imagined proceeded from the heart; but her conversation was chearful, easy, and entertaining.—So many beauties discovered themselves in it, that in a few hours I could account for my uncle's admiration of her; though not by what means he became acquainted with her worth. His behaviour to her the whole time I remained at Audley-Castle, was respectful and affectionate; and he consulted her on all his affairs, whether trivial, or of moment. When she could not be excused from giving her opinion, he was always sure to find it adapted to his own inclinations.—The morning

morning after we came down, sitting alone with her in the library, and looking over the collection of books, I opened a volume of Mr. Pope's works; on the outer leaf of which was wrote, in a fine Italian hand, *Sophia Worthley*. This, madam, I suppose is your name? putting the book into her hand. She fixed her eyes on it, for some minutes, as if quite lost in thought, and after a short pause, your Ladyship is right, said she; it is, and is also that of a daughter I was once possessed of. I apologized for having given birth to reflections, which I too late saw had caused her pain.—The most pleasing that can be, replied she, unable to check a rising sigh: they bring to my memory a child, which, whilst I exist, will be its chief delight. My fondness for her can never lessen; though she has long since been insensible to its effects. She then told me I should know the vast obligations she was under to Lord Henry. But this account has such connexion with what I shall farther relate of my own affairs, that it will be quite necessary for you to see the manuscript I have now with me, wrote in her own words: for I found so many fine sentiments interspersed in it, which could not fail of being both instructive and amusing, that fearing I might not be able to retain them all, as soon as she had concluded, I committed the story to writing.

So now, my dear miss Hamilton, and my other charming companions, shall I soon send Mrs. Worthley's narrative: after which you shall have the continuation of Lady Frances's.—My brother set out for Heartly-Abbey last Friday; he proposes staying but a few days.—Word is just brought me that her Ladyship is in her dressing-room.

room. That I may bid her good-morrow, I hasten to subscribe myself

Yours affectionately,

LUCY WALTON.

Miss HAMILTON to Lady LUCY WALTON.

IT is impossible to tell, my dear Lady Lucy, how much we all commiserate the unmerited treatment Lady Frances has experienced from her worthless (it pains me to call her) mother. Can nature produce another such blot, in all its works, as a parent looking with envy on her own daughter! for this, I am persuaded, is the spring, by which her actions have been moved.—What ravages will not passion make! like the waves of the sea, when violently agitated, it wrecks every thing that sails on its bosom; and carries away all that opposes its passage. How frightfully does it look, boiling and red with anger! how beautiful when subsided! In the glassy mirror is reflected the waving trees, high hills, and gilded palaces, that surround its borders.—Who that sees those charming objects, could imagine that one gust of wind will in a moment arise, and upset the gay vessel, whose silken streamers in proud triumph sweep the water? —Methinks I now see Lady Frances standing before her enraged mother; whose beauty is changed into deformity, by envy, the worst of all passions, whilst the innocent object of her rage stands trembling at it. As to the Duke, I have no patience with him: his blind obedience (folly I was going to term it) is the only motive he can have for a cruelty scarcely to be paralleled.—

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What a mortifying circumstance, that I am obliged to leave your Ladyship for a few hours, to assist my aunt in entertaining Miss Shaw, Miss Hudson, Miss Sable, Mr. Freeman, and Mr. Bloomer; who, without a message, are dropped in upon us. I dislike the whole clan, except Mr. Freeman.—Coming, dear madam; one word more, and I attend you. My aunt is gone to them; I must follow.—

Just escaped, with no other inconveniency than a slight head-ach; but cannot put the tower of Babel from my thoughts, having fancied myself at the building of it three hours. The confusion of voices still rings in my ears. It was so great, that I was often compelled to impose silence on your talkative Juliet, in complaisance to the company, who seemed determined to be heard. My cousins, Mr. Temple, and my brother, were gone out on a walk; so that the whole inundation of news and nonsense fell upon me. Had Swift been present, I could have sworn he made these lines at our expence.

Now voices over voices rise,
Whilst each to be the loudest vies.
They contradict, affirm, dispute,
No single tongue one moment mute.
All mad to speak, and none to hearken,
They set the very lap-dog barking.

Your ladyship must know, that I am a very spiteful creature; and further that such a vein is always ready to shew itself. To make this truth the plainer, I am resolved to give you a little of our afternoon's conversation, that you may suffer from a repetition of it, as I have done from hearing

ing it.—Suppose me then, on being told I was to appear before so great a beau as Mr. Bloomer; suppose me, I say, standing at a large pier-glass, scanning over my dress from top to toe; because I knew, if any thing, this would engage his attention. Being now tolerable in my own eyes, though I fear not in his; for very seldom did he glance them by me, except to fix them on a glass, full as communicative as that I had just left, which exhibited his whole fine, very fine figure.—But stay; let me go on in order. Will. opens the drawing-room door, and I enter with one of my lowest semicircular court'sies. Proper compliments returned, surprizing comments are made on the roads and weather; after which, we have the particular circumstances of the misfortune poor Miss Sable had like to have met with, of spraining her ankle in stepping from her chariot, had not the assisting arm of Mr. Bloomer prevented it.—Now, wonderful to tell! silence had near half a moment ensued, when all the ladies, in one voice, questioned me if I had heard the vast news?—None that I remembered, since I had lost the pleasure of seeing them.—O lud! Miss Hamilton, have you not heard of a very strange wedding?—Again I answer'd in the negative.—Well then, what think you of Mr. Loyd's being caught at last? absolutely so, and by an old woman too: the only thing that can be said for him, is her fortune.—Indeed, Madam, hastily replies Miss Sable, (trying in vain at a look of indifference) I see no reason why she should be ridiculed for her age, if her person was but tolerable.—Lord, Miss Sable! continues the other, you are talking of impossibilities; to suppose a woman can be tolerable, who is turned of forty. Though the red on Miss Sable's cheeks was not a little heightened,

heightened, she declared with the same degree of composure, (thanking her God) that though she was not come to an age for such insinuations to affect her ; yet she had seen many people at forty, more admired than those that were younger ;—— directing this sarcasm to her adversary, by a significant nod, and a whisper to Miss Shaw, who sat next her.——The company dividing into parties, I began to fear a pitched battle ; so to avoid the destruction of caps, I made an unsuccessful attempt to give the conversation a different turn. I say unsuccessful ; for Mr. Bloomer, who had till then sat in silent admiration of his own sweet person, now started from his chair, and prevented my design ; by renewing it with all the spirit of a coxcomb.——He placed himself fronting the ladies, his back to the fire, exalted on his tip-toes ; one hand in his waistcoat pocket, the other displayed with exquisite judgment to assist his oratory, and shew to the best advantage a fine brilliant that sparkled on his little finger. Had Cicero been going to harangue us, I much question whether he would have commanded half the attention or applause which Mr. Bloomer gained, by his extraordinary attitude, and more extraordinary address.—By gad ! I am sorry, very sorry my friend Tom has exposed himself, by his egregious folly : I thought him a man of better taste ! So many fine young ladies, (bowing to those present)—why the creature he has married looks as if taken from the old fellow's ark, that I heard parson what they call him speak of.——Then venturing to laugh, or rather simper, without discomposing those features he had been so long settling in the glass, he pronounced her nose to project two inches at the top ; and was proceeding with the description of her face, when Miss Hudson interrupted him, with
—and

—and I have been told, Sir, (turning her eyes first on Miss Sable, then on the beau) that some of her teeth have given her the slip, and their places are supplied with artificial ones. — Well, poor woman! replies Miss Shaw, I think she has the worst of the bargain; I believe no one will envy her happiness; his character prevents that.— I wonder what she could think of herself! adds Miss Sable; I would not have married such a wretch for the world. Dear Miss Hamilton, what a lucky escape we have all had. —I said, I never saw room for thinking I had made an escape, till I had been in danger; which I never was from Mr. Loyd: that, as to his character, I imagined it to be extremely good, from his intimacy with the ladies.—All those who were present, declared they should drop his acquaintance, now they knew what sort of a man he was.—When Mr. Freeman, with his usual good-nature, for which you have so often admired him, took up the cause of his friend, saying, he had known him more than ten years, in which time he had not diminished his esteem for him, by the least action unworthy the gentleman, and man of honour. That the step he had now taken was a prudent one; and without doubt he had found perfections in the mind of his wife, sufficient to compensate for those deficiencies in her person, which Mr. Bloomer's penetration had discovered.—To my great satisfaction he went on thus, uninterrupted: perhaps I may take an improper liberty in what I shall further say; but my regard for the ladies, and the freedom with which I always speak my sentiments, must excuse it:—'Tis not an observation of my own, but a general one, that your sex ought to be very cautious in condemning the characters of ours; because it is not consistent with their delicacy to en-

quire into them, unless they propose particular connexions. In such cases, every woman has a right to do it, in order to prevent her from being in the power of a man, who may, by a specious appearance, lead her into misery, if not timely detected : but for a common acquaintance, let his character be as black as it is possible for vice to make it, yet he will, for his own sake, when in company with women of virtue and modesty, behave so as to shock neither. Should he ever deviate from this rule, more necessary to society than any other, I would advise her not to give him a second opportunity, by admitting him again to her conversation. A light or indelicate expression, being a real insult, ought to be treated as such ; but this should be the method of shewing her resentment ; for were she to attempt exposing him, whether with or without reason, she may be assured he will stick at nothing till he has compleated his revenge, if truth or invention can furnish him with the means.—I am not speaking with regard to Mr. Loyd, continued he, knowing him to be the reverse of the person described ; but with an intention for you to see what revengeful creatures we are, when provoked.—This was the first satyrical thing I ever heard from the lips of Mr. Freeman ; but I could see he was displeased with the aspersions cast on his friend's character ; and that his resentment of them had called from him these observations, which though rather severe, because so soon delivered after the ladies had made their remarks, I must yet own were extremely just.—This, however, put an entire end to all reflections on the new-married couple : but scandal, like the Hydra's head, was no sooner lopped off in one place, than it sprouted up in another, with greater vigour ; of which, should not this be a sufficient specimen,

specimen, let me know, and you shall have the remainder in my next.

My brother and Mr. Temple intend setting out for town to-morrow, and will wait on your Ladyship with this letter: Mr. Temple's proposals are accepted; I believe it will not be long before Charlotte gives him her hand. Was there ever such a fly girl? She has looked over my shoulder, and read the last sentence; but permits me to send it, with this addition, that whether married, or single, your Ladyship is entitled to a large share of her heart. As for mine, I shall not think of disposing of the least part of it, till I am certain it will meet with no rougher usage than you have shewn it. All my friends have helped to spoil it for such trials. — Two things I will aver; the first, that it is a faithful one, the next, that it is at the command of my dear Lady Lucy, as long as it beats in the breast of her affectionate, grateful, and obliged

JULIET HAMILTON.

P. S. We all wait with impatience for Mrs. Worthley's manuscript, and a further account of Lady Frances.

Some Particulars in the Life of Mrs. WORTHLEY, related by herself to Lady FRANCES S——.

YOUR Ladyship will not blame me, if in speaking of those persons, whose memories are dear to me, I give them their just tribute of praise.—My father, to the advantages of high birth, had joined great learning; his affability made him easy of access, while the innocence of his manners, enforced by those nervous arguments with which he sometimes used to attack the vices, not the persons of men, gained him universal esteem. My mother was the woman that such a man could like; good and amiable. She died whilst I was in a state of infancy; after which my father, though in possession of affluence, contented himself with retirement, where, free from care, his days passed on serenely peaceful. My education I received under his eye; his chief pleasure and study being to assist in it.—He had many favourite observations, which he would often repeat to me; but this was one he took the most pains to inculcate into my mind; that it was in the power of every man to lessen or encrease his own misery; for if of a contented disposition, though surrounded by misfortunes, he would receive them as easy lessons in the school of virtue.—But that the desires of the restless uneasy mind know no bounds, and when his imaginary troubles assume the form of real ones, he yields himself a slave to the usurpers, and consents to his own torment.—’Tis the former part of this observation, that has borne me up, amidst troubles that long struggled to overwhelm and sink me.—Going to town with a Lady of distinction,

distinction, distantly related to us, and visiting at Lord E——'s, I there met Colonel Worthley. He liking me, made advantageous proposals to my father; who, knowing I was not averse from them, and that his family and fortune were both superior to mine, readily consented. After our marriage, we thought on no other home than my father's; from him I never would be separated, but by that power which at last divided us.—Many years flew on; every one saw me happier than the other. Not a wish of mine but was complied with by a husband, whose least action flowed from an affection scarcely to be equalled; my Sophy (which was the first child I brought him) and the parent from whom he received me, being the only persons who shared it with me.—How have I rejoiced to see the little prattling innocent placed on the knee of her doating grandfather, her sweet eyes expressing youthful duty, lifted up to his reverend countenance in strict attention: then to hear her, after running to her father and me, lip over the precepts she had caught from him. But, alas! this tranquillity was interrupted in the sixth year of her life, by the death of her instructor. These lines of Mr. Dryden's are applicable to him;—

Of no distemper, of no blast he died;
But fell like Autumn fruit.——

——Surely he spoke prophetically, when, taking the darling of his age into his arms, some hours before his end; Thou, child, said he, art born to be the comfort of thy mother, and an honour to thy father's house. May that God, with whom thy infant soul is not unacquainted, strengthen the flower that opens with so fair an aspect, and not crop thy tender stalk, till loaded down by its own bur-

then; but, O Lord, thy will be done; looking on her with agitation, whilst with her frock she wiped away the tears that fell on his furrowed cheeks.— This loss was the forerunner of a long train of misfortunes, which now trod fast on the heels of one another. Sophia was my only surviving child, though I brought several into the world; who were too young when taken from me to give me any more pain, than what a mother must feel on such an occasion. She was ten years old when a war broke out with Spain. Soon after my husband was called upon by his country, to join a large body of troops, and proceed against some of the Spanish settlements. The thoughts of leaving me, in the situation I then was, gave his manly heart a shock he vainly endeavoured to hide.—Seeing it, I exerted all the resolution I was mistress of to remove it, assuming a countenance very different from what I then felt—That I might enjoy his presence, till compelled by necessity to quit it, I hired a small lodging, and taking my child and only two servants, went with him to London; in which place he proposed waiting till the embarkation. He was received with particular marks of favour, when introduced to his Majesty, on being appointed second in command. All was in too much forwardness for my peace; and the day for his departure too soon arrived. It was then that the mask was thrown off, and discovered the real disorder of our souls: what that was, you can better imagine than I describe: I can only say, my so much boasted fortitude forsook me; not being able to stand so severe a trial—I received a letter from him as soon as he arrived at his place of destination, filled with the delightful hopes of a speedy return; as the fortifications were not capable of making a long resistance against the English arms. The next after
it

it was directed in a hand I had never seen; not guessing at the contents, I opened it, without the least concern; but on reading these words, “I am sorry to acquaint you with the death of the brave Colonel Worthley”, I sunk senseless to the ground. Recovering, I found myself thrown on my bed, a lady standing by me, with a smelling bottle in one hand, in the other my daughter. The sight of her made me wish to preserve that life, which was become less valuable, by being deprived of its richest comfort. The greatness of her joy shewed what her sorrow had been. From my arms she ran into the person’s by whose means I had been restored. O, madam, (she cried, locking the child in them, and kissing her with affection like my own) what a child is this! never did I see such sensibility. She then begged I would tell her in what she could assist me. I dismissed Sophy, with assurances that I was quite well, bidding her go to the maid, and get herself dressed, for I was unwilling to disclose before her the cause of my fainting; intending to break it to her by degrees. I then gave the letter which conveyed to me the dreadful news, into the stranger’s hand, saying, she would see by it, no remedy could reach my wound. All this while I knew not to whom I had the honour of speaking. It was wrote by an officer in the same regiment, with too little caution for such a discovery. But there are some in the world, who are so eager to be the messengers of news, whether it be welcome or unwelcome to those whom it concerns, that their fear lest any other person should be more expeditious than themselves, leaves them not time to reflect on the consequences their abrupt relations may be attended with; and if painful, the means of softening the woe they give, is generally omitted through their haste in revealing it.

Indeed

Indeed this gentleman added, that my husband had left a character behind him, which any man would gladly give up the enjoyment of a few years to attain. But what comfort would this afford me, after having been told, and that so precipitately, how dearly he had made the purchase. She used every method of condolence, not by dissuading me from yielding to my grief, but by kindly bearing a part in it; knowing that time alone could lessen a sorrow so justly founded. By the finest arguments, without stopping its course, she calmed it. This angel, for such her every action proclaimed her, was the late Dutchess, your Ladyship's grandmother, whom I looked on as sent by providence to direct me by what means I could best support its decrees. When I became no stranger to her quality, the knowledge of it could add nothing to my veneration, her virtues having engaged it all before I knew what was owing to her high station. Her Grace told me, that as she passed by my door, a servant in the utmost confusion ran into the street, begging for God's sake, some one would go to the assistance of her mistress, who was fallen down in a fit. Having proper drops about her to restore my senses, and ordering the chair to stop, she proceeded to my chamber, where the first object that presented itself was my Sophy, trying to lift me from the floor, her infant strength being nearly exhausted; the house resounded with her cries. As soon as she saw me, continued her Grace, she ran to me; Oh! madam, said the sweet child, you are come to save my dear mamma. Are you not come to save her? God Almighty loves my mamma, because she is good; I know he will not let her die. The lovely creature returning to you, hung about your neck, till she saw you restored to life; and then paid me her acknowledgments, in
a man-

a manner that as much surprized me at her early accomplishments, as I had just been at her sensibility.—Before I could repeat my thanks to her Grace, for the obligations she had conferred on me, I was taken extreamly ill; and in a few hours delivered of a son. The Dutchesse having staid with me the whole time, on her leaving me desired my permission to take my daughter with her, where she remained till my recovery; which was perfected contrary to the expectations of all about me. Not a day passed but I was honoured with frequent visits from her Grace; and at last, beginning to be reconciled to my destiny, I made known to her my intentions of leaving the town, and settling in that house where I had spent the happiest part of my life. At first she opposed them; but finding me resolved, was pleased to drop her disapprobation, kindly offering to take her little favourite, as she fondly called my Sophy, under her own care: yet this too she suffered me to decline, on my urging, that in her presence I hoped to recall part of the satisfaction I had lost, in being forever torn from her happy father. That he was so, all my reflections assured me.—I had been wanting from it near twelve months, when I again saw my paternal habitation, now stripped of its most graceful ornaments. Every room, every walk seemed conscious of their fallen honours, and wore the face of mourning. Often, as I have been holding in my arms the dear resemblance of my husband, drawn by nature in stronger colours than Raphael himself could have shewn him in, his sister playing by me, gathering flowers to adorn her hair, that fell in shining ringlets on her shoulders; often have I fancied the very birds have changed their plaintive sounds, to notes more plaintive, and warbled out their musical commiseration to those
sweet

sweet orphans. — Here, for some years was I agreeably amused in forming the mind of my girl ; but knowing myself incapable of so important a task, without great assistance, I called in that of the most moral and polite authors. Having a genius for poetry, I suffered her to indulge it, as she never chose improper subjects. One of her early productions, wrote at the age of fifteen, I have now by me ; though her attempt in following this speculation, which is a vision of the seasons, did not come up to the spirit of the author, yet as they were wrote by her, they are to me valuable. — I had no desire of returning to London till my son was seven, and my girl seventeen : but then thought it necessary to give him an education he might not be ashamed of, when capable of distinguishing the advantages of a good one. — This motive made me resolve to quit my beloved retirement, where I had passed seven years in an uninterrupted calm ; determining to revisit it, as soon as I had placed Charles at Westminster school. When my plan was thus settled, and a day fixed for our setting out, I wrote the Dutchess word of my intentions, who had indulged me in an epistolary correspondence ; often condescending to honour my Sophy in the same manner. To which instructive favours, I attributed some daily improvements, which the partial eye of a fond mother made me fancy I saw in her. — My surprize could be equalled by nothing but my gratitude, when on alighting at an inn, twenty miles from town, I saw her Grace's equipage standing in the court, and was informed by her servants, that their Lady waited there, in expectation of meeting me. Impatient to pay those acknowledgments my heart was full of, I begged her Grace might be acquainted with my arrival ; but could
not

not restrain my feet from following the servant so close, that I found myself in her arms, before his message could be delivered. She embraced my daughter with the same affection; telling us we were now both her prisoners, and must go wherever she thought proper to convey us; giving me to understand the full meaning of her words: which was, that we should reside with her during our stay in town.——When I told her I had already lodgings near the Duke's house, she replied, she was not a stranger to my unkindness, but had taken the liberty of discharging them, and thus necessitated me to oblige her. I need not tell you, that so much condescension was not to be withstood; so after a short refreshment, we proceeded on our journey, and were received by my Lord Duke with respectful kindness. One month passed away, almost imperceptibly. I was beginning to think of my return to solitude, her Grace having insisted on my leaving Sophy with her, at least for that winter; when one day, as we were sitting in her dressing-room, she having just left it to fetch something from her cabinet, Lord Henry (who was but that moment come in from a visit he had been making to a family distant from London) entered it. Not seeing his mother there, he made a genteel apology for what he called an intrusion; and would have retired, but we prevented him. I had never seen a figure so capable of inspiring the most tender sentiments as was his at that time; though grief and disappointment have since greatly altered it; rendering at the same time that deficiency less observable, by giving additional beauties to a mind, which I then thought incapable of receiving any.——Her Grace soon joined us, having embraced her son, and gently chid him for his long absence, said, she would now make him a ve-
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ry valuable present, so valuable, that he would much regret he had not received it sooner. But you, my dear, taking my daughter's hand, must first permit me to fulfil this promise. She blushed, and was silent. My Lord respectfully approached them; whilst I, struck with her look, her manner, so noble, so enforcing, could only express what I felt, by the strict attention I observed. Providence has at last, continued she, given me a daughter; you a sister: I shall say nothing of her deserts, only be grateful for this gift, as I have been; or as you find it merits. 'Tis impossible to say which shewed the greatest emotion or eagerness to thank the Dutchess. Indeed, I have since thought, my Lord seemed to feel the full force of a real obligation. A few days after, I received a letter from the country, by which I found my presence necessary, to expedite some affairs of moment. On parting with my children, and their kind protectress, an unusual melancholy seized me; but this I imagined was owing to the difficulty I had, in tearing myself from the society of persons so dear to me. Ten months passed without any incidents happening worth your attention, except that I constantly received excuses from her Grace for detaining my girl, and a promise of paying me a visit with her early in the summer. One evening, as I was walking in a little wood near my house, I saw a chariot and six driving swiftly towards it; as soon as it stopped, a young gentleman, whom I did not immediately recollect, stepped from it; but what was my astonishment, after speaking to one of my servants, to see Lord Henry hastening to meet me. To those enquiries my gratitude suggested, his answers were short and unconnected; but when I mentioned my children his embarrassment increased: he endeavoured to hide it,

it, giving me a letter, which a secret impulse made me open with impatience; first asking his excuse for doing it. These, madam, as near as I can recollect, were the contents.

“ *My dear Mrs. Worthley,*

“ Our good and amiable daughter has for some
“ days past been indisposed in an inflammatory
“ disorder on her lungs; but don’t, my dear part-
“ ner in this inestimable treasure, imagine the
“ worst; for the physicians I have called in, who
“ are men of great skill, assure me, there is no
“ danger. Lord Henry, knowing the tenderness
“ I have for my charming girl, has proposed at-
“ tending you to town: the seeing you will be to
“ her the most effectual restorative, and give sin-
“ cere satisfaction to, madam your affectionate
“ and obliged humble servant.

“ *P. S.* Miss Worthley knows of your coming to
“ town, but not the occasion.”——

On turning to your uncle, I observed he hastily withdrew a handkerchief from his eyes. What a noble tenderness is this, my Lord, that can so affect you for the distresses of others; but tell me, my Lord, continued I, has her Grace really let me know the worst of my child’s disorder?—Indeed, madam, he replied, I flatter myself, there is no danger apprehended, the slightest appearances of which would, I must own, greatly alarm me. O Mrs. Worthley! you know not the interest I have in the life of that excellent creature. Can you pardon me, madam, for hiding the passion in which I glory so long from you?—My surprize prevented me from interrupting him, and
he

he went on. Call it not want of confidence, but a diffidence whether I might ever have it in my power to make her mine. Even to herself I did not disclose my sentiments, till I had prevailed on my mother to give them her sanction, with a promise of endeavouring to add to it that of my father's, who has the highest esteem for Miss Worthley, and never denies any thing to the felicity of his children. Confounded by a declaration so unexpected, I scarce knew what answer to return. When I would have thanked him for the honour he intended us, he prevented me, by saying, Mention not that, madam; the honour is mine; who never saw those charms generally imagined to consist in titles and splendor, till Miss Worthley gave me hopes I might one day ally them to her virtues. —He further added, that the reason her Grace had given Sophy for requesting my presence at this time, was, that she might communicate to me his Lordship's choice, and have my approbation of it confirmed.—How much the manner of conferring enhances an obligation, to a mind not ungenerous! Mine was oppressed; but with sensations the most agreeable. We sat out early the next morning, and found several relays of horses properly disposed on the road, by which means we came to town the day following. The Dutches met us at our alighting from the chariot, expressed her satisfaction at seeing me, and said she hoped her dear girl was something better since she wrote to me. His Lordship shewed vast pleasure at this account, eagerly enquiring if he might not be allowed to attend her. Her Grace replied, that waiting my arrival at a window fronting the street, she was just dropped asleep in her chair. I begged to be permitted to go to her, on which his Lordship left us; but as he went out at one door, she that mo-
ment

ment came in at the other. Not having seen her so long, the alteration in her person was more visible to me ; and struck me with a sorrow I had great difficulty to prevent from appearing. A paleness, like that of death, overspread her cheeks, once animated with the blush of health ; her eyes seemed starting, and full of languor ; and her voice was so lost, as to be scarcely distinguishable. She asked me, after her joy was a little subsided, if I did not perceive the cold she had taken, by walking too late at Vauxhall ; but I ought not to complain, she said, because it was my own obstinacy that occasioned it. I hope the change of air, I replied, would soon get the better of her indisposition : that I should request her Grace to part with her for some weeks, finding I could not support a longer separation.—Yes, Mrs. Worthley, returned the Dutchess, we will divide her time between us ; for now shall I claim an equal share in the affections of my daughter : but let me conduct you to my closet ; I have an affair of importance to communicate to you.—See, my son is coming towards us ; we'll leave him to entertain Miss Worthley.—This once more called the blood into its native throne, which tinged her whole face.—On our retiring, her Grace convinced me, in the most endearing manner, that she approved Lord Henry's Inclinations ; but said, she had not yet mentioned it to the Duke ; but she had very little doubt of his compliance, and proposed soon to begin her embassy.—The physicians advised the country air, as most likely to restore my daughter's health, which made me hasten my departure, though afraid her reluctance in quitting the Dutchess would be attended with painful consequences.—After a few days, accompanied by Lord Henry, we took our leave ; but his Lordship

was

was so impatient to join his to her Grace's interest, that having conducted us down, his stay was short; but he fixed an early day for renewing his visit, and for bringing with him the sanction of the Duke, who, he was assured, would not withhold it from him.——The time elapsed, her indisposition increasing; and while I waited in anxious expectation of an event, on which not only his happiness, but perhaps the life of my child depended, instead of himself arrived one of his Lordship's servants. There was something in his look, that struck me with terror; which was heightened, when, upon my asking for the Duke's family, the poor fellow gave me no answer to my question; but holding out a letter, turned aside his head, wiped his eyes, and sobbing aloud went from me. —— A shivering coldness rushed thro' my veins; ten thousand ideas crowded at once upon me; but these lines suspended every faculty of my soul.——

“ How shall I tell my good, my kind Mrs. Worthley, the dreadful, dreadful loss I have sustained, that she, that my dear Sophy has sustained? Oh madam! my friend— my indulgent mother is no more! an apoplectic fit has carried her off. Miss Worthley's health is already in so precarious a state, that she must not yet know this addition to my misfortunes. Should she too be snatched from me!——Prevent it Heaven! Indeed I cannot bear the thought.——Tell me she is better——tell me she will soon recover; —— then shall a gleam of hope again revisit the distracted soul of your and her most affectionate, and most unhappy,

“ Henry S——.”

Before

Before I had quite read it thro', Sophy came into the room. I would have conveyed it from her sight but it was too late, my grief having brought me to such a state of insensibility, that she took it from my hand without my being able to prevent it. I was surprized to see with what composure she received the fatal tidings: forgetting her own concern, she endeavoured to lessen mine, by the most filial endearments: but this affected ease her strength could not long support. I was awakened from my stupor by an universal trembling which suddenly seized her. With difficulty I sustained her, till the servants came to my assistance. Violent faintings succeeded each other with little intermission. Judge the distracted state in which I was involved; yet in her intervals was I obliged to appear before her with even a show of cheerfulness.

——Seeing the physicians more uneasy at her late symptoms, than I had ever till then observed them, I insisted on knowing their real sentiments; for, said I, if I am threatened with a blow, which to me will be worse than death, I conjure you tell me, that I may prepare to meet it with a resignation due to the divine Power who deals it.——After some hesitation, they told me it was their opinion my daughter's disorder proceeded from a sudden decay of her lungs, which might possibly baffle all their skill and diligence; but still added, that there was a probability some of the medicines they had already given, and would farther prescribe, might yet succeed——Heaven lent me resolution on that moment, or no earthly consolation could have supported me.——Pardon me, madam, pardon a fond mother, who (though with pain) loves to recount the precious minutes, as they flew, whilst she was blessed with the sight of her beloved child.—When
her

her Grace was interred, Lord Henry sent word he intended being with us in a few days. Contrary to my own belief, I flattered myself his presence might give her spirits, if not health. So greedily do we grasp at the least shadow of hope, where a disaster is foreseen, that will certainly destroy our peace; little suspecting that we only climb a steep precipice, to make our fall the greater—His Lordship's interview with her was affecting beyond imagination; he approached her with an assumed air of calmness; took her hand, his own trembling so that he could scarcely hold it; while passion struggling for vent, choaked the passage of his words, and he could only express himself in broken accents. Not being able to bear the conflicts of his soul in her presence, he left the room with precipitation. Go to him, my dear mother, go to him and comfort him, said she; his seeing me has, I fear, raised in his memory what can never be erased from mine.—Happy, that she did not attribute any part of his concern to the alteration in her own health: I told her, I did not expect he would so soon get the better of it, considering the tender duty he always bore her Grace. We must both, my love, endeavour to console him; and your being chearful will, I am convinced, the soonest affect it.—Having said this, I went to seek his Lordship, and found, by the redness of his eyes, that his heart was just relieved by a friendly shower; and he listened with some degree of patience to the reasons I urged for a resignation to our fates, if they destined us to be unhappy.—A fortnight after reduced her to such a state of weakness, that it would not permit her to leave her room; yet had she never mentioned to us, that she thought herself in the least danger. One morning, when she was remarkably chearful,
Lord

Lord Henry, delighted at seeing a symptom, which he thought favourable, was proposing a journey to the Hot Wells at Bristol, when she could bear the fatigue of travelling. Your Lordship is very obliging, said she, interrupting him; but don't you really know, looking at us with a piercing serenity, that I am preparing myself for a journey of much higher consequence? We both guessed at her meaning, and sorrow kept us silent; whilst she thus proceeded. I was never superstitious, yet own my resolution was last night staggered by a dream, which I look on as ordained by Heaven, to warn me of my approaching dissolution—Soon after I was retired to rest, a tranquil sleep took possession of my senses; when methought my dear, my ever honoured second mother stood before me. The splendor in which she appeared, dazzled my sight, and I endeavoured to hide my face; but advancing towards me, she took my hand, calling me by the tender name of daughter. Encouraged by the sound of a voice so dear to me, I lifted up my eyes.—The same bright benignant smile, that always shone upon her countenance, was heightened, not diminished. Her robe was transparently white, and the crown, that encircled her head, reflected so great a brilliancy, that like the sun it enlightened every thing around it. In one hand she held a golden harp, in the other a mirror. Upon the harp she made the most enchanting music; singing the praises of her God in strains so melodious, that I could no longer restrain the extacy of my soul, but joined with her in chanting the same praises to the great Creator; and was surprised to hear my own voice equally harmonious. All that fear and reverence which had at first seized me, at sight of the shining

ing vision, was now fixed on the omnipotent power worshipped in my song, of Holy, Holy, Holy: these words I distinctly remember. The music ceasing, she held the mirror to my face, bidding me look on it. I obeyed; but was so transformed, as to have no idea of myself, till the angelic form assured me, I saw no other. The reflection was more beautiful than fancy can paint. Whilst I stood in admiration, a robe was thrown over me, and a crown of light placed on my head, like that of my once earthly, but now heavenly guide; who told me I should soon be in reality, what at present I only saw in a transitory appearance. My joy and emotion were so great at these assurances, that I offered to seize one of her hands: she knowing my intention, held it out to me. The clay-coldness of it awoke me; when I found I had taken hold of the wood-work of my bed.—Here the dear creature ended.——Lord Henry's affliction was too big for utterance.——Watching her looks, I saw them alter.——I saw his Lordship endeavouring to support her in his arms, which roused me from a fixed thoughtless stupor to a more expressive sorrow.——I insisted on his leaving the room, as soon as we perceived the least sign of her return to life, lest the seeing him, in the agonies he then was, might throw her back to the same degree of insensibility, from which she was but just returning.——Three days were past in a dreadful uncertainty; expecting each would terminate in the great event that threatened us. Seeing it now irretrievable, and being both in her room at the fatal moment, Lord Henry on his knees by her bedside, she took a hand from each, and first pressed one, then the other, to her dying lips, pronouncing these words, which were all she had spoke distinctly since

since her seizure.—Will you, my much loved Lord, the only one who has ever shared in your Sophy's affections, for my sake, for her own sake, cherish the best of women, and of mothers? I am called upon at this moment to join yours, from whom I have received tenderness truly maternal.

—Let this comfort you, my Lord, and you, my dearest mother, (throwing her arms about my neck) that I am assured by her I shall be blessed, — blessed beyond even what you yourselves could wish or imagine. She then recommended, in the strongest terms, her brother to his care; desiring he would be his protector and instructor through the difficult paths of youth, which he knew how to tread with such noble exactness. My Lord, with a fervency near to devotion, assured her he would only live to obey every command of hers; for, said he, bathing her hand with his tears, is not your mother, my dearest life, already mine? shall not then your brother be my brother? While they live will I admit of no other consolation, than in striving to promote their happiness. — At this a grateful smile took possession of her countenance, indicating an inward peace, receiving the only addition it could receive, and in less than an hour she expired, without nature's offering the least struggle to detain her soul from the hands of its Maker.—I find myself incapable of dwelling longer on this subject; besides, was I to attempt it, it would be impossible for me to describe my situation: forgive me then, if I pass it over in silence. The Duke survived his Dutcheß but a twelve-month, and no reconciliation taking place between your father and him, at his death every thing that was not entailed with the Dukedom devolved by will on Lord Henry. The fortune, noble and un-

D

cumbered,

cumbered, was worthy so generous a possessor. His Lordship going abroad soon after for the recovery of his health, which such a series of painful events had much impaired, did not return till your Ladyship was five years old; in his absence often favouring me with affectionate marks of his remembrance. Every letter repeated the name of my daughter, whom he still lamented. Her lasting injunctions (said his Lordship, in one I received when he had been from England more than three years) are always present with me; in public they are my constant companions, and share my most social hours; in private they are the friends who lead me on to higher contemplations, where I am lost in pursuing the image of her who gave them birth.—I resided in London the time his Lordship was abroad, that I might have the satisfaction of being near my son, who, I was informed, had made a surprizing proficiency in his studies.

I now began to look on myself as on one who had hoarded vast treasures in different parcels, all equally valuable and dear to him. With secret delight his eyes were constantly contemplating their worth; declaring, were he to lose any one of them, it would make him miserable. At length a cruel enemy stole into his house, armed so as not to be resisted, and took from him first one treasure, then another, till he had despoiled him of the whole, except one little casket, which the relentless robber had not yet seized. This unforeseen accident made him compleatly wretched; he refused comfort, giving his soul up to a desponding grief. Not once reflecting on the little casket, he was sinking for want of support, when it offered itself to his memory. Surprized that he

had

had so long neglected it, he flew to the place where it was deposited, and found it contained immense riches, which, though not all the sums he was once possessed of, were sufficient to make him sustain their loss with more resignation.— Like him too I lifted up my heart in grateful acknowledgments to the divine Disposer of Mercy, for not suffering the despoiler, Death, to take from me the whole of those treasures with which his bounty had enriched me.

I felt the most exquisite pleasure on your uncle's return to England, to find his health perfectly restored, and to see him enjoy, in some measure, his usual chearfulness, though often interrupted by moments of severe melancholy.—His Lordship soon after his arrival conducted you to Chelsea school, and has often declared to me, that he felt a paternal fondness for you, which he was afraid you did not receive sufficient proofs of from your natural parents.—My sister's person, would he say, is lovely; she has a great share of good sense; but this, like the morning sun, when obscured by a cloud, is for the present overcast by her foibles.—Indeed, my dear Lady Frances, a time must come when the love of admiration will cease: for that is the thorn which prevents those seeds of tenderness, which nature always sows in a parent's bosom from appearing. When they are removed, her warm sense, aided by reflection, will ripen those seeds into flowers.—On my resolving to leave London, Lord Henry consented to honour once more with his presence my small retreat in the country. And it being near the time when young gentlemen are permitted to follow their diversions with their friends for six weeks, we took my son with us, who was then

fifteen. Notwithstanding the difference in their ages, Lord Henry made him the partner of his diversions, as well as studies, petitioning me to enlarge the time limited for his return to school to three months. To this I readily assented, knowing the great delight his Lordship had in instructing him, and the example he would have before him to form his mind to every manly virtue. — As we were one day talking on indifferent subjects, I happened to mention a young gentleman of distinction, who, I heard, had just bought into the regiment once my husband's. My son replied he knew him perfectly well, that he was always extremely kind to him, and had left Westminster school but a few months. I observed, whilst he was speaking, his eyes sparkling with uncommon pleasure, strongly enforced his approbation of the step Mr. Monkton had taken. This account was by the next post confirmed in a letter Charles received from him. The purport of it was, 'That he had chosen the only way of life capable of making him happy, and politely desiring a correspondence might be kept up between them. When I had read it, he seemed going to speak with earnestness, but hesitated as if wanting resolution to proceed. The reason of it was explained to me a few days after, when, as I was walking in the garden, Lord Henry joining me, said he had a boon to ask that he almost despaired of my granting, and owning he thought it an unreasonable one, I begged his Lordship would not entertain so mean an opinion of me, as to imagine I was capable of refusing any thing he should condescend to ask, where he knew he might command — Then, madam, I will presume on your goodness, said he: having for this week past observed my
dear

dear Charles to be thoughtful, I resolved, if possible, to learn from himself the reason of so sudden a change, in which I have just succeeded. It was with some difficulty he acknowledged himself perplexed between his duty to you, and a wish he had entertained of following Mr. Monkton's example, by purchasing a commission in the army. At the same time he declared he had rather die than disoblige you, and would never mention it, if he thought it would occasion you a moment's pain; adding, that if your approbation could possibly be obtained, it would make him the happiest creature in the world.——I foresaw the difficulty you must have in complying with his request, and for that reason tried every argument I was master of to dissuade him from it. He appeared quite satisfied, but earnestly desired I would hint it to you, saying, that if he then found you averse from his designs, he would immediately drop them, determined to consult nothing in his future conduct but your satisfaction, which should be always dearer to him than his own.——I was greatly moved by such expressions of filial duty from so young a mind, which prevailed on me to propose it.——Could my Sophy look down from the mansions of the blessed, how might she glory in such a brother! ——This was the only time I had ever heard him speak of her since her death. He seemed then so softened by this reflection, that, to turn the bent of his thoughts from that subject, I delayed not to assure him, that as my son had *his* sanction, and I found his future peace depended on *mine*, I would not withhold it from him. That his joy might be perfect, I begged his Lordship would let him know I granted it cheerfully; who was pleased to thank me in the genteelest terms.

My son just then coming into the garden, was acquainted by him that he had my permission to follow his inclinations; for which he made a thousand returns of affection and gratitude.—Every thing being settled to his infinite joy, it was determined, by the advice of our best friend, to place him at an academy till a vacancy should happen in Col. N——'s regiment, preferred by Charles for two reasons: first, that it had been his father's, whose example he should glory in imitating; next, that he should then share the toil and honour of his profession with Mr. Monkton, for whom he expressed a steady regard not common to his years.—Feeling the infirmities of age creeping on, which would hinder me from taking journeys of so considerable a length as the house I lived in was from the metropolis, and knowing that I should there enjoy more of Lord Henry's and my son's company, the former being almost as dear to me as the latter, I got over every objection to be blessed with it, even that of selling my paternal estate. This I did with less reluctance, as his Lordship, on having my inclinations hinted to him, immediately proposed becoming the purchaser, telling me, that my son, when of age, should, if it was his choice, again possess it on the same terms. It was valued at eight thousand pounds, and the money being lodged in the Bank, where great part of my fortune was before deposited, I yielded it up to his Lordship, and soon after went to town—We waited three years before a vacancy offered for my son to purchase, when Lord Henry insisted on presenting the young soldier with his first commission.—What immense obligations! but these are not half I owe his generosity, which nothing but those of his tenderness can equal.—The regiment being in a few months ordered

dered for Scotland, though I knew he would not be exposed to immediate danger, yet I tormented myself with thinking I should see him no more. The fate of his father came every moment fresh to my memory, and peace was a stranger to my bosom, till his letters made way for a train of more pleasing ideas. But all my care was amply rewarded by the joy I felt at his return, after an absence of two years. When raised to the rank of captain, and his regiment quartered at Guildford in Surry, I was happy in having him often with me. —The morning he came of age, Lord Henry's steward sent in his name, and being instantly admitted, delivered to my son a letter, saying, that would inform him of his business. As no words can add value to an obligation conferred in so noble a manner, let it speak its own inimitable generosity :

“ Dear Charles,

“ I have sent Reynolds with the writings of the
 “ estate I some years since purchased of Mrs.
 “ Worthley, with an intention of restoring it to
 “ you when you came of age. He will refund
 “ all the rents since it has been in my possession.
 “ I hope you will find me not an unprofitable
 “ steward; for in this affair you must consider
 “ me in no other light.—I intend dining with
 “ you, and congratulating myself on this day's
 “ happy event. But one thing I shall insist on,
 “ (you know, my dear Charles I am peremptory)
 “ which is, that you don't mention a syllable of
 “ what has past this morning. In complying
 “ with my request you will highly oblige

“ Your affectionate

“ Henry S——.”

See, madam, said my son, giving me the letter, see how greatly we are oppressed by new benefits! yet does our kind benefactor refuse the poor tribute of thanks.—I cannot express the gratitude our hearts were filled with, which, in obedience to his commands, we endeavoured to restrain.—I believe he saw it in our looks; for taking a hand from each, not a word, my good Mrs. Worthley, not a word, my dear Charles, of what has past, or I am gone this instant. Thus were we constrained to pour out our acknowledgments in secret, because they rather distressed than gratified the worthiest of hearts.—The regiment, after having remained in England two years, was then ordered to Ireland, where it hath now been almost six. A long, long absence I have found it.

Now, madam, I have only this to add, that upon your Ladyship's return from school, your uncle perceiving you did not enjoy the liberty you deserved, formed a design, which he has at last executed by making you mistress of Audley Castle.—When he first mentioned it to me, he said, he had but one difficulty, if the Duke and Dutchess consented, which was the want of a companion of your own sex. I thought an offer from me to attend your Ladyship would not be disagreeable. He was pleased to accept it; and by his Lordship's desire I came hither some days before you. He said he intended to surprize his niece; for that your Ladyship should not know, till your arrival, you was to have any other companion than himself.—

—The angel ended, and in my ear
So pleasing left her voice, that I a while,
Thought her still speaking, still stood fix'd to hear.

Lady

Lady LUCY WALTON to Miss HAMILTON,
in continuation.

I WILL now suppose you to have read Mrs. Worthley's narrative, and sufficiently admired the characters you find in it.—Does not Mrs. Wentworth, do not Harriet and Charlotte, wish to know the originals of such amiable pictures; I'm sure you'll all envy me; yes, my dear, you'll absolutely envy me, when I tell you I am acquainted with them, and have been honoured with their presence in this house.—But hush! let me proceed with regularity to satisfy the impatience my heart tells me you suffer.—Remember, it is Lady Frances engages your attention. Let it be fixed, as mine was when she continued to address me in this manner.

You now, madam, see me at my uncle's, happy in his affection, happy in the affection of Mrs. Worthley, destitute of no satisfaction either could procure for me.—— Sometimes I should regret the unkindness of my father, and a sigh would escape me on recollecting my mother's determined neglect; for I had not received a line from either since my arrival at Audley-Castle. I was never permitted to indulge those painful reflections, when observed by my uncle, who immediately thought on new schemes of pleasure to conquer them. Suffex being a county where numbers of genteel families are settled, we were never at a loss for agreeable company of both sexes to form those parties his Lordship was continually proposing, and in which he always made one. Mrs. Worthley would sometimes favour us with her company, though she oftener declined it, saying, she had lost great part of her former relish

for such diversions; yet was she a most chearful companion, and had an art peculiar to herself of communicating the same ease and freedom to all about her.—When the weather was fine, we generally attended Lord Henry in his evening excursions. During which, if Mrs. Worthley happened to be fatigued, we have sat down on the root of some old tree, there waiting till his Lordship had finished his walk: and never did I think the minutes so agreeably filled up as with her charming conversation. The expanded views, the lovely objects around us, opening a fine field for such reflections as always came from this favourite of Providence, which has given her a soul capable of relishing its most refined delights. Nor are any of its lowest works unnoticed or unadmired by her. Being one evening prevented from sharing in this pleasing amusement by her having a cold, and his Lordship being gone out, I proposed piquet. We had scarce played two deals, when he returned.—As you, madam, are an invalid, said he, here is a cordial which I am ordered to administer, giving her a letter. Looking on the superscription, the cards dropped from her hand.—Certainly, my Lord, she replied, whilst breaking the seal, Providence has made you the bearer of its most welcome blessings to me; for hitherto from your hand have I chiefly received them: But your Lordship can tell me, shall I find my dear Charles well.—He writes me he is perfectly so, returned my uncle; and if this gives you so much pleasure, you will very soon experience still greater. Whilst he spoke, she was reading it to herself. How was every feature informed by her heart to speak those sensations by which it was affected.—After she had read a few lines she could proceed no further; but clasping her uplifted hands together in extatic rapture, 'I thank God! thank God!

God! she cried, I shall once more see my dear, dear child; large drops of joy streaming from her full eyes. Then, presenting it to his Lordship, she begged he would favour her with the contents. The stile it was wrote in forced attention; so grateful, so tender, so elegant, that in every sentence was discovered the affectionate son, the warm friend, the polite and sensible companion. Its purport was, that he had succeeded to the majority in Col. N——'s regiment, hoped to visit England in a few months, and should then take the earliest opportunity of paying his thanks and duty where they were most demanded, and of congratulating his mother on her present happy situation.—This letter made our little society enjoy more perfect felicity, nor do I believe mine was the least. I tenderly loved Mrs. Worthley, which made me partake of her joy, as the time approached for expecting her son's return.—Another six months elapsed, and no letter from my father or mother, nor so much as the slightest enquiries after my health.—When the anniversary of my birth drew near, my uncle declared he would celebrate it with an entertainment the most magnificent that could be procured. Invitations were sent to all the neighbouring families, and nothing omitted that could make it completely elegant. The house was filled with a most noble appearance, every one striving to outvie each other in dress and splendor. A concert by the best hands was just concluded, when a servant whispered his Lordship, who immediately left the room. Soon after a message being delivered to Mrs. Worthley, she did the same.—I was wondering what it could mean, when the door opened, and she returned,

returned, followed by my uncle leading a young gentleman.—Had I examined her looks, this mystery would have been instantly explained; but I own my eyes were fixed on the stranger. — Indeed the eyes of all present seemed directed to the same object. An unspeakable grace both in his person and movement disclosed at once all the advantages of education, and a mind to which the principles of honour were familiar, enlivened by the most striking air of natural vivacity.—Such appeared Mr. Worthley when my uncle introduced him. His Lordship having presented him to me, and to the rest of the company, he returned our compliments in a manner engagingly amiable. My Uncle calling on me soon after to open the ball, said to Mr. Worthley, now, Charles, give us an opportunity of judging whether Ireland has improved the genteel air you carried with you from England; and immediately led him towards me. Whilst we were dancing, every eye was busy in observing, every tongue in extolling him for perfections too visible to be overlooked. I fancied myself the envy of my own sex for having engrossed so agreeable a partner, and was sorry, when he would have engaged me for the remaining part of the evening, that I had before accepted the hand of Lord R——. When the company were withdrawn, I was present at a scene in which affection, duty, and friendship, were the principal actors.—Mrs. Worthley's joy was no longer restrained by the presence of strangers, or the fear of intruding it on them.—Lord Henry held him in his arms with the tenderness of a father, whilst he seemed divided, to which he should first make those returns, of which every word and every action confessed his heart to be full.—His Lordship protested it would be selfish in

us to know so much satisfaction without making it general to as many as chose to partake of it, and Audley-Castle was for some weeks the seat of festivity, where all persons of what rank soever, found an equal welcome, with diversions suited to their capacities.—Among the ladies who favoured us was Lady Mary Frampton, agreeable in her person, finely accomplished, always lively, easy, and pleasing without design. She was Mr. Worthley's partner the first evening of his arrival, and at several succeeding balls, when it became an observation of many present, that by a similitude of manners, they seemed formed for each other.—He had been with us near a month; I enjoyed his conversation (which his modest yet great sprightliness rendered so desirable) without restraint, thought on his good qualities with pleasure, and often examined my heart why that pleasure was so exquisite; but was always made easy by its assuring me it proceeded only from a knowledge of them, and that I might encourage it without fear of its passing the boundaries of friendship.—My uncle one day asked him, as we were talking on this subject, if it was possible for a young gentleman of his taste, who had seen the beauties of three nations, not to have selected one worthy of his affection? I was anxious for an answer, could hardly forbear repeating my uncle's question; and examining his countenance, thought I there saw it given in the affirmative.—I felt my face glow, when, with an air of diffidence, he replied—Numbers, my Lord, of amiable women have I seen equally deserving admiration; but she that particularly engages mine, is one, whose favour I have no hopes or pretensions to possess.—I imagined he saw my confusion; for he hastily withdrew.

drew his eye from me, unperceived by any but myself. On applying to my oracle for the reason of its uneasy flutterings, I found they were owing to my curiosity to know who the lady was that he so plainly pointed at, and being convinced all was safe, I summoned resolution enough to ask him, to which of the three nations he owed his happiness?—Can your Ladyship suppose, returned he, that having the honour of knowing the most exalted minds as well as lovely persons in my own, I can, after that, give the preference to another?—At this instant Lady Mary stood before me, perhaps more beautiful than even her lover's imagination could have painted her, and I yielded the prize of a heart I thought truly valuable, to her charms—If I sighed at that moment, it was because I wished their happiness lasting, while mine must be for ever precarious.—As he always spent the morning with us either in the library or walking, I was the more surprized at not seeing him one day till dinner-bell had rung.—Lord Henry, the moment he came into the room, began to rally him: he pleaded that he had been busily engaged in writing, and had not observed how the hours flew that robbed him of the honour he used to have in attending us, till alarmed by the general summons.—As this is the case, Charles, said his Lordship, I judge you have been writing on very interesting affairs.—Again I was uneasy, again perplexed—but it was for Mr. Worthley, whom I saw so much confounded, that scarcely could he command an answer. If it is to a friend of his own sex, thought I, why did he blush?—why did he hesitate?—if to a woman, why does he not own his regard, and make her happy? has he any obstacles to surmount? will not Mrs. Worthley rejoice to embrace

embrace the daughter of his choice? Perhaps I was mistaken; perhaps some lady abroad engages his affections, and to her he has been making a thousand vows of fidelity. Poor Lady Mary! I now see you were only a pretence to hide his real inclinations. With these and such reflections was my mind filled the whole time of dinner. We had not sat long after it, when a servant brought me a Canary bird he had just caught. I was carrying it back to an apartment from whence it had flown that morning, when in passing Mr. Worthley's dressing-room, my prisoner escaped, and took shelter in it. His closet door being on a-jar, it flew in thither. I heard its wings flutter against the window, and thinking myself now sure of catching it, and quite free from interruption, having left the gentlemen proposing to play at chess, I followed it, when a letter lying open on the table attracted all my notice. The chair still remaining, the standish not removed, convinced me it must be that which he had been writing in the morning, and had occasioned him so much confusion, me so many fruitless suggestions. What in this situation could I do? honour bid me decline looking at it; curiosity, that now seemed to have filled my heart in her place, pressed for my reading it, representing, that of what nature soever the contents might be, they should remain a secret in my own bosom.—I took it in my hand, then laid it on the table in the same position I had found it.—Again I drew it towards me, and again determined not to read it. My own name, that by accident I saw on it, surprized me; and hurried on by an impulse stronger than my resolves, they grew weaker, and at last incapable of resistance. No Lady Mary Frampton, no lady abroad was the subject of it, it was I whom he loved, it was for
me

me he expressed what I imagined he felt for another.---A preference so delicate, so ardent, as none but a man of the most refined sentiments could have penned.---It was addressed to the same Mr. Monkton mentioned so particularly by Mrs. Worthley, whose advice he called for, but insisted on its not being given contrary to his determinations, which were fixed never to divulge the secret to any other than himself.---Advise me, my friend, said he, advise me to fly from a precipice where my honour is in danger of being crushed by a fall it never can recover. --At a distance I may think on her without being criminal; for is it not highly so, to indulge myself in a passion for the daughter of a prince, whom I must not hope to possess.---For supposing, even supposing she would condescend to listen to it, you know the obligations I owe Lord Henry. Ought I to return them by endeavouring to seduce the affections of his niece, whom more than his own life he loves? forbid it gratitude! forbid it all the laws of hospitality! Three times had I read it over, without once considering where I then was, or the accident that brought me thither. Still holding it in my hand, my eyes and senses were so attentively fixed, that I heard not the foot-step of Mr. Worthley, who then entered the closet. Ready to sink, and pale with shame, I started at his presence. My trembling hand dropped the letter, and without knowing my own design, I made directly to the door.---Stop, madam, said he, I beseech you stop. As you are acquainted with my crime, be witness also of my repentance. I heard nothing distinctly; my head was seized with a sudden dizziness, and I fancied he was upbraiding me with my guilty curiosity, till I again heard him repeat the same

same words, and found he obstructed my passage on his knees.---I could make none but broken incoherent apologies. What would I not have given for one tolerable excuse! I really believe the first fatal instance of curiosity was never attended by a more sincere repentance.---I reflected on the innocent bird, I reflected on the servant who brought it me, but most of all on my own weakness, which could not withstand the force of an unlucky temptation.---He, seeing my confusion, endeavoured to lessen it by the most respectful distance, declaring I ought not to blame myself, but to let the whole fall on him; first, for his presumption in loving me, next, for his unhappy negligence, which having just recollected, he was returning to rectify.---I listened to him till my fault, which before appeared in the most gigantic frightful form, was almost lost in the genteel excuses he made for it; and I protest I had half forgiven myself, when he thus continued to address me.---Since chance has discovered to your Ladyship a passion which nothing but chance ever should have discovered, I can for this reason solicit your pardon with greater hopes of obtaining it; and I here promise, as the most painful and only punishment adequate to my offence, that I will keep steady to my resolutions of never more presuming to repeat it.---Say, madam, my presumption is forgiven, then shall you from this time see, that I will study to deserve such admirable generosity.---I protest I know not how to account for my being so very silly; but so it was, that the words themselves, or the air with which they were pronounced, or both together, had such an effect on me, that I could only reply, If you wish it, Sir, leave me---leave me instantly.---This I said, that he might not be witness of
of

of a second weakness, finding I could not refrain from giving very eminent proofs of it ; which, for the world, I would not have discovered before him. I believe he saw my consternation ; and that he might not increase it, politely thanking me, he immediately left the closet. I knew not what it was best to do ; to go so soon after him would be wrong ; to stay longer in his apartment equally wrong.---I saw my little bird carelessly pecking on the window, regardless of the dilemma it had been the cause of, and with a fluttering heart once more getting possession of it, retired to my own chamber.-----

Having attended her Ladyship to the door of it, I shall leave you to enjoy with her a train of reflections, which she has owed to me gave her a secret pleasure, that made full amends for her late embarrassment.-----

Adieu, my amiable Juliet! says

Her sincere

LUCY WALTON.

Lady LUCY WALTON to Miss HAMILTON, in continuation.

WHAT peremptory creatures are these brothers! how do you think mine has served me? Why, I'll tell you.—Soon as we had breakfasted, Sir William Hamilton being of our party, I slyly gave them the slip, intending to continue my favourite employ ; and had just placed myself at the table, folded my paper, and considered

sidered on what I was to write, when I felt my pen snatched from my fingers, as if by an invisible hand. On rising from my chair I could see no one near me; till my brother, laughing aloud, stepped from behind it. Going to chide him for interrupting me, he disarmed my anger by saying, a messenger from Ashley was below, and would deliver his letters into no other hand than mine. ——— You may imagine I hastened down: he followed me. When I came into the room where I had left Sir William, my father, and him, my father was gone out; so only Sir William remained. I rung the bell for your servant to be admitted, when neither of them could rein in their mirth, and owned that it was all a trick of my plotting brother's to get me down, in hopes I would give them my company to the Park; At the same time his Lordship brought me my hat and cloak; and telling me my chair was at the door, I complied. So you now see I am not always at my own disposal. ———

Another invitation from Lord Edgmore, which my brother tells me he is determined to accept, and says, it is on important business that he wants to see him. I did not ask of what nature, not half liking his great intimacy with this young nobleman. —Sir William's persuasions will perhaps have more weight than mine in this affair; for those letters, by which you so kindly introduced my brother to him, when in Italy, have formed a friendship between them, which promises to be as sincere and lasting as our own. I dare say he will not refuse his interest on this occasion; for not only myself, but my father is uneasy that my brother gives up so much of his time to this new (and, if the world's censures do not wrong him, unworthy) acquaintance. So lately too at Heartley-Abbey, only,

only returning from it the day Lady Frances left me.---Don't chide, my dear.---Methought I heard you ask why I detained you so long from her Ladyship. I have done, and she continues her narrative.-----

From this hour Mr. Worthley avoided every opportunity of being alone with me. I began to think his regard was, by my own foolish conduct, changed into indifference if not dislike; yet, when I recollected his words, as he left the closet, and compared them with an inclination to please, which appeared in all his actions, I could not help telling myself, that, instead of proceeding from that cause, his generosity and timidity occasioned it. As we were one afternoon going to visit at Sir James Medbury's, my uncle, as usual, gave Mrs. Worthley his hand to the coach, Mr. Worthley at the same time leading me; when as she was stepping into it, her foot slipped. Growing pale and faint, we all thought her ankle had been dislocated. Mr. Worthley bid one of the servants dismount, and getting on his horse, flew like lightning to the next town for a surgeon. My uncle could not prevent him, his duty seemed to have added swiftness to his horse's feet, and in a moment we lost sight of him.---A chair was ordered, to carry Mrs. Worthley to her apartment: but while we were helping her into it, the servants who surrounded to take her up, gave a great shriek; which became general, on seeing the horse Mr. Worthley had mounted coming towards us on a full gallop, the saddle and bridle loose, tossing his head and neighing frightfully.---Lord Henry and the servants were instantly dispersed, some on foot, others on horseback. I with the rest was running forward as fast as my legs would carry me; my wild confusion having taken

taken from me all manner of reflection : 'till looking back, I saw the person who just before had employed my whole tenderness sitting alone, wringing her hands, her wan countenance expressing the distraction of her tortured soul.—Then upbraiding myself, I returned with greater swiftness than I had deserted her, threw my arms about her neck, but had no comfort to bestow. We waited in silence near ten minutes, in which time I went as often to the turning of the road, with hopes of bringing her news less dreadful than her apprehensions, but as often returned disappointed. When my uncle came within sight, his looks spoke, before his voice could reach us, and from them we learned the accident had not been fatal. He told us Mr. Worthley had received a blow, which for some moments deprived him of sense, but now was much recovered, and in our hearing ordered the coach to meet him, telling Mrs. Worthley he had proposed coming back to the castle on horseback, which my uncle said he had absolutely forbidden. Whether she believed this account I know not ; but the pain of her ankle being much abated, with mine and his Lordship's assistance she went to her room, her spirits greatly oppressed.—Fearful that he had been too favourable in speaking of Mr. Worthley's danger, I ventured to tell him my conjectures, and then found I had not not been wrong in them. The blow was a contusion on his head, from which the surgeon, on examining it, saw, no ill consequences, unless attended with a fever. Mrs. Worthley soon knew the worst, and full of thankfulness that his life was preserved, could never be prevailed on to leave his bedside. A fever, the effects of which were so dreaded, came on the day

day after his fall, while increasing symptoms threatened it to be more violent. I every hour sent to enquire for him ; would sometimes steal to the door, and there listen till fear of being discovered drove me from it.—His disorder coming to a crisis, I was doubly unhappy. My reflections, embittered with the thoughts how it might end, and those reflections, embittered as they were, almost my only companions ; my uncle giving up more of his time to Mr. Worthley as the physician seemed to apprehend more for his life. Whenever his Lordship was present, I tried at an air of unconcern. Like a poor wretch labouring under some dreadful disease, and frightened at a remedy that appears to him desperate, he groans in secret, keeping his pain so long to himself, that what at first medicine might have reached, becomes incurable through his own neglect in not revealing it. My pretended moments of ease always vanished with him, and my former terrors returned fresh pointed to my bosom.—One day ruminating on the uncertainty of all human happiness, experienced by that sublime philosopher Seneca, whose fine system of morality lay open before me, I was reclining my head on my hand, and had my eyes fixed on the book, when my uncle entered.--Poor Charles! said he, I fear there is no hope of his recovery. Those alarming words at once divested me of my disguise ; my tears began to flow, and without regarding his presence, I exclaimed, “ What then shall we all do!—how will my dear Mrs. Worthley be able to support it.”—How, Fanny! “ what shall we all do.”—putting on a stern look, different from that compassionate one which the instant before overspread his countenance—“ What shall we all do! — you astonish me, child!

child! — I am sorry for Mr. Worthley; but as we are neither of us related to him by the ties of blood, for what reason should his death so much affect you?" — His manner more than his words surprized me; I looked stedfastly at him, as if I suspected them to come from an impostor; but on seeing they were delivered from lips which till then had never uttered a sentiment friendship itself might not have pronounced, I redoubled my grief, as if I meant to atone for his first offence against it. — An alteration as sudden as the former now happened: sitting down, and placing me by him, his eye beaming out its usual serenity, Come, tell me, my dear putting his arm about me, if I have not incurred your anger? It is in vain to deny what that half-averted face and those tears have already discovered: nor am I displeased at the dislike you shew to such marks of unsteadiness as I just now betrayed. — Yet be assured I had my reasons for it, and would not that my dear Worthley should die, if every thing I am possessed of could add one year to his life, which I hope is at present in no danger. This was a sound so foreign from what I expected, that I imagined my uncle had seen thro' the secret of my heart, and taken this method to surprize me into a confession of it: nor was I deceived in my surmises, as the sequel of our conversation will evince. A delirium, pursued my uncle, natural to Mr. Worthley's case, seized him, whilst I was sitting by him. At first he only talked with wild incoherency, not dwelling a moment on one subject. — At length, starting up in his bed, he addressed himself to you, as if he had seen you standing before him, called on you to forgive

forgive him, talked of obligations to me, a closet, letter, and Canary bird. But still he returned, as if his thoughts had never wandered from you. This gave me a suspicion I had not before entertained, that he loves you, and that his prudence prevents him from declaring it.—If then I have been guilty of a little artifice, it was to discover your sentiments. Can you, do you judge me unworthy your confidence? If not, think you are speaking to your own heart, and tell it, whether all that emotion I have been a witness of, proceeded from your regard for Mrs. Worthley, or if a tenderer feeling than friendship did not partly occasion it.—On my knees I would now have explained the whole affair, and sought his pardon for concealing it; but raising me from that posture, and taking me in his arms, What means this humility? why do you blush? why do you tremble? My dearest child, if it gives you pain, I will not press you farther.—Begging he would suffer me to proceed, and again being seated by him, I began with the good opinion I formed of Mr. Worthley from the first moment I saw him; proceeding to my uneasiness, when I fancied he preferred another woman—my guilty curiosity, repeating, as near as I could remember, the purport of his letter—my being surprized whilst I held it in my hand; his disinterested and respectful behaviour; his words as he left the closet; and, lastly, the assiduity with which he had ever since avoided being alone with me.—His Lordship listened attentively, not once interrupting me. Frequently I sent my eye towards him, but could perceive no alteration in his looks, which were fixed, as if thinking on something very important. Soon as I had ended, he rose from his chair, and without replying, went directly to the door.

door. As he left me, I heard him say, What a hard part have I now to act! direct me heaven!—Imagining he was displeased, and that I was no longer dear to him, the supposition almost distracted me. But is not my uncle (still arguing with myself) a just and good man; and can a just and good man love any but the deserving? sure then he will not cast me from him, because I admire in another those virtues which I reverence in him: virtues he has often pointed out to me; virtues which I know to be partly the production of his own example. Here my reasonings were agreeably put an end to by his returning to me, and addressing me with looks more tender, with words more affectionate than ever. I have considered, my dear, said he, on what with such pleasing frankness you just now disclosed to me, as well as on what I have learned from Mr. Worthley.—Now, Fanny, you shall have the advice of a man, who, though he has made a single life his choice, and is advanced in years, is not altogether unexperienced in these matters. You are no stranger to my tenderness both for Mrs. Worthley and her son. In the daughter of the one, in the sister of the other, were blended all perfections which mind or person ever boasted. For her sake I first loved them; since which by their merit they have constantly added something to that love, till it is arrived at a height transcending friendship, equalling what I felt for my own mother when living, and what I should have for a son, had I ever been a parent.—When I first saw Miss Worthley, she had not passed the bloom of eighteen; and before I gave my heart to her, tho' a demand she justly claimed from all who beheld her, I debated with myself on the consequences with which it might be attended, were I to encourage the growing fond-

ness with which I ever beheld her, from the first moment she was introduced to me by my mother, in whose affections I soon perceived she had rivalled me. At first I confined it to my own breast; but finding my passion stronger than my resolution, I discovered it to my mother, knowing Miss Worthley's exalted notions would not permit her to receive my addresses contrary to her Grace's approbation. She, to whom my felicity was dearer than any other consideration, not only consented, but became my advocate.—Put yourself in my place at the time I have described; for in this light you stand, Mr. Worthley in that of his sister: and I will go so far as to say, he is as nearly allied to her by virtue as by blood.—This then is the distinction. — You are an only child; my father had many children; therefore had I made an alliance with a person inferior to myself in point of birth, though in more essential things every way my superior, his disappointment could not have been so severe. Notwithstanding Mr. Worthley is well descended, yet the want of a title (which in my opinion is not necessary to happiness) will, I fear, be thought an insurmountable obstacle by those, whose judgment must be decisive. In the next place, the customs of England are not so much in your favour, as they were in mine: being permitted by them to make the person I should marry a sharer not only in my fortune, but title. Now if a woman gives her hand to a man whose station is below her own, she is not allowed this advantage. Besides, it is a step that the world's censures are sure to follow: all will call it an imprudent one; but very few do you that justice your choice demands. Some for want of taste to distinguish merit, others from a motive common to every de-
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gree of people.—I have often wished, continued he, (seeing how much I was affected) to have been the happy father of such a daughter; but at this moment I more than ever wish it. Then would I shew the world, I chose for the depositor of my dearest treasure a good rather than a great man. My interest and advice, as your second parent, shall be yours on every occasion.—Feel for me, madam, what I then felt, or you must remain a stranger to my joy, as it surpassed all expression.—The conversation ended here, nor did he speak to me again on the same subject for near a fortnight, which a good deal surprized me. At last, I am thinking, said he, one morning in a serious manner, of paying a charitable visit: will you, Fanny, promise to be my companion! —As it was no uncommon thing for him to make numbers of them, and that to the poorest cottages, I replied in the same strain, I should gladly attend his Lordship, in hopes to steal his art of dispensing peace and plenty; that if with diligence or observation I could attain it, I would then, by my readiness, try to compensate for my little skill in that branch, the most noble, most material business of our lives.—After some other talk, he appointed to meet me in my dressing-room at five in the afternoon, again reminding me of the hour when we met at dinner. ----- Though he came something before the time, I was ready to attend him, and he led me towards the stairs: I had my foot on one step, when, drawing me back,-----Stop, stop, Fanny! he cried, that is not the way: and in a moment I found myself at the door of Mr. Worthley's apartment. Laughing at my perplexity (for now I began to see where his charitable visit was designed, which not a little abashed me), Don't be apprehensive, my good girl,

said he ; this is the first day that Charles hath sat up ; can you think he wants no cordial to give him spirits, after his long confinement ? I have prepared him for seeing you ; and be satisfied, when I declare, upon my honour, he knows nothing of what has passed during his illness. Some one coming from the room prevented my replying. On my entering it, I did not observe his looks ; but am convinced my own were foolish enough. Mrs. Worthley kissing my hand, thanked me, as she led me to a chair, while he returned those congratulations I awkwardly made him on his recovery, with a genteel freedom, wherein pleasure was equally visible. We passed two hours in the most chearful conversation ; for tho' much weakened and emaciated, he had lost none of his pleasing vivacity. Not for many weeks had I experienced such real satisfaction, and own I thought Mrs. Worthley a little unreasonable when she proposed a walk in the grove. Though the time spent so agreeably was much too short, and I saw Mr. Worthley looked also disappointed, yet, on my uncle's seconding her proposal, saying he would be his companion till our return, we left the room. No sooner were we alone, than Mrs. Worthley's thanks were poured out in the warmest terms, my uncle having made her acquainted that morning with every circumstance I had related to him. After which she told me it was by his Lordship's desire that she had proposed walking, he having given her a hint when he would have us withdraw. I cannot remember the particulars of what passed in this conversation, only that by her endearing caresses she drew from me, almost imperceptibly, a confession that I looked on her son's prepossession for me as the happiest event of my life. The moment my inclinations were confirmed, she threw
aside

aside the mother and every other interested character, and assuming that of a friend and directress, her unprejudiced arguments, delivered with gentle energy, banished every dawn of hope from my bosom, and I promised to be governed by them. I entreated her to endeavour, by the same methods, to conquer his partiality, which nothing but insurmountable obstacles to an union with him, could make me wish to lessen.—Here, embracing me, she lifted up her eyes to heaven, seeming to implore its assistance ; then gave additional reasons that had received new force and beauty from the heart in which they had been lodged, to strengthen those before advanced, and support me in my resolutions. When she was gone from me I found myself strangely agitated. What, thought I, have I done !—was there any necessity for my petitioning Mrs. Worthley to draw from me the affections of a man I love—the only one I ever have or ever can love !—May she not be too successful for my peace !—or, if I must lose him, why could I not myself (if he had ever more mentioned it) have represented the ill consequences that might arise from an indulgence of his passion ; softening what I fancy he would have felt, by letting him see I took a part in his concern. Then again I longed to know what had made my uncle desire to be left alone with him ; but not being able to divine this, I resolved to wait contentedly till it should be his pleasure to inform me.—As nothing is so difficult to hide as a real regard, I perceived with pleasure, on Mr. Worthley's recovery, that his was not abated. We had now more of his company than before his health was impaired, not having thrown off the lassitude contracted from his long confinement. The weather one day being very sultry, I strolled into the most shady part of the wood, and
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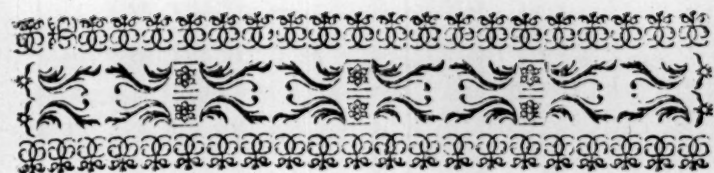
there met him at the close of a walk opposite to that I was in. Good manners compelled him to join me ; and our conversation did not last long on indifferent subjects. This was the first time we had seen each other, without a third person being present, since the closet-affair. Some apologies were necessary on both sides ; and from thence he found an easy transition to the nature of his fault. Whether he saw I did not look on it as an unpardonable one, and should forgive a repetition of it, or that he thought this too favourable an opportunity to let slip, I know not, but certain it is, notwithstanding all his former promises, he renewed his declaration so successfully, that my satisfaction was too plain for concealment. Nor indeed could I wish by any disguise to lessen the pleasure he discovered from being a witness of it. My uncle's fondness for him encouraged me to make these returns ; for had he been disagreeable to one who had given himself the greatest title to my duty, I would have striven to forget he had ever been dear to me.—He said, that on my retiring with Mrs. Worthley, my uncle disclosed to him his being master of our secret ; and instead of upbraiding, had promised him he would be the mediator with my father to receive him as a son ; since which he had experienced the severest conflicts within himself ; for though his Lordship had dealt so generously, he knew it must involve him in difficulties to attempt a thing of that nature. This consideration, together with his mother's strenuous persuasions, had at last determined him to deserve our friendship, by cherishing in silence a passion he could never conquer, till this accidental meeting at once destroyed all his resolutions.—As we were less studious to avoid each other than before, my uncle soon observed what neither attempted to hide from him.

him. One morning he gave me a letter, which being superscribed to my father, I received with mingled hope, fear, and expectation.—He then left me to peruse it, bidding me be candid in approving or disapproving the contents. Would it not have been doing injustice to the whole tenor of his other actions, this immense instance of his generosity must have surprized me. Those praises which I found bestowed on myself, only affected me, as they came from the dearest, the most honoured of men. But those, of which Mr. Worthley was the subject, gave me other sensations. I dwelt on every line longer than might have sufficed to read the letter thro', and nothing but the hopes of having them continued, could take my attention from the first. He was represented by my uncle as the man he wished to see my husband.—His ancestors, said he, (speaking of his birth, fortune, and accomplishments) ranked with the highest order of nobility, yet is he himself a still greater ornament to the family from whence descended, though some of them are mentioned by very celebrated historians as doing honour to their country.—His person handsome, his character free from vice, his judgment sound, tempered with humility; and, joined to all those advantages, he possesses a disposition communicative, mild, and affable. It is true, he has at present no title, and his fortune is less than you may expect for your daughter; but this, if you bless them with your consent, I have found the means to remedy. Every thing I am possessed of shall be theirs: I will, immediately on their marriage, give them up six thousand a year, with my house in Grosvenor-Street; the rest they shall enjoy at my death. This union is desired from a double motive; you know I tenderly loved Miss Worthley, and have ever had the same affection

affection for her brother, and my niece, as if they were my own children, and as such, by your Grace's permission, they shall be always regarded by me. To these were added numberless other arguments : in short, none were omitted that could prevail on my father to accept this proposal. When I had read it, my uncle returned, and seeing both confusion and gratitude in my countenance, did not heighten the one by asking my opinion, nor suffer me to disclose the other in words the least adequate to so vast an obligation. Embracing me, he said, Well, my dear, I think, without your telling me, I can discover you do not disapprove what I have written. Then as if this charming action wanted half its merit till it had given Mr. Worthley equal satisfaction, he instantly carried it to him.——

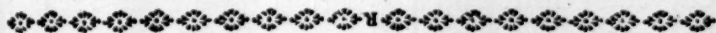
O, my Juliet ! how greatly to be esteemed is this Lord Henry ! his mind is all goodness ; bountiful as the earth ; enriched by nature, cultivated by education ; and yields from the vine of innate principle the most fertile branches, whose generous fruit becomes a public good, and is tasted by all, except those, whose feet being entangled in the weeds of vice, are hindered from approaching it.— I wish he was not thus determined to live and die a bachelor. — Well, but now I must tell you that my brother set out this afternoon for Heartley-Abbey. What very important business can he have with Lord Edgmore ? I protest I am amazingly low ; a sad encroacher is spleen. Yawn—yawn—yawn—sure there will be no end of it. How do I sigh to be with you at Ashley ! but since in vain, I'll call on Miss Carlton ; perhaps take an airing as far as Tooting, and then return with fresh spirits, to assure my dear friends at Ashley how much they may command their own

LUCY WALTON.



THE
HISTORIES
OF

Lady FRANCES *and* Lady
CAROLINE S-----.



Lady LUCY WALTON *to* Miss HAMILTON.

In continuation.

AM returned from a very agreeable
airing, in which I was so happy as to
have Miss Carlton for my companion.
Her father left two younger children,
both girls; one eight, the other seven years old:
and so great was his opinion of this young Lady,
that, though but sixteen, he made her independ-
ant mistress of an ample fortune. Mrs. Carlton's
grief for his death being more lasting than violent,
is now settled into such a despondency, that she
seldom sees any person, but those of her own fa-
mily, and a maiden Lady, her sister; who spends
great part of her time with them. Thus dispi-
rited,

VOL. II. F

rited, she has not power, at least inclination, to attend to the education of her younger daughters. Yet might she be said by giving her eldest the most liberal and useful one, to have laid up in her mind, a sufficient fund of improvement, which is conveyed to them with so much good sense, that the deficiency can never be felt, since by her so fully supplied. She is loved and obeyed by them, with no other fear, than that of offending her. To which love, I attribute their early proficiency in the polite sciences; she being their instructress. If I have stepped out of my way to give the character of Miss Carlton, the same reason brings me back to Lady Frances, with alacrity, and bids me congratulate myself whenever I am writing to my Juliet. Every instance of merit in one of our own sex, undoubtedly reflects a degree of lustre on the whole. Of consequence, the more we find among us, the more we may allow ourselves to indulge our darling passion. A pride too, compatible with reason; as it proceeds from a laudable motive; that of wishing to see ourselves restored to our primitive dignity, which some wretches, not deserving the name of women, have so greatly debased. Nor can I think those altogether blameless, who are content with keeping free from capital errors, and in a stupid security do nothing to support the common cause; but I will leave those worthless insignificant beings for examples truly deserving. Every exalted principle that can do honour to human nature, fills the breast of her who is now going to pursue her narrative; and let me tell you, I pride myself not a little, that she has given me an opportunity, though only as an empty echo, of conveying it to you.—My uncle, continued her Ladyship, having sent his valet to town, with
orders

orders to wait my father's answer to his letter, not doubting it would be favourable, was greatly pleased to see the swift progress of our affections. And his eyes would overflow with tenderness, at reading in the countenance of the good Mrs. Worthley the expressive joy that then appeared. So much was he disposed to think his proposals would be assented to, that many a plan for our future happiness did he lay down; which was to be gilded with his and Mrs. Worthley's presence. It was in the midst of those delightful prospects, that we were informed of the messenger's return. How that moment did my heart beat with expectation! how did impatience flush the cheek of Mr. Worthley! whilst my uncle, with a composure of which nothing could divest him, ordered him to be admitted.—The full eye, the dejected countenance, soon shewed all these pleasing views were overshadowed. Alas! how transient is imagination! how quick the diversity of scenes succeed one another, which hang upon uncertainties! Instead of having our hopes confirmed, a reproachful silence was the only return my tender uncle met with from my leis- tender father. My apprehensions encreased on the servant's telling his Lordship, that he had learnt from Mrs. Dalton, I was to be sent for immediately. The moment he was dismissed, just then Mr. Worthley leaving the room almost distracted, I sunk down on the floor, clung about my uncle's knees, and besought him not to let them tear me from him. Mr. Worthley returning, assisted in raising me: then threw himself on the same place, in an agony that pierced my soul; diffident to speak, yet his looks expressing every thing. If tenderness is a degradation to man, how was the most worthy then degraded!

what a vulgar, what a mistaken opinion is this ! if ever resolution is unaccompanied by gentleness, it loses its nature, and instead of being the offspring of real courage, becomes the child of inflamed brutality.—Never did he appear to me half so amiable as then. His words finding vent, though hardly articulate, his manly eyes full of tears, full of imploring sweetness, lifted up to my uncle, as to his judge, whose mercy he petitioned ;—Must I, must I, my Lord, said he, relinquish all my fond expectations ? May I not still love her ? Oh, suffer me still to adore her. He could say no more—What, my dearest Charles, what, my dearest Fanny, can I say, can I do, to give you comfort ? Could my fortune, nay my life procure it for my children, freely should it be theirs. That you love each other, I have long with pleasure observed ; even before you yourselves revealed it to me : may the purity of your inclinations draw on you a blessing from the God of all purity. Time, and his providence, may perhaps effect what I have unsuccessfully attempted. This paternal benediction gave a pleasing alleviation to our grief ; but all my hopes, on the arrival of my father's chariot with Mrs. Dalton, were put an end to. This was a note she delivered to me : you will see by the menacing stile what I had further to expect.—

“ Daughter, I forbid any one to come to town with you, but the person I send for that purpose. Dare to disobey me at your peril. Your affectionate or enraged father, as you merit.”——

What

What affected me most, was the fresh indignity offered to my uncle ; which to be the cause of, was to me a very shocking reflection : but no resentment could long harbour in his bosom : to say that he is devoid of passions, would be robbing him of a treasure, with which heaven has enriched his mind : to some indeed the passions are enemies, whose force is so great that it requires all our strength of soul to arm against them ; but in his breast they sleep like sure friends, and wake only at the call of reason. Taking me aside, a few minutes before my departure ; You see, my child, said he, how ill my endeavours have succeeded, in a point where yours and my dear Worthley's peace were equally concerned. I presumed not to direct my brother, in the disposal of his daughter ; but imagining the nearness of our blood might excuse the freedom of my advice, I gave it to him unasked, and with the less restraint, having thus far been taught to look on you as my own.—Must I no longer be your daughter ! impatiently interrupting him. O Sir ! pardon me. Pardon the indignity offered through my means. Withdraw not your protection from your otherwise poor unprotected girl.—

You mistake me, my dear, my best Fanny, he replied ; never can you be less mine, than you have ever been. What I meant was, that I shall no longer be allowed to call you so ; and depend on it, my good girl will be forbid from lavishing so much sweet duty on one whose advice I must say has been contemptuously treated.—I reddened at a supposition of this kind, and answered with more warmth than I had ever before shewn in his presence,—Who can or shall controul it ? Death may indeed suppress it, but never, ne-

ver—and was going on, when smiling at my eagerness, and taking both my hands in his, thus kindly did he check it.—Does my child know, that whilst she is giving me so large a share of her duty, she also gives me as large a power of reproof? Few people in power but are fond of exercising it; and I shall now mingle as much as is necessary with what I am going to say.—

God Almighty, my dear, has sent you parents not altogether free from faults: who of his creatures can be accounted so?—But if theirs are more conspicuous than many others, again they have some desirable qualities, which are not alike bestowed on all. My brother's disposition was naturally good, before he knew what it was to be disobedient; and from disobedience what it was to be unhappy.—Is it then wonderful that he

could not meet the frowns of fortune with the same temper of soul he did her smiles? Few can boast so large a share of resolution; a resolution almost superior to our natures. His passion for your mother was at that time, and is still, the sole director of his actions, and in many respects has greatly misled him: for tho' heaven has endowed her with an understanding superior to most women, she baffles it's design by perverting it to improper uses. Had she been less beautiful, you might have been more happy. But cherish this satisfactory reflection, that in the midst of her follies she preserves an unblemished reputation.—

These parents, faulty as I own their conduct to you has been, are the persons whose commands you must punctually, and with readiness obey: else would you become more inexcusable than themselves. The utmost failure in a parent's duty, for a duty is certainly owing from them, does not excuse the slightest breach in that of a

child;

child ; who owes to them it's existence. On the contrary, how meritorious is a strict observance of it, when their behaviour is not altogether such as it ought to be. It is this circumstance only, that can make obedience meritorious. For if you meet with nothing but tenderness from them, all the duty, all the reverence you could return, would be surely nothing more than a selfish desire of continuing, or encreasing the pleasure, which you are conscious proceeds from their indulgence. Where you have none of this to attract your regard, there is something refined and noble in keeping up to those rules of respect and love which are certainly their due. For are we not taught to honour them ? but can you shew me where we are appointed judges over them ? No intricate mazes can be found in this plain, yet enforced command : and the greater the difficulties you encounter, the greater will be your glory in fulfilling it.—I mean this, my dear, as a preventive, not restorative ; for hitherto your conduct has been calculated to give, rather than to want such instructions. But consider, you may soon perhaps experience a different treatment from any you have yet encountered. May not the uneasiness of your situation, push you forward to a step unworthy of yourself ? Never, my dear girl, let any consideration force you to deviate from the right path ; for how would the least deviation eclipse your brighter actions. I have prevailed on Mr. Worthley, continued he, to give over all thoughts of attending you to town, or any part of the way ; and have convinced him, that the best methods he can pursue, if ever he hopes to obtain you, is a patient resignation to the will of those who gave you being.—Whilst I was listening to my revered director,

laying up his precepts in the inmost recesses of my mind, the chariot being ready that was to carry me from him, stopped at the door, and I threw myself into it, without regarding Mrs. Dalton, who stood by it with a kind of respectful, yet insolent distance. She followed, and I then lost sight, as I thought, of every friend this world had afforded me; having at that time scarce acquaintance enough with your ladyship, to hope for the addition I have since received.—I forbear mentioning the melancholy scene of parting, which was the most distressful, and may with more ease be imagined than described. Being late when I alighted at my father's, and recollecting, when I saw the number of chairs surrounding the door, that this was my mother's visiting day, I hurried to my own apartment; for to have been observed by any of the company, thus situated, would have caused me some mortification. Sending a proper message to my father and mother, with a desire of paying them my duty, I was ordered by the latter to wait their leisure. My spirits as well as body were much fatigued; the communicative Mrs. Dalton having added (not a little) to the weight on the former, by telling me, there was a noble lord designed for my husband; and that the match would be concluded as soon as I came to town. Though greatly stocked, I too well knew this woman for the creature of my mother, not to be cautious of saying before her any thing that might be represented to my prejudice. So forbore even to enquire his name; and struggled with my heart, that my looks might betray nothing of its perplexity: but without a question, she was inclined to satisfy me in every particular.—“ Lord Milford was just come off his travels;

vels ; lord Milford was esteemed the handsomest nobleman in England——nobody dressed so elegantly as his lordship. In short, half the ladies about the court would die with envy (she said) when I was lady Milford. Every thing is agreed on, and his lordship is all impatience to see you.”——Thus, with a million of such impertinences, did this cruel creature take a pleasure in tormenting me.——Had she told me I was destined to perpetual imprisonment, that sound would have been more grateful to my ear. To be the wife of a man I had never seen, or to be disobedient to the commands of those who had a right to dispose of me, what a dreadful alternative ! Had I not known Mr. Worthley, how could I have assented to the proposals of one who acted with so little delicacy ! He was a stranger to my mind, or would have seen how much it despised such mean proceedings : besides I had given mine, and received the vows of Mr. Worthley, having (with a probability that a favourable moment might arrive to alter my father’s opinion) left him tolerably happy. — But what, thought I, will he feel when he hears the difficulties in which I am going to be involved ! Can all I write restore his quiet, while in danger of being forced to sacrifice the hopes I have allowed him to entertain, to the wills of my peremptory enraged parents ! For can he think mine singly will prevail against such strong opponents ! yet if the utmost resolution can prevent it, this I am mistress of, and will never voluntarily consent to retract that promise, given with my whole heart. Though I have no prospect of gaining my mother’s tenderness, with little room to expect a return of my father’s, yet will I endeavour it, by observing those rules my uncle has prescribed.

Who knows but some kindly spark may lie concealed in their bosoms, which, when cherished, may influence them to shew me some compassion! In this manner was I reasoning, when my father came alone into the antechamber. I was struck with reverence at seeing him; an inexpressible affection came over my soul as he moved towards me; and throwing myself at his feet, a shower of tears relieved my mind from its violent oppression. Scarcely could I support my rapturous conflicts, when looking at me with visible transports, I found myself locked in his dear paternal arms. Without speaking, he pressed me to his bosom, and I felt a tear fall on my cheek, as he kissed it, glowing with delight. He held me thus for near a minute, when my mother interrupted us. The dear awful silence; what would I not have given for one such mark of maternal fondness! But different, far different was the reception I met with from her grace. "'Tis mighty well, my lord" finding me happy as I have described;—"in this manner, do you encourage the girl who would bring disgrace on us? No wonder children are undutiful, when parents descend so much from their authority."—Why, replied I, (humbling myself before her) why will not your Grace suffer my actions to convince you, that a little tenderness, a little confidence shewn to your child, would never diminish the power God has given you over me? Her looks were fixed on me, it is true; but instead of that complacency visible in my father's, they seemed to gather fresh resentment. He tried to moderate her anger, by saying he doubted not but my future behaviour would merit more of their regard than was proper for them at present to express. She made no answer, but by

by a contemptuous smile shewed he had offended; and he retired, leaving us together.—I suppose his Grace has told your Ladyship, speaking scornfully, with what intention he has taken you from the good match-maker, your uncle!—How, Madam! my uncle! indeed my uncle is all goodness; depreciate the poor victim before you, but let not your displeasure fall on the best, the worthiest of men.—I know him not by that title, insolence! and from this instant you have my particular orders never more to look on this best, this worthiest of men, as you are pleased to call him, but as a most subtle enemy to our family; which he wants to bring on a level with his own low desires.—How could I have reined-in my passion in the presence of any other than the person who pronounced this piercing sarcasm? but here I only replied, I wanted no other reason for my being recalled than that it was her's and my father's pleasure to command it.—That is not all, child, with an air of derision; we have heard you want, like other young women, to have a house and equipage of your own; so, to prevent you from throwing yourself on a beggar, without a title, have provided you a husband not unworthy our alliance; though his ancestors are less taken notice of in history than some are, and though he has no house in Grosvenor-street, yet I think these can be no objections, when you see how much he is prepared to admire you.—As my pain encreased, she seemed more satisfied, and, looking at her watch, told me, repose would be the best restorative for my complexion.—Lord Milford, added she, expects to see something extraordinary in you; if he should be disappointed, I know not the consequence.—Indeed I cannot wish to appear agreeable in his eyes; I cannot

cannot wish to be seen by any person, whilst I suffer so much from your Grace's displeasure.— I shall get your father to talk to you on this subject, since you complain your sufferings from me are so grievous. I have not patience to speak, or listen to such an ungrateful, such a designing girl,— and was going from me. O Madam! leave me not thus distressed! if I have offended, let me on my knees obtain your pardon: turn not your head from a suppliant daughter. Pity me that it is not in my power, though greatly in my will, to gain your confidence.—Are you not my mother, my dearest mother? is not that respected character wrote on your countenance? it is, it must be the exact copy of your heart.—Now shall I be happy; that eye does not contradict the charming hope. O let me be the child of your affection! and my life would be too small a purchase for so vast a blessing.—Her looks grew milder as I spoke; the visible change filled me with ecstasy.—Taking her half-reluctant hand, I kissed it with rapture; but my joy was too exquisite to be of long continuance; for looking at me with abated kindness, and drawing it from me, What means, said she, all this insinuating art? Let your actions speak for you. Words are too much at your disposal to be by me regarded. If you are not refractory to mine, and your father's inclinations, cheerfully consenting to marry Lord Milford at our time, you shall see I can be that mother you seem not at present to think me.— She then left the room; and I, wearied in body, and harrassed in spirits, retired to sleep, which for a long time I courted in vain. Well has Doctor Young adapted these lines, to a case that was then my own.—

Tir'd nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep !
He, like the world, his ready visit pays
Where fortune smiles, the wretched he forsakes :
Swift on his downy pinion flies from woe,
And lights on lids unfulled with a tear.

At last, overcome with my assiduities, its kindly influence soothed me into forgetfulness.— I was attended the next morning by Dalton, who after a short preface, acquainted me she was to officiate as my servant.—Who then waits on my mother?—Her Grace, Madam, replied she, is provided with another.—Very well, Mrs. Dalton ; I shall require but little of your assistance.—She hoped I was not dissatisfied at her being placed about my person.—Not in the least, I said ; my mother's orders shall never be disputed by me. And I suppose, Mrs. Dalton, your vigilance may be relied on.—This I could not help saying, because convinced she was intended as a spy on my actions ; or for no other reason would she have been dismissed from her first attendance : besides I knew her to be designing, cruel, and avaricious. Her treatment of me, when a child, I remembered with dislike ; and after my return from school, she became my aversion ; giving me reason to think her the means of my receiving some usage from my mother, which it pains me to recollect. That low people are capable of great mischief, when from a state of dependency we make them our confidants, and companions, I learnt from this woman : for though much beneath my mother's conversation, such benefits arose from it, that by an artful conduct she kept out every rival from her favour.— But to return. A guilty conscience, I believe, accused her ; she grew pale as ashes, and with
much

much hesitation and confusion said, She was sure her Grace could not upbraid her with a breach of trust, or least failure of duty. She was very sorry to discover my dislike; she only came to know when I chose to dress, and waited my commands, which she should be always proud to obey. I thought if this conversation was represented to my mother, I should not find any advantage from it; so behaved more civilly than I was otherwise disposed to do; desiring she would fetch a blue night-gown, and some linen, which I would put on.—Did I chuse to appear in deshabille?—Why, Mrs. Dalton, am I not, as usual, to breakfast alone? and pray, what does it signify how the body is dressed, when the mind is in disorder?—She was bid to tell me that Lord Milford intended breakfasting with the Duke and Dutchess.—But not with me, I hope, Mrs. Dalton.—She believed my company would be required.—No matter, I would not alter my dress. But, dear Mrs. Dalton, frightened at his very name, step to them, and beg for me a few moments audience before he comes.—She went, and I was ordered to my mother's dressing room. Hoping to find them alone, I precipitately entered it; and the first person I saw was my father. Afraid to look farther, and almost bewildered with my fears, I once more prostrated myself before him; but scarcely had my bent knee touched the floor, when I was hastily snatched from it; and turning my head, knew it must be Lord Milford, who had officiously done it, though I had never before seen him. Setting me on my feet, he bowed respectfully enough; but seeing my mother present, and being surprized and seized on thus unexpectedly, I had some difficulty to return his compliment. My father
taking

taking my trembling struggling hand, put it into his Lordship's, who was pleased to declare its value, by saying he was unworthy so vast a treasure.—Very different did these words sound, when spoke by the man whose image was scarce a moment from my mind : his countenance confirmed what he said ; whilst Lord Milford gave his tongue the lie.—As soon as the breakfast was removed, my father and mother both withdrew ; gladly would I have followed, but knew it was in vain to attempt it.—Before I proceed, it may not be improper to give your Ladyship a short sketch of his person, and manners : the former rather agreeable, than the reverse : he has, what is generally styled, a genteel appearance ; but this sits on him more like a borrowed dress, than one given him by nature ; whose true ornaments are easily distinguished from the false ones of art, which discovers itself by aping, with superfluous gallantry, its beautiful and nameless dignity.—He thinks himself a man of politeness ; this opinion helps him to a certain assurance in his behaviour, not consistent with it ; unless to minds who take for an accomplishment the boldness of spirit which strikes a terror into those less daring than his own.—You may suppose (such as I have described him) it was not long before he attacked me with all the rhetoric of a lover ; and with as little reserve, as if this had not been the first time of his addressing me in that character.—I suppose, Madam, placing himself in a chair next me, I suppose your Ladyship is not a stranger to the honour intended me ; may I hope.—Pardon me, my Lord, the intention of your visits makes me averse from receiving them.—Their Graces, your father and mother, Madam, have both bid me aspire, or——or what, my Lord, a little

little angrily——or I could never have presumed to raise my eyes to so much loveliness.—I thought this had been the first time of my having the honour to see your Lordship; but you act prudently, Sir; for certainly where the parents consent is obtain'd, that of the child's can be of small or no consequence.—And I believe my looks express'd more than he could well relish——he hemm'd, was at a loss; but recollecting his own importance, that at once reliev'd him from his uneasy timidity: a sensation he is seldom affected by.—If I have given room for your Ladyship's displeasure by making a wrong application, please to consider that those encomiums the world were lavish of, tho' not doing justice to such heavenly beauty, were enough to make me love, in imagination, what I now in reality adore. Am I then very culpable in being early in my solicitations?——If he thought my heart so poorly guarded as to yield when thus attack'd, he was never more distant from his design; for who (should an enemy approach without disguise) would blind themselves, that they might not be at the pain of seeing him.—If this invader, flattery, gains any advantage (unless in minds that are always open for its reception) it must be in a borrow'd form; common-place flattery being too well known for an admittance in its own.—Observing me reddened with stifled indignation, and attributing it to the cause most agreeable to his vanity, he would have taken my hand, which I withdrew with some disdain, saying, as I never intended to encourage his addresses, this was a freedom inconsistent with my inclinations.—He rose from his chair, walked about the room, then returned, hoped this was not my final determination; he should be miserable if it was; his life and fortune were

were at my disposal, would I but give him the most distant prospect.—Once or twice I was going to disclose to him my preference of Mr. Worthley, but was often prevented by the fear of what consequences might follow.—I soon perceived that want of compassion and generosity were not the least of his failings; for when, as the greatest favour he could confer on me, I begged him to decline his addresses; with a resolute unbecoming liberty, which he would have softened by his pretended great passion, he protested the hopes of calling me his, form'd with my father's approbation, he would not give up to the first man in the kingdom; not even to his Prince: and throwing aside all decorum, swore to be revenged on that person who should dare to dispute me with him.—I was terrified; he saw it, I believe, and half in anger, half respectfully, ended his unwelcome visit.—There was no doubt, after he had given me such a specimen of his ungenerous spirit, but that he would make known this conversation to my father and mother, which made me dread meeting them: but it was too late to retreat; for as I was about to leave the room, sadly disappointed at my ill success, they both entered it: my mother flashing on me indignant glances, hastily ask'd where was Lord Milford? tho' I plainly saw she needed no information. Have you, child, (sternly interrogated my father) behaved in a manner that does not discredit my engagements to his Lordship? or have you dared to disobey my commands? which were, to receive him as the person destin'd for your husband?—This was a question I determin'd to answer candidly, and with a good dale of steadiness ventur'd to assure his Grace that I never could look on him in the light he was proposed.—
This

This drew on me many severe reflections : I was again upbraided with Mr. Worthley, who was again stiled a beggar ; one who wanted to enrich himself at their expence ; and my dearest uncle, vile, unbrotherly, designing.—I was forbid by both, as I valued their favour, ever to write or send a message to any of the mean reptiles at Audley-castle ; that being my mother's term for all that is generous, great, and amiable.—From this time, my chamber became my prison ; which I never quitted, but to receive the forc'd visits of Lord Milford ; then left it with more regret, than I should have done a palace, where I enjoy'd my freedom. At first I refused seeing him ; but having no choice, was compell'd to it by my mother. After the interview I have mentioned, she, or my father, were present at all future ones ; preventing me from shewing him, but by my silence, how much I despised his dishonourable perseverance.—I passed three weeks in this wretched situation ; and what rendered it more so, was, that I had no hopes of being relieved from it ; being hinder'd by Dalton's strict observance from sending to my uncle, whose kind advice I never stood so much in need of. Once indeed, in her absence, I began a letter to him, intending to wait some lucky opportunity of sending it ; when, before I had wrote three lines, my mother came into my closet, took it from me with severity, leaving me no power of making a second attempt, by carrying with her my pen, ink, and paper. I could not guess how Dalton knew I had been writing ; but that my mother got her intelligence from this woman, I am convinced ; her Grace having never before condescended to come to my apartment since my arrival.—A day was fix'd for our marriage, and a fortnight the utmost time

time allow'd me. In a state of mind little distant from distraction, I pray'd my parents not to force my inclinations, which recoil'd at this union; so strongly did my soul oppose it.—My father swore, tho' all the world should do the same, he would be obey'd: nor should their persuasions, were they to become joint petitioners, change his determinations. I shudder'd at this imprecation, and the vehemence with which it was utter'd; my fears being heighten'd by seeing my mother equally determined. Again I resolv'd to make another attempt (tho' it should be fruitless as the former) to write to my uncle all these transactions; for (if to be found) I knew he best could lead me into a safe path, where I might avoid the threaten'd, the shocking compulsion, without a breach of that duty, which none more than myself ever felt the force of: and when I have acted contrary to its pleadings, amply have I been punish'd in my own reflections.—I had not confidence enough in the servants placed about me, to propose to either the service it was in their power to do me; supposing they had all received their lessons from Dalton. In this opinion I was strengthen'd, when putting several trifling questions to them, I was answered with such haste, as shewed they were afraid of being discover'd speaking to me.—One day, as I was sitting alone, the involuntary tear flowing from my eyes, a girl who brought coals to my apartment, seem'd to express a great deal of ignorant curiosity by an unmeaning stare; thinking herself, I suppose, not observ'd by me, my face being partly hid with my handkerchief. She turn'd on one side, and lifted up her hands, muttering some words that I could not perfectly understand. Imagining I saw something in her
looks

looks like compassion, I began to think of improving this accident to my own advantage, and stepping to the door, as she was going to shut it on the outside, I touch'd her gown, bidding her in a low voice return. I almost thought the simple creature had beheld me as a corpse, and was surprized at seeing me restored to life: her astonishment at being thus taken notice of made her start back several paces, and her red countenance grew pale as the cap that surrounded it. Expecting my goaleress every moment, without any precaution, I ask'd her if she was willing to serve me. With abundance of aukward civility, she readily promised to do whatever I should command her. Then Betty, said I, you must, unknown to the other servants, get me some pens, ink, and a few sheets of paper; and bring them to me, as soon as you see Mrs. Dalton safe at dinner. That instant, imagining I heard her voice on the stairs, I dismiss'd the girl, full of thankfulness, and promises to obey me, having put a few shillings into her hand, not judging it prudent to make my first bribe very considerable.—

Many and different were my conjectures, till I again saw my trusty messenger; who came back in a few hours, conveying under her apron riches more valuable to me, than what are generally esteem'd such: nor would I have exchanged the simple feather then in my possession, for one as large and as finely ornamented with diamonds, as that which adorns the hair of the celebrated Countess of ———. My next difficulty was to find a convenient season to use it. In the day, I knew it could not be done without danger of detection; but having by night a constant light burning in my chamber, I determined to rise from my bed, when

when the family were retired to theirs; and send my letter to the post by the same hand which had brought me the means of writing it. With these intentions, I ordered her to come to me early in the morning. Every thing succeeded beyond my hopes; and the letter being sent away, my heart lost a considerable part of its burthen. But I was so much fatigued with sitting up, from two till six, that it obliged me the next day to confine myself to my bed. However, I rather rejoiced at, than regretted this indisposition; finding the pain of body, a cordial to my mind, which relieved it from the disagreeable company and impertinent conversation of Lord Milford. My mother, thinking it an excuse fram'd to avoid seeing him, came to me; but being convinc'd I was really ill, consented, tho' not without many upbraiding reflections, that his Lordship should accept my apologies: so for two days I pleaded indisposition to his repeated messages for an interview. My having forgot to acquaint my uncle in what manner I might receive his answer, gave me some concern; but it was dispell'd on recollecting I had not omitted the girl's name, to whom I was obliged, and that he would certainly fix on a safe method to remedy my neglect.—I counted every hour, till the happiness arrived, which I so eagerly panted after; that of hearing from Mr. Worthley was not, I sincerely own, the least pleasing of my ideas.—Tho' prepared to expect it, my joy had like to have overcome my strength, when my punctual ambassadress gave into my hand a letter, which my heart and eye plainly inform'd me came from him. I open'd it with a joy I had long been a stranger to, and found inclosed one from my uncle. I debated with myself which I should first read, when the fear of
being

being intruded on before I could go through both, made me give the preference to Mr. Worthley's. —In every line the agitation of his soul was visible; and (if it had been possible) would have heightened the tenderness I had long felt for him. He was, he said, but just come to town; he had not been off his horse from the time he left Audley-castle; and, begged he might see me, if I could forgive him for being the cause of my sufferings. —How, my dear Lady Lucy, could I longer retain a sense of them, when I reflected on the generous disinterested behaviour of the writer; and the value of that heart I was mistress of. I instantly assured him, in a few lines, that my regard for him remain'd unalterable; and that nothing should ever make me break the promise I had given him —I wish'd, sincerely wish'd, it had been in my power to grant his last request; but this, I imagined, would be extremely difficult, if not impossible to effect; so close a watch being kept over all my actions: but I added, that could he propose any method for that purpose, I was convinc'd it would be such as I might concur in with safety and prudence. —Afraid to say more, I bid Betty deliver it to Mr. Worthley's servant, who was waiting near the house; and then allow'd myself more leisure to examine my uncle's. This, like the former, was fill'd with his tender anxiety, as well for my health, as those sufferings, which he fear'd might be the means of impairing it. His spirits, he said, were not enough composed, to write his advice by Mr. Worthley, who was all impatience to set out, in hopes of obtaining an interview with me: that he fully rely'd on my prudence, and was the less concern'd at his want of time, to strengthen my resolutions, never to act contrary to my duty: that Mr. Worthley would

would allow him no more time than while his horses were getting ready, after he had obtain'd permission to attend me, which he could not refuse, knowing his concern and apprehensions at my situation to be very great. Then telling me, he believes Mr. Worthley's expedition keeps pace with his wishes, he breaks off, stiling himself my affectionate parent.—I foresaw, that if invention could furnish Mr. Worthley with an opportunity of seeing me, he would return to Audley-castle more satisfied, than to go back in a state of suspense. This gave me hopes that he might be lucky in an expedient; for whilst he wanted tranquillity, I could not enjoy it. Several letters follow'd; several schemes were propos'd; and he at last fix'd on one, that wore the face of probability. It was the meeting me at the next masquerade; and he hinted at Lord Milford's interest with my mother, as the surest way of procuring her permission for my being there; and said, on no other terms could he forgive his Lordship the torture his addressee to me had occasioned him.—I did not object to this proposal, imagining it could be productive of no other consequences, but those of satisfaction.—The next day being alone with Lord Milford, he, as usual, repining at my cruelty, protesting he could not live without my pity, and painting out his passion in the most ardent, most romantic colours; I, in my turn, began to complain, being in great haste to have this conversation over before my father's return, who had left us together, I suppose with a design, as the day for our marriage was to be within a week, that his Lordship might have the more liberty of talking to me on that subject: yet, tho' compelled to listen to it, my answers, if he really wished it, could give him no kind of pleasure.—

How,

How, my Lord, said I, interrupting him, can you expect me to listen with the least degree of attention to what you say, when I, who am fond of society, who think public entertainments both agreeable and rational, am confined a prisoner to my apartment; permitted to see no one but your Lordship; and pardon me, if I say I had rather always remain so, than leave it on such conditions. — Death to his hopes! — Of what my Lord? say, have I ever given you room for any? O my Lord! my Lord! — He was abash'd; his vanity was piqued — If I meant by that angry, but charming look, he was pleased to say, to upbraid him for his perseverance, he must assure me, he never could desist from endeavouring to conquer my indifference, and what was more painful, my dislike to him. — That, I reply'd, was impossible; unless my friendship would content him; and this, at any time, he might give himself a right to. Would I but tell him how he might be happy? — By only acting like a man of honour, my Lord. — A man of honour! he repeated with vehemence — this or any other usage from your Ladyship is to be borne; but — And there stopp'd, looking full of resentment. — Have your actions, my Lord, I answer'd, not at all intimidated by his fierceness, have your actions towards me, without judging further of your character, been liable to no exceptions? — To what account must I place my unreasonable treatment from my parents? To what account my unjust and undeserv'd confinement? — He was very unhappy, if I thought, to his. He made no doubt but the Duke and Dutchess would both clear him of such injurious suspicions. — To them, my Lord, I am not allow'd to appeal; and whilst a prisoner, have no reason to expect so
great

great indulgence.—Would I let him know what service I would condescend to accept from him, and I should be obey'd with transport.—My Liberty, that of chusing my own company, I replied, was the only one I could think of accepting from him.—Again he was mortified; but trying at a look of humility, he ask'd, should he do himself the honour of attending me to the court? to either of the theatres?—If I could be permitted, I should like to go to the next masquerade, that being a diversion I had never seen; for which reason, should prefer it to any other.—Luckily, he replied, there would be one in a few days; he was rejoiced at so small a mark in his favour, as that I would not absolutely reject all his proposals.—Your Lordship speaks as if certain my inclinations will not be objected to.—He was sure nothing could be denied to such a daughter: he would go that instant and make known my intentions.—My desire, if you please, my Lord. I intend nothing without the permission of my parents.—So much filial duty! charming Lady Frances! and (with a bow of self-approbation, at having laid me under an obligation, which no doubt he expected I would repay with my heart) he left me, highly pleased that I had succeeded thus far, without being forced to call in detested art to my assistance: for, on examining every word that had pass'd, throughout the whole I could acquit myself of having giving him the least encouragement.—He came back in an instant, visibly delighted, from which I presaged my request had not been refused; and his tongue soon confirm'd what his significant looks before hinted.—I thought him (at least I saw he thought himself) intitled to my thanks, for this important service: and being elated with the

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hopes

hopes of meeting Mr. Worthley, and unwilling even in appearance to seem ungrateful, gave him my acknowledgments with tolerable civility. He stay'd with me some hours, and I believe would not at last have taken his leave, had not I retired, under pretence of dressing. The first use I made of his absence, was to write Mr. Worthley my success, promising to acquaint him with my habit as soon as I had fix'd on one: but before I could conveniently give the letter to Betty, a message from my mother commanded my immediate attendance. I found it was to let me know, that tho' I had her leave to go to the masquerade, at the desire of Lord Milford, I must not expect to be of her party. The Ladies who compos'd it being acquaintances of hers, not mine; and might think it impertinent, was she to intrude me on them.—Did my mother, I ask'd, judge it prudent for a young creature, almost unacquainted with the world, to go accompanied only by Lord Milford? And thanking her Grace for her permission, begged I might decline it, if she intended not to honour me with her personal sanction.—Well, child, she reply'd, to remedy this inconvenience, I would have you apply to Lady Lucy Walton, who you formerly knew at Chelsea: if she favours you with her company, I shall be entirely easy. I am now going to a habit-shop; when you bespeak yours, Dalton shall have my orders to attend you.—I was delighted with the opportunity given me, of renewing a friendship, that in our childish years had been so endearing; and which, whenever I heard your name mention'd, made me long for a time to assure you, mine was not in the least abated. On finding the return of my request to your Ladyship favourable, I made an addition of all that had occurred

stirred since I had begun it, and sent my letter to Mr. Worthley, apprizing him that my mother and Lord Milford would be present; and consequently would not fail to take notice of those with whom I conversed. In his answer, he assured me, he had provided against all my apprehensions, on account of Lord Milford. As to my mother, he hoped her attention would be differently engaged. Every thing thus settled, my thoughts were next employed on my dress. There was but one person to whom I was fond of appearing more agreeable than the rest; and when certain of meeting him, was I to blame in bestowing some consideration, in trying to adorn my person; not to captivate a new one, but only to make that heart more sure, which to think mine, is, and has been my most pleasing reflection.—I went the same day with Dalton to a habit-shop, and was looking at several that lay on the counter, when I heard a well-known voice ask to see some. Mrs. Dalton—Mrs. Dalton, said I, all confusion, in a broken and hesitating voice, pray look at this—at this habit; my words scarcely intelligible; when having directed her eye, that I might not fall under its observation, I turned to him who had occasioned all my perturbations. His own were little inferior: his looks betraying joy, surprise, and emotion. The passions by which I was assaulted made me tremble; and knowing I could not long support it, I lean'd against the counter, and taking a pin from my side, ran it deep into my hand, pretending to have done it by accident, that the prying Dalton might not perceive the real cause of my tremor. The smart it occasion'd increas'd my faintness, she saw the alteration, which made her scream out for help. Mr. Worthley, assuming the character of a stran-

ger, flew to my assistance; whilst she ran to the door, to meet the man who was gone for a glass of water and hartshorn. O my dear Lady Frances! whisper'd he, resume your wonted resolution, or all is reveal'd, and I am ruined in your loss.—He had time for no more, the officious woman coming back with the drops; but this was enough to put me on my guard: so having drank them, I said I found myself quite recover'd; and thanked Mr. Worthley with an air of distance, which he return'd by a bow, expressing nothing more than a polite indifference. Telling the master of the shop he would call some time in the afternoon, and not interrupt his attendance on the ladies, he hastened away, bowing rather more respectfully to Dalton, than me; and with him vanish'd all my fears of having this accident discover'd. No sooner was his back turn'd, than she bestow'd on him those encomiums his noble appearance always excited; asking me, if I did not think him the finest gentleman I had ever seen?—The man was very well, I replied; I saw nothing extraordinary in him.—Then complaining of my timidity, that so small a scar could so much affect me, I fix'd on the dress of an Indian Princess; and my spirits still fluttering, I return'd home full of this adventure. Perhaps you will think it strange, that Dalton, who you may suppose had seen Mr. Worthley, when at Audley-castle, did not recollect him at this time. But here fortune was more my friend than of late she had been; for, the morning I left that place, my uncle observing his agitation, as he led me to the chariot, drew him apart, pretending something of moment; whilst I stepped into it. By this stratagem, he saved him from a second painful leave, and very fortunately prevented his being
observed

observed by Dalton, who, as I have once before mention'd, waited by the side of it.—The morning of the masquerade, a ticket was brought me from Lord Milford, requesting that he might be permitted to have the honour of being my escorte; to which, thro' want of choice, I was forced to assent. He came some hours before our time of going, and I was teized with repeated petitions for my company in the interim, which I as repeatedly refused, finding him inclined to assume on the fancied reason he had given for a larger share of my favour: nor would I go down, till I heard that your Ladyship, and the Ladies with you, were at the door. It being late, you may remember we proceeded immediately to the Hay-market. I saw Mr. Worthley the moment I enter'd the rooms. My Roman Senator, for such he represented, no sooner perceived us, than he went up to a woman strikingly fine, in a tight Spanish dress, covered to her feet by a long gauze veil, sown thick with spangles. Talking to him but a few minutes, she follow'd him to that part of the room where we were; when singling out Lord Milford, she took him by his sleeve, and drew him from us with a free air, saying something in a whisper. He often return'd, convers'd with his wonted gaiety, attempting to entertain me with foolish raillery, and insignificant compliments: but notwithstanding this seeming complaisance, the Spanish Lady engross'd much the larger share of his time, having before, as I suppose, received instructions for doing it.—It is now, Madam, I bespeak all your good nature, before I proceed with what I fear you must condemn; and if that can find me no excuse, surely I have none to offer.—But not to detain you, the moment I was free from the observation of

those,

those, of whom I was most apprehensive, and Lord Milford retired at a distance, with his Spanish Lady, Mr. Worthley approached me. I expected he would have express'd some joy after so long an absence; but his words, though tender, wore the face of a rooted sorrow; for which I knew not how to account; but conjured him, by all the regard he once profess'd for me, not to conceal the cause.—At length, he made me feel an equal share of his concern, by yielding to my earnest solicitations. A letter from Ireland, which he had that evening received, ordered him immediately to join his regiment, and take on him its command; the Colonel having declined it, his health not permitting him to go on the expedition, for which they were then preparing to embark.—The despondency that seem'd to have taken possession of his soul, was not to be conquer'd: the dread of losing me, the dread of my being forced to marry Lord Milford, notwithstanding all my efforts to prevent it, were griefs, he said, not to be overcome.—The affliction I then felt was inexpressible: all I before or have since suffer'd would weigh light in the ballance with it. How did I envy the gay swarm that danc'd before my eyes! their unconcern predominant in every action. I thought all that look'd at me, saw my distress; and this thought heightened my agitation.—When Lord Milford came near me, I shudder'd with horror; and when he left me, was incapable of feeling pleasure at his absence. The time drew on when we must part; a possibility, but no probability, of our ever meeting more, overwhelm'd us; and observing his concern almost superior to my own, I could no longer restrain my lips, or rather heart from speaking.—Oh, Sir! my own conflicts hardly
can.

can I bear ; then do not add yours to make them more insupportable. Speak, is it in my power to lessen them ? Shall I renew my promises ? or what shall I say to restore your quiet ?——I will not repeat what further pass'd ; let it suffice to tell you, that (with the hopes of conferring an obligation on one deserving the tenderest affection, my uncertainty of ever seeing him again, together with my apprehensions of being compell'd to be the wife of Lord Milford, my father's imprecations giving me no room to doubt the contrary) I consented to meet Mr. Worthley the next morning at St. M—— church ; though it was with the severest struggles this most disinterested of men first propos'd it. His joy was so great at my compliance, that it made me for a moment forget the vast sacrifice I was about to make him ; when my mother, by her presence, bringing fresh to my mind my uncle's admonitions, all my pleasure was instantly overcast : but this I endeavour'd to hide from him, that his might not be embittered.——I retired much earlier than her Grace, intending to have gone without Lord Milford's knowing it, had he not been too assiduous for my purpose. Mr. Worthley gave way to him, on his Lordship's offering me his hand, which I accepted with the less reluctance, as I knew a very little time would rid me of his importunities.——When our chairs sat us down, he was extremely pressing to detain me ; but I was not in a humour to listen to him, and went to my room, under pretence of indisposition : not entirely pretence neither, my head and heart being both fill'd with the different prospects my new schemes afforded.——Those on the dark side, had thrown a damp on my spirits, that seem'd to affect my health.——I told Dalton, while undress-

ing me, that I was much fatigued, so would have her call me some hours later than usual, being in general an early riser.—She sat with me till my mother's return; for tho' her immediate attendance was dispensed with, yet was she not the less caref'd, and always assisted the person who supplied her place. As she left me, I desired a servant might be sent to wait in my chamber, complaining of a violent pain in my head; any one, I said; the girl who lighted my fire was the least wanted, and would do very well; as I should only have occasion for her, if worse, to let Mrs. Dalton know it. She offered to sit up herself; but that not coinciding with my designs, I pleaded the endangering her own health; by which consideration she was prevail'd on to leave my room, and send Betty, whom I bid to awaken me before any of the family were stirring.—My sleep was not that tranquil repose which attends a consciousness of having done nothing to disturb it. My imagination hurried me from place to place, now at Audley-castle, my uncle repeating his advice, on the very spot where I promis'd never to deviate from it. Then in Mrs. Worthley's arms, who call'd me daughter.—Back again to town, my father spurning me from him, my mother frowning, and ordering me from her presence:—all insulting me, except my uncle, who with a look of mingled pity and resentment, took my hand, and convey'd me from them.—Once more at Audley-castle, Mr. Worthley with us; all harmony. My father and mother both caressing him. To compleat all, a lovely creature rush'd into my mother's arms, who presented her to me, bidding me embrace my long lost sister—when Betty awak'd me from this imaginary happiness, to real affliction. For how could I but be
afflicted,

afflicted, when going to sacrifice my duty, and all the promises I had made my uncle ! hazarding his affection, which had supplied the want of tenderness in every other relation. Numberless were the objections which placed themselves as bars to prevent my proceeding : but Mr. Worthley's pain, should I retract from my word, and the thoughts that he would carry that pain with him, immediately arose in my bosom, to oppose and conquer every obstacle. Without further reflection, I huddled on my cloaths, wrapped my cloak about me, to prevent being known, hastened out of the house, (Betty going before, to see that no one interrupted my passage) and stepping into a coach, which she had procured for me, drew up the canvases, and drove to St. M—— church, where the trembling fugitive was joyfully received by Mr. Worthley, and a clergyman, his particular friend, who in a few minutes gave him the title of husband. In his presence he was not afraid to pour out the dictates of a heart, grateful and affectionate as man ever boasted. As soon as irrecoverably his, I lost sight of every uneasy thought, but what proceeded from my concern for his safety, and return ; till my watch informed me my time was expired, if I hoped to get back to my father's house with the same secrecy that I left it. A warning so seasonable was not to be neglected. The same coach that brought me to him, carried me from my dearest husband.—Betty waiting at the door, I passed unobserved to my apartment ; Dalton being satisfied, I suppose, with the caution given her, of not coming to me till late.——Mr. Worthley's horses waited at a small distance, to carry him to Audley-castle that evening, purposing to set out for Park-gate the

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day

day following. He was to discover our marriage, and try to obtain a pardon from my uncle ; but as to my father and mother, they were not yet to be made acquainted with it ; unless I had no other way left to avoid a marriage with Lord Milford.——The very day on which I hoped to receive the wished-for pardon, flattering myself that (every circumstance weighed, which had caused me to offend) I could not fail of obtaining it, I flew to the door, on hearing it open, prepossessed that it could be no other than Betty, with the dear expected packet ; but on seeing my father and mother both enter, unable to speak through passion, which, for want of vent, seemed bursting from their eyes, my astonishment took from me all power of thinking.——My mother—but indeed I cannot tell you (shedding tears) how my mother used me. My father's anger fell on me in unconnected words—disgrace to his blood---vile creature---artful insinuating wretch----were the cruel terms he addressed me in ; spurning me with his foot, as on my knees I implored his forgiveness. All this time he held out an open letter ; which as soon as I saw it accounted to me for this strange appearance. My prayers were in vain ; my mother pushed me from her, with even greater violence than my father. Go, go, go, said she, thou wicked deceiver ; and then called me by a name my soul shudders to think on. The only mercy shewn me, after being robbed of my senses by their resentment, was in leaving Dalton to assist in restoring them : and really she shewed more compassion, than I ever thought in her nature. From her I learnt, that poor Betty was discharged, and severely threatened with a heavy punishment, my father himself detecting her in taking the letters from
from

from Colonel Worthley's servant. By some hints which he overheard, he got a suspicion of the truth ; and having demanded them, read enough to enflame him, in the manner I have described. Whilst she was recounting these particulars, an open note was delivered me ; the more (I imagine) to insult me, by making my disgrace public to the servants.——These were the heart-rending words :

“ Ungenerous, dissolute creature ! unless thou
“ wouldst that I should curse thee from my sight,
“ and house, leave it within this hour : thy husband (as he insolently styles himself) shall be
“ sent where he can never more behold thee.—
“ Thy uncle thou hast disobliged ; besides, he
“ dares not receive thee : go then, thou great
“ dishonour to my name, seek the good Mrs.
“ Worthley, the mother of thy seducer, and
“ hide thy guilt in obscurity. These are the
“ commands of your enraged father.”

It was in obedience to them (dreadful as they were !) that I threw myself on yours, and the Earl's protection ; though I could not prevail on my feet to carry me from the house, until another, and (if possible) more cruel message was sent me by my mother.——All perplexed, I know not what I am to hope from my uncle ; my father's words were, That I had disobliged him.——But then again does he not say, That he dares not receive me ? and what should this menace mean, if my more than parent were not inclined to mercy ?——This uncertainty and fear of the worst prevented me from going directly to Audley-castle.——To whom then could I so properly apply, as to your kind father and self,

self, for a refuge to my distress? till my uncle's anger is softened by compassion, and he re-instates me in his affection.

Thus was the whole day spent ;—she in repeating, I in listening to her agreeable, yet distressing recital. Do you ask how I managed to recollect all I have written? That you may not think I could command supernatural assistance, I will make you mistress of my art.—Having left Lady Frances to her repose, though it was late, I began my first letter ; and finding incidents flow faster than my pen could transcribe, taking the hint from her Ladyship, I finished that I was about, then minuted particulars of the whole.

I slept but a few hours, and getting up before Lady Francis's bell rung, wrote down to Mrs. Worthley's manuscript. Here I was at a loss, my treacherous memory having played the truant, and left me without warning. However, that she might not carry off all my riches, leaving me quite a bankrupt, I resolved to apply for redress to her Ladyship ; and was just then told by Johnson, whom I had ordered to attend her, that she had been risen near an hour, but hearing I was writing, would not have me interrupted. So closing my letter, and tapping gently at her door, I was immediately admitted.—Any thing half so lovely, half so enchantingly majestic as she appeared to me at that instant, had I never before seen. Sleep, all-healing sleep, had given her new beauties, and tinged her snowy skin with purer vermilion than art and labour together could have bestowed on their most assiduous votaries.—Her dress was negligently becoming, put on as if she only thought it necessary, not ornamental.—It was a fine white muslin negligee, wrought in Dresden sprigs ; fancied with elegance,

elegance, and chiefly of her own performance.— Her hood, ruffles, and handkerchief, were all made of Brussels lace, setting off to advantage the natural clearness of her complexion.—In short, as Milton says,

Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love.——

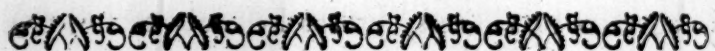
If this quotation is a common one, let it be considered that not another description can be found so beautifully expressive.—Yet, charming as I thought her, a certain air of melancholy was not to be concealed by the sweet smile of affability playing about her face. So have I seen in a still evening, when the all-chearing body that illuminates the earth is gradually sinking behind some high hill, which for a few hours is to obscure its brightness, just as he is about to leave us, as if recollecting some neglected spot, turn his departing looks, and with faint rays throw a shadowy kind of glory over it; which, though pleasing, is not enough to dispel the natural shade.—She gave us her company at breakfast in my father's library, declining her own dressing-room; assuring me she should be unhappy, were she to prevent my attendance on him. Besides, continued she, my dear Lady Lucy, I wish to renew those thanks due to his kind, nay, I may say, fatherly protection.—I saw a crystal tear ready to start from its orbit, and directly led her to him; so we breakfasted together.—On requesting her Ladyship's permission to send my dearest friend, whose character she greatly admires, the many vicissitudes she has passed, my request was not only granted without a scruple, but a copy of Mrs. Worthley's manuscript presented me; so
none

none of your acknowledgments to me, my dear. If any are owing, it is to Lady Frances ; for had not this happened, something less significant must have been the subject of my scribblings.—Another letter, and I shall return to my own nonsense ; like a school-boy, who by strict application, learns to pronounce, with tolerable propriety, a sentence out of Tully, or Horace ; but take the book from him, and he dwindles into his former stupidity, with as much ease, as will soon.

Your real friend

and humble servant,

LUCY WALTON.



*Lady LUCY WALTON to Miss HAMILTON,
in continuation.*

WELL, my dear, I think I need not remind you that Lady Frances has now been with us one whole day, and this the morning of a second ; that is, supposing me to write the occurrences at the very time they happened, and not a fortnight after, which is really the case.—As I know you wish me to be circumstantial in this interesting part of my relation, you shall see how ready I will be in obeying you.—We were all sitting at table, that is Lady Frances, my father, and self, the cloth being just removed, when Mr. Wallace, my father's steward, returned from Suffex. Her Ladyship's consternation

tion was so great on the message being delivered, which my father observing, went to his library, and ordered Mr. Wallace to be sent to him.—What, Lady Lucy! said the dear agitated sufferer, what will become of me, if my uncle refuses to receive me! Then lifting up her hands, good God! continued she, perhaps my husband too may be torn from me. But could my father mean quite so cruelly as he threatened? Do you think, Madam, he really intended to make me so very wretched?—I used numberless persuasions to calm her tears; representing that letter of the Duke's to be entirely the workings of a sudden passion, too furious for a long continuance; which once subsided, nature, that could not be obliterated (though it might be for a time suppressed) would in the midst of dark prospects strike out a gleam of light, to make her happy.—My father did not leave us many minutes in suspense; but not seeing any letter in his hand, and her Ladyship's terror increasing, I began to fear a little at this, as I then thought it, bad symptom. Though the event proved, that what we short-sighted mortals look on as signs most prejudicial to our hopes, often, by the assistance of time, shew themselves altogether in our favour.—Prepare, Lucy, said his Lordship, to receive an unexpected honour; we shall have, within a few hours, a noble and welcome visitor.—Lord Henry, I exclaimed. Can it be my uncle! cried Lady Frances, her colour changing as she spoke.—It is, it is, he replied, who comes to bless you, Madam, to bless the darling of his soul.—O my good Lord! starting from her chair, and running almost into my father's arms, in frantic extacy, once more, once more tell me that he comes; and comes to pardon me. Indeed,

deed, indeed he does, repeated my father ; for is it possible he can be obdurate to the pleadings of so much innocence ?—After this, she so fluttered, that I imagined it would be improper for her to see Lord Henry as soon as he arrived. My father too being of the same opinion, we agreed to keep it secret, till his Lordship by a kind message, should still her doubts, and enable her to stand before him with some degree of composure : all that Mr. Wallace could inform us, was, that Lord Henry, on reading the letter he carried from Lady Frances, ordered his chariot to be got ready early the next morning ; but that being countermanded, his coach was at the door by break of day. His Lordship would have sent one of his own servants, to apprise us of his intentions, that Mr. Wallace might not be too much fatigued ; but this good old man (who has been in my father's service thirty years) is so indefatigable, that nothing to him wears that face, which would retard the execution of his Lord's commands.—It was six o'clock when my father, who had left us to see Lord Henry, according to our plan, came into the room.—I had in his absence been trying to lessen Lady Frances's uneasiness, and not without success ; but when his Lordship, though in the most gentle manner, broke to her the arrival of her uncle, all these promising appearances again gave way to her apprehensions.—Excellent Lady Frances ! said he, banish these racking suspicions, which you have no reason to entertain. Lord Henry is impatient to clasp you to his bosom : so is Mrs. Worthley. Mrs. Worthley ! Mrs. Worthley ! both in one voice ; for you cannot conceive my pleasure at hearing she was come with him.—Then indeed am I forgiven, she said. Lead me,
my

my Lord, lead me to them ; but help, dear Lady Lucy, to thank my second benefactor, condescendingly kissing his hand. Surely I must have been very faulty, that I should thus tremble to appear before a judge, who in humble comparison, like that of heaven, is mercy itself. The room where we then were being distant from that in which was Mrs. Worthley and Lord Henry, I stepped before to pay them my compliments, designing, if I saw it necessary, to hint something of Lady Frances's apprehensive timidity : but happily found no such caution wanting.—His Lordship saluted and called me the preserver of his child. I cannot positively say I did not return his salute, being so transported at hearing him speak with such tenderness of Lady Frances, and so prepared to love him, that I could not find terms to express my satisfaction. Mrs. Worthley had an equal share in my esteem, and instead of saluting her with form, I threw it all aside, embracing her as I should have done my Juliet, or any other valuable friend. Now I warrant you would have given one of your smartest lovers to have been in my situation. I allow you might, and no dear purchase ; for the smartest are often the most unworthy, of which poor Sir Colin Fancourt is a living witness. But no more of him ; for I know his name is your aversion. Lord bless me ! how have I wandered from Lady Frances ! My father (though a little gouty) I would not have you think, has been all this time leading her Ladyship to us. Before I had been in the room two minutes, she was received with open arms by her uncle ; rushing into them to hide a confusion, which her downcast eye, and flushed cheek, shewed to be still predominant. My father withdrew ; I saw with what design,
and

and intended to follow him; yet I own with reluctance: for I long'd to be a spectator (tho' an unnecessary one) of an interview, in which my heart was so much engaged.——She was, from the arms of the generous Lord Henry, taken into the expanded ones of the good Mrs. Worthley. I was then going to leave them; but Lady Frances coming to me, said, Don't leave me, my dear, kind friend; but join your solicitations to draw on me that pardon, which I see my dearest uncle, my father, my protector, will not withhold from me. No, my child, I cannot, will not withhold it; for well I know my sweet girl must have been hardly used, or she could never have offended.——Indeed, indeed she has, said your Lucy, all, all overjoy'd; and permit me to tell your Lordship, that I should never have gone through half her trials, had a man so nobly minded as Mr. Worthley offer'd himself for my protector, when deprived of such a one as her Ladyship had been deprived of. You cannot imagine how gratefully this was accepted: Mrs. Worthley gave me a speaking look. Enough, Lord Henry said, enough, my good young Lady; his manly countenance full of ineffable compassion. Embrace your daughter, Madam, speaking to Mrs. Worthley; as such receive her from my hand. Bless, bless the hour! she cry'd, merciful God!——and Lady Frances having thrown her arms about her neck, tears for some moments supplied the place of words. Never was I so deeply affected, and can scarcely refrain from them, as it comes fresh to my memory. Lord Henry folded them together in his arms. Let me, said he, thus congratulate the worthy mother, the happy daughter.——Lady Frances fell at his generous feet, to thank him. And, O sweet, but awful sight!

fight! down by her side, dropped the venerable Mrs. Worthley.—Suffer me thus, she would have said, but both at once (for I could not help assisting in it) lifted her from the ground.

This, Madam, said he, is too much; you have distress'd me. Rise, my Fanny; is this necessary?—I have done nothing for you. O my indulgent parent! are mercies like these nothing? what then deserves a name?—Is such a gift nothing? said Mrs. Worthley, holding out the hand of Lady Frances. Am I not permitted to call this lovely creature my child? Are these, my Lord, nothing? but now indeed my load of obligations is become too heavy for my poor strength to support. What I can never return, that Power will, to whom my prayers shall be offer'd.

—If, answer'd his Lordship, you have pleasure in the title of her mother, it is by the divine permission of that power you enjoy it; then waste not your acknowledgments on me, for the little his mercy has left me to perform. As to you, my Fanny, who have stolen a right to the affection of the best of women, I can only say the richness of the prize palliates your fault, it being a temptation few that love virtue, and merit, could have withstood.—Methinks I have them now before me, as I write; the happy reconciliation effected, and your Lucy sharing their caresses.—My vanity was certainly awaken'd by the praises of these good people, and for some moments I thought myself generous, kind, tender, and a thousand other charming epithets, by which I was accosted; but reflection has since stepped in to warn me that they came from hearts, where no other sentiments could obtrude themselves.—Something was yet wanting to Lady Frances's joy, which
her

her uncle perceiving, soon compleated.—For one thing, my dear, said he, smiling, I have not yet forgiven you. Tell it me then, my Lord, she replied, and I will endeavour by my penitence to atone for the offence.—There is no need, Fanny, he return'd, for that serious air; you will not long remain under my displeasure; I am only surpriz'd you merited the least appearances of it. Come, my good girl, why has your tongue refused that question, which your eyes have often repeated since my arrival?—Thus embolden'd, my dear Sir, blushing with delight, I would say—What would my Fanny? or shall I be the interpreter of her thoughts?—You ask me, continued he, seeing her silent, the reason Colonel Worthley is not of our party. Am I right, my dear? tell me sincerely.—O my generous, kind uncle! you cannot misinterpret them.—Having succeeded so well in this, proceeded he, I shall go on in my divinations; but first I answer, that he set out for Parkgate the day after his marriage, and immediately embark'd. Had he been with us, I am convinced nothing could have with-held him from you. Your next enquiries are due to his health and spirits, both which were, at the time he left the castle, well as you could wish them.—Is there any thing besides, my child, can yet ask? Again she blush'd, and sigh'd.—I see my girl has one more question which I will try to find. Perhaps she thinks Charles less dear to me now, than before he was all her own.—Will my uncle permit me to hope, that he did not leave England laden with your displeasure, but shares your pardon with me; then will my happiness be compleated.—Let it be so then, said he; for know that the son of my friend,

friend, the husband of my Fanny, is dear to this heart (laying his hand on his breast) as the vital blood from which it receives its warmth.—And turning to me, many apologies are due to Lady Lucy, for having so long intruded on her friendly patience, in thus talking of our own affairs. But let us seek the good Earl; I know he will rejoice in our joy.—Indeed, my Fanny, I fear we shall never be able to return this debt——saying which, we all went into the garden, where my father was walking. Lady Frances offer'd Mrs. Worthley her arm: I wish'd to be equally happy; and stepping on the other side, she kindly accepted mine. Thus did we lead her between us, Lord Henry going before, to my father; whose dear sympathizing heart became a sharer in the general satisfaction.—Surely, Mrs. Worthley has been remarkably handsome, or, if I am deceived, the partiality with which her mind makes me regard her person, must be the cause of my deception. This is sometimes the case; for where one sees eminent perfections or imperfections, in either case our favourable or unfavourable opinion takes root, yielding to the former entire applause, to the latter entire disapprobation: and often, through the strength of our prepossessions, we can fancy beauties in the one, without a real foundation, and as often overlook in the other something deserving our esteem. But to avoid alike both extremes, I constitute my Juliet, Harriet, and Charlotte, joint arbitratrices between my judgment and partiality, without a doubt but the first will be honourably acquitted.

She is of a fine height, and if she does not carry herself quite so erect, as I have seen some matrons do, laden with the burthen of so many heavy years, yet her movement is so easy, and
withal

withal so strikingly graceful, that it immediately engages your attention. Nothing reserv'd, nothing forbidding in her countenance, to deter the young and those of inferior (few are there of superior) understanding, from gaining by her conversation. Her mind is the seat of resignation, and her mild eye continually invites us to learn the precepts of that power. Her features, tho' not regular, are perfectly agreeable, by having the angel express'd in them; and you could almost fancy her own silver hair to be a surrounding glory.—Then, my dear, a hand and arm, that for shape and loveliness, I never saw equall'd.—She has worn a slight half mourning ever since the Colonel's death; and when I saw her, was dress'd elegantly, without lace or jewels. Her linen, to a night-gown of light grey sattin, might have been call'd plain, were it not for a narrow silk fringe sown at the edge, which had quite a pretty effect on a woman of her years.—And now, Juliet, don't keep my cause long in hand; but let me have all your opinions soon as this material point is decided.

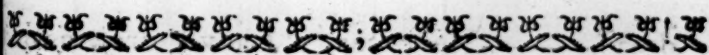
Lord Henry waited on the Duke the morning after he came to town; but met a displeasing reception: the particulars he forbore repeating, through great tenderness of his brother's character; and only told us, he had not the least hopes of ever effecting a reconciliation; saying a thousand fond things to diminish Lady Frances's concern on this occasion.—I wish every angry person could be only their own tormenters, and keep these destructive passions within their own bosoms; it being said to them, as to the sea, “Hither shalt thou go, and no further; and here shall thy proud waves be stay'd.”—How unlike to these malignant spirits, who are pleased with tor-
turing

turing others, is a philosopher I have somewhere read of, who was caught beating himself. Surpriz'd, his friend ask'd the occasion; and was answer'd he was correcting an angry man.——

Lord Henry having important affairs that call'd him into Suffex, we parted with infinite regret on all sides. Lady Frances engaging me to write to her often.—Now tell me, good Mrs. Wentworth, dear Harriot, and Charlotte, do you think any other person can boast two such amiable correspondents, as are your Juliet and her Ladyship?

——Mrs. Worthley, on being told I knew the particulars of her life, and the verses written by her daughter coming on the tapis, promis'd to oblige me with a copy of them. Which I this morning received; with it a sweet grateful letter from Lady Frances.——

One thing I had almost forgot, that gives me pleasure; her Ladyship has taken the poor girl, who assisted her, and was discharg'd from the Duke's for that reason, to wait on her own person: I think the compassionate creature merits the reward she meets.—A letter, Johnson! Yes indeed, she gives me one from your dear self, and I hear lay down my pen to read it.——



Miss HAMILTON to Lady LUCY WALTON.

NOW may I almost venture to pronounce my heart free from envy; but stop, Juliet; judge not too partially of yourself; is it not the friend that you admire, and love, on whom these praises are bestow'd? therefore first hear them given

given to a rival, from a lover, and if you feel the same pleasure, then say you have escaped that fiend.—Here is my aunt, Mr. Temple, Harriet, and Charlotte, for ever finding out something new to admire in you.—O! could you then see how your proud Juliet bristles, thinking (filly creature) that your virtues are reflected back on her. If others call it vanity, it is no more than I do myself; it is an original sin, very hard to be rooted from the female mind; and that the other sex has not quite weeded it from theirs, Mr. Bloomer gives convincing proofs.—He dined with us last Thursday——But before I say more of him, I must tell you, That was the day when Charlotte converted the fond lover into the happy husband. Such now is Mr. Temple. His bride insisted on its being kept private for some time, and in complaisance to her, it was managed so secretly, that it is not yet mistrusted. She was prevented from great part of her thoughtfulness, on the state she had just enter'd, by the company of two gentlemen, whose characters are opposites, never to be reconciled.—Mr. Bloomer one; but before I name the other, pray recollect a person you have often remark'd for a bluntness, which tho' he does not say any thing to offend, yet his boisterous manner keeps you in continual dread.——He enters a Lady's drawing-room with the same ease he would his kennel; and seems to consider it as no other, being always attended with a number of his four-footed friends, whom he familiarly introduces to you; and indeed appears more conversant in their language, than that of any intelligent Being.—Now after this description, if you don't think on Mr. Martin, say I am an unskilful painter. This gentleman has lately honour'd me with an offer to be
at

at the head of his pack; but I should have so many rivals, that upon my word I cannot accept it. At present there is a Pointer and Greyhound, that he says tenderer things to, than to me, tho' not his wife.—This unaccountable creature tells me, when ever I reject him, which is often ten times in a day, that he can follow a chase twenty years, and will not pay me a worse compliment than he should a fox or a stag: and I once assured him, that tho' he should pursue me twenty and ten, I would, like his favourite animal, answer for escaping all his toils.—He seem'd rather pleased than repuls'd, by this reply; and vow'd, if at last he could have a girl of my spirit in the chase, it would answer all his trouble.—Was there ever such a bear-like man? I was vex'd that he intruded on us this happy Thursday. Charlotte appear'd confused, when his servant said he intended dining here; till I convinced her, if she kept her own secret, his penetration would never discover it.—But in order to blind him the more effectually, you must, my dear, remove that ring. Mr. Temple being present, took her hand, saying, let me, my love, as I this morning placed it on your finger, again take possession of it. Who, Miss Hamilton, will affirm that gold cannot convey any real happiness? when this little hoop has made me feel as much joy as the heart is capable of sustaining—You, Sir, replied I, who so well can distinguish its intrinsic value, certainly deserve it. But had my cousin bestow'd herself on such a lover as mine, which we are by and by to see, it would have been throwing a pearl before a swine.—Has not your Ladyship observ'd, that often, when we are speaking or thinking of a person, one immediately sees him? So, no sooner did I mention the word swine, then Mr. Martin

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made

made his appearance in tip-top spirits; tho' his, when at the lowest ebb, are much too boisterous for any other place than the open fields, where he chiefly inhabits.—He had scarcely paid us his usual compliments, before we were made partakers of his morning diversion. Bless me! what hills did we not in imagination ascend! five-bar gates could not obstruct our speed. We had just forded a large river, when the door open'd, and in was ushered Mr. Bloomer. We all rose from our seats, which did not occasion him a little discomposure; besides numberless apologies, which he certainly would have spared, had he known how dear they were to cost him. A spaniel, who had lain under his master's chair came out, and seeming to think he would not be behind hand in complaisance, fawned at his feet, and taking those gentle pats he received, with the words, leave me beast, for encouragement, leaped first on his waistcoat, then on his coat; which being white, with a bugle and spangled trimming, you might (to borrow his master's words) have traced him on it.—The resistance he made was so weak, that the dog could not be prevailed on to leave him. Looking on his waistcoat, and there seeing the marks of Rover's feet too plainly imprinted, it immediately raised his colour; and drawing on one glove, he ventur'd to take him by the paw, and throw him at a distance.—Mr. Martin (who had done nothing but stare, and wink at us to observe him) on seeing this insult offer'd to his dearest friend, turn'd the contemptuous look he had before worn, into one all anger.—What the devil, said he, are you afraid of a dog? By my soul, mine are all better bred than to pursue such game as you. At the same time calling it to him with a halloo, swore a great oath,

oath, he should have his bones broke for attempting to kill a chicken.——Mr. Bloomer made no answer to this witticism: either, that he was too much discompos'd, or had perhaps a still more dreadful idea of the master, than the enemy he had just escaped.—A summons to dinner again sat every thing on a right footing; and the resentment Mr. Martin had express'd against the beau, was now levelled at a piece of beef placed next him.—But enough, and too much, of these contrasted characters. Mr. Temple intends taking his wife to town next week; I am to be of their party. But Harriet stays with my aunt; she cannot part with all her girls at the same time. Harriet bids me tell your Ladyship, it is a great mortification to be left behind; for it was no small inducement to her to suffer a young sister to go first, that she might have the pleasure of parading it at the tea-table in form, at least a month; but will try, she says, to lessen her misfortune, by being a frequent visitant of Lady Rachel Ivy's; where she should be sure to see formality in all its charms. Do, my dear, while I fly to Lady Lucy. Next Friday will be our latest time here. Mr. and Mrs. Temple petition me to be with them; I tell them, No, I cannot be in the same town with you, and separated by a street. Of how many things shall we have to chat! and how much of your time shall I take up! tho' not of the same opinion as Mr. Peckworth; who will not allow that two girls can converse together for any time, unless love is the subject. I know not how far you are gone in this lesson; for my part, I am quite a novice; having never seen that man to whom I could resign my

liberty: but pray that you may, in one who bears the name of

Your grateful, honour'd,

and affectionate,

JULIET HAMILTON.

Welcome, welcome, my beloved friend; welcome, my dear Mrs. Temple; on which name let my Charlotte receive the warm congratulations that flow from a heart exulting in her happiness. Tell Mr. Temple, that where there is so great a certainty of his, wishes would be superfluous. I have now but one thing to allay my joy, which is the absence of my dear Harriet. Why should I not enjoy the happiness of seeing her with you? but no more—the obstacle you have mention'd, must be insurmountable. Don't think I will be content with the time fixed, when I am to embrace my Juliet. No, my dear; it is my determin'd resolution to meet her at Windsor, and conduct her where she will be joyfully received; particularly by her happy, and inexpressibly obliged

LUCY WALTON.

P. S. The verses on the Seasons, mentioned in the former part of my letter, I now inclose for your perusal.

THE

T H E

VISION of the SEASONS.

By Miss WORTHLEY.

*Inclosed to Miss WENTWORTH.**

CAN ought afford more gentle calm delight,
Than rosy breezes ushering in the night !
When slow advancing to the vocal sounds
Of the loud thrush, that from each dale rebounds.
Pleas'd with this thought, the ev'ning drawing on,
And prospects gilded by the setting sun,
O'er flow'ry lawns I ruminating stray'd ;
Nor by the still-approaching night dismay'd.
Hush'd was the air, bright the expanded view ;
Sleep seal'd my eyes, but dreams my walk renew.
Fancy conducts me to a verdant plain,
Where nature revell'd, and new seasons reign.
When lo !—before my doubting sight there stood
A pleasing form, the genius of the wood.
Pointing fresh beauties to my wand'ring view,
Where'er I trod presenting something new.
Now close attendant at my side he stands,
On a green knole, whose height the vale commands.
Glowing beneath with various posies crown'd ;
And shrubs of many a hue, that strew'd the ground.
High on the midst there stood a cool retreat ;
Round it transparent waves alternate beat,
Whose soft meanders murmuring glide along,
And added sweetness to the linnet's song.
Lull'd by the sound, I strict attention paid,
Till my conductor smiling on me said,

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* Take

* The reader may turn to the Spectator, N^o 425.

' Take your eye off this scene, with me prepare
 ' To trace the revolutions of a year.
 ' Observe how time goes by in rapid flight,
 ' And pass'd us once, for ever leaves our sight.
 ' See how it hovers ; catch the fleeting hour ;
 ' Nor let dull lassitude destroy thy power.'
 Then from his robe a silver wand he drew,
 And wav'd it thrice ; and thrice a trump he blew.
 Magic the call, and heard through all the plain ;
 It straight was cover'd with a blooming train
 Of chearful Months, in richest liv'ries dress'd,
 Whose presence fill'd with joy my anxious breast.
 Assist me, every Muse, inspire my lays,
 Lend all your skill, and teach me how to praise,
 In strains of music, and in strains of love,
 The youth that led them o'er the Cyprian grove :
 Graceful he seem'd, tho' yet but young in years,
 Scarce to his shoulders reach'd his auburn hairs ;
 Exactest symmetry his face express'd ;
 A childish sweetness all his smiles confess'd.
 None but divinest hands his shape could frame,
 Soft was his voice, and Spring the charmer's name.
 His least perfection, as he onward drew,
 Receiv'd new grace, and into beauty grew.
 Sprightly as nymphs, who on May morn advance,
 To meet their shepherds in the festive dance :
 Serene as air when only Zephyr's breeze
 Wafts the light gale thro' aromatic trees.
 A robe of white his slender limbs enclose,
 Where ev'ry flow'r in splendid order blows.
 And first were rang'd where most conspicuous seen,
 Mix'd here and there with tufts of budding green,
 The pale-ey'd Cowslip, Pink, and Daffodil ;
 The Snowdrop, Eglantine, and bright Jonquil.
 His brows were with a gaudy chaplet bound,
 Of new blown Roses in the valley found ;

Whilst

Whilst gay Narcissus did his hand adorn,
As fables tell us, to high fortune born.
Once a lov'd youth, but lov'd, alas! in vain;
Nymphs hopeless pin'd, and hopeless own'd their
pain;

For his own charms he burnt, with fatal flame,
Consum'd his person, but retain'd his name.
All nature blooming Spring's approaches greet;
Primrose and Violets rise beneath his feet.
On this hand Flora, sweet celestial maid,
In mild angelic innocence array'd;
On that, Vertumnus stood, with blossoms crown'd;
In silken robes his limbs were lightly bound.
'The colour changeable, of finest hue,
Which shew'd the wearer to be most untrue.
Darkness, methought, her sable curtain spread,
And clouds of night hung threat'ning o'er my head.
Must I no more, I cry'd, behold thy sight!
O glorious Spring! detested envious night!
Ungrateful man, I heard a voice return,
You fancied ill, for want of real, mourn.
This way, blind mortal, turn thy wand'ring eyes;
And straight he pointed to the ambient skies.
Gloom was dispers'd, the moon led forth her train
Of starry hosts, and brighten'd all the plain.
Her friendly beams discover'd to my sight,
A man whose armour gave a double light,
Clad in bright steel: gigantic in his size,
His tow'ring head did almost touch the skies;
His unsheath'd sword he snatches from his side:
I ask the cause: my genius thus reply'd,
Know you not Mars, of war the mighty God?
Him nations honour, Kings obey his nod:
This bold usurper loudly does maintain
A forward right in Spring's attendant train,
Whose sight is fatal to the peaceful hind,
As wolves to sheep, or hawks to feather'd kind.

By him are all their pleasing views o'ercaſt ;
They fly before him, frighted at his blaſt :
But lo ! obedient to his fierce command,
Some back return, and form a dreadful band :
The cries of war in louder ſhouts reſound,
Whilst limbs of mangl'd herces ſtrew the ground.
With gory ſtep he proudly ſtrides the plain,
And each fair ſhrub he ſtamps with purple ſtain ;
In ſmiles of vengeance gluts his cruel eyes,
Nor heeds the orphans tears or widows cries.
At his approach e'en Spring his charms doth hide,
And flowers freſh blooming droop beneath his ſide ;
Nature herſelf wears a dejected air,
And, big with horror, drops the pitying tear.
I would have ſpoke ; but ſtraight a beauteous band
Prevents my words : in mute ſurprize I ſtand.
Venus in ſmiling looks herſelf confeſs'd ;
But chiefly was diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt
By little loves, that hover'd in the air,
Ready with fragrant wreaths to deck her hair.
Mars at her preſence wiſely left the field ;
For well he knew ſhe'd power to make him yield :
The heroine he ſaw with conqueſt crown'd ;
Her never-erring ſhafts moſt ſurely wound.
No ornaments ſhe wore but native charms ;
Theſe were her beſt and moſt reſiſtleſs arms :
In her right hand a globe ſhe poiſing held,
That partly by her ceſtus was conceal'd,
And in her left a golden ſceptre bore :
High with rich gems was wrought the poliſh'd ore.
Attendant Graces move about the fair,
Their girdles loos'd, and negligent their air ;
Striking their feet to muſic's magic ſound,
With arms entwin'd they danc'd the ſprightly
round.

In order next three meſſengers appear ;
They bring glad tydings, that the ſummer's near.
Equal

Equal their sway, alike in shape and grace ;
But no similitude in either's face.
The first, with rough unpolish'd air express'd
Passions too stormy for so young a breast :
His looks were rude, his voice a mighty sound,
And when he spoke, was heard like thunder round.
Such untaught roughness ill I thought became
Him, who was sent to speak mild Summer's fame.
When straight my guide, observant of my soul,
Address'd me thus, and thus explain'd the whole.
' Condemn not March, nor let thy doubting eyes
' Mislead thee, where no room is for surprize.
' Look at him well, now are his conflicts past,
' See the calm beauties o'er his features cast.
' When on thy ear his voice so loudly broke,
' 'Twas nature's God directed what he spoke.'
He ended here—then mild as gentle dove,
Whose feather'd pinions flutter in the grove,
The sweet majestic March appear'd to view,
And clad in loveliness erect withdrew.
So great the change, I wish'd his longer stay ;
Tho' for advancing April he made way :
Who took his place with thousand pleasures fraught,
And thousand joys that in his looks he brought.
Yet still a cloud would sometimes overveil
The blooming beauties it could ne'er conceal,
As tho' some secret sorrow rack'd his breast,
Which he with chearful smiles would have suppress'd :
But vain he strove, nor longer could disguise ;
The shining tears fell trickling from his eyes,
And lighted softly on the pregnant flow'r,
Preparing sweetness from the ambrosial show'r
But instantly no trace of care was seen
To cloud his brow and soft attracting mien :
Fix'd in a smile of rapture and delight,
He gently turn'd, retreating from my sight.

Soon as he went, with forward steps came on
All-cheering May, that loves the warmer sun:
Near to his side a laughing Cupid stood,
Dipping his arrows in a silver flood;
And then in wanton play dispers'd them round,
'Mongst nymphs and shepherds, tripping on the
ground.

Some dance in lively measures o'er the plain,
And some with merry pipe their joys maintain.
But yet, methought, among the troops appear'd
Some who with downcast eyes their doubts de-
clar'd,

Lest the kind nymphs they sought might be un-
true;

Whilst some, with oaths made protestations new
Of truth and love, that should for ever last;
Those the winds caught, and swift as thought
they past.

A form that does alike all hearts engage,
In the full prime and vigour of his age,
Next met my sight, and meeting fixt it too:
Ev'n now, methinks, I do the scene review.
Assist me, memory, and back recall
Each single charm, and then describe them all.
A ruddy glow of health his cheek confess'd,
Whilst sparkling eyes his tenderness express'd,
At once bespoke him affable and kind,
Rich in his favour, richer in his mind.
Short shining hair, black as the raven's wing,
Or Chloe's locks, of which the poets sing,
Adorn'd his head, and added double grace
To the resplendent glories of his face.
Such was his form—when thro' a shady grove,
In thousand notes, he warbled songs of love.
Still as he rov'd each shrub sent out a breeze,
And troops of Zephyrs 'lighted from the trees,

Whe

Who in their infant hands an engine bear,
That scatters sweets, and cools the scorching air.
Now here, now there, in wanton mazes play'd;
Still hover'd round, but never from him stray'd.
Two lov'd companions walk'd on either side,
By Summer drest'd in all its richest pride.
Aurora first, with looks of blushing hue,
And rosy fingers, dropping pearly dew;
Goddess of sprightly morn, offspring of light;
Gloom she dispels, and banishes the night;
With Nature's pencil paints the hill and lawn,
And calls forth blossoms, with the early dawn:
Her robe was modest gray, and careless hung,
To guard her tender beauties from the sun.
Nor did gay Vesper yield inferior grace;
Attractive pleasures revel'd in her face.
Her mantle splendent as the starry skies,
Where azure, gold, and every colour vies,
Hung loose about her waist, and graceful flow'd,
Which, as she mov'd, a nameless grandeur shew'd.
O had I Titian's pen, who finely drew
The gay creation as it rose to view,
Then would I celebrate her matchless name,
Then should my Muse rival great Virgil's fame:
He, Prince of Poets, charm'd th' attentive
throng,

Who own'd th' enchanting music of his song.
Lull'd by the sound, their passions softer grew,
Whilst list'ning herds and flocks around him drew.
But chiefly thee, gay Evening, mild, serene,
Whose gentle airs inspire the tender theme,
Taught the sweet bard to sing thy silent reign,
Where every beauty rules the wide domain;
Thee I invoke, to hear my rural song,
And paint the glories that to thee belong.
Come, my kind Genius, thus I boldly said,
Assist me to describe this heav'nly maid,

Whose

Whose form majestic shews from whence she came;
For sure no earth can boast so fair a dame.
He bow'd assent, and wav'd his pow'rful hand;
The great ideas straight before me stand;
The fleecy clouds advance in light array,
Call'd at their Monarch's voice, the God of day;
In gorgeous pomp they all surround his throne,
Painting with varied tints the high-arch'd dome;
The bow of Iris, stretch'd from pole to pole:
The grandeur of the sight surpriz'd my soul.
The bright-ey'd Vesper, cloath'd with light ap-
pears,
And bids the shepherds lose their weary fears.
At her command they tune the merry reed,
Whilst on the hills their sheep delighted feed.
Hark! from the wood the softly-cooing dove,
In mournful melody, laments her love;
And Philomel, in sweeter louder strains,
Of her hard fate and cruel wrongs complains;
The thrush, and soaring lark, then shrilling sing;
Back to my mind past joy and youth they bring,
With sad regret that all those hours were flown,
Ne'er to be met with, never to return:
Whilst thus I stood, I heard a heav'nly voice,
Who sweetly cry'd, make happiness thy choice;
I'll teach thee how to reach the lofty skies,
Where lamps on shining lamps for ever rise,
Fed with celestial fire, unfading flames;
To them their great creator gives their names.
See! see! said she; how glorious is the sight!
Millions of worlds all govern'd by his light!
Learn then, O man! his mighty works to prize,
And emulate the heights I bid thee rise.
The sound still vibrates on my ravish'd ear;
The voice of virtue spoke her presence near.
The scene now chang'd, but still all gaily dawns;
For sprightly June came tripping o'er the lawns;
And

And in his hand bore summer's balmy flow'rs,
Pluck'd from the Eglantine and spicy bow'rs.
Then follow'd close, and in their footsteps trod,
Ceres, attended by the sylvan god ;
Ceres, whose brow with ripen'd wheat was bound,
And Pan, that made th' harmonious pipe resound.
A rustic train, ready with nimble hands,
First bound the sheaves that crown'd the yellow
lands ;

Then join'd with Pan the revels of the plain,
In merry song forgot their weary pain ;
Led by the oaten reed, they left the grove,
And distant shouts their finish'd work approve.
O happy swain ! said I, whose quiet rest
Nothing disturbs, no guilty cares molest :
Content is giv'n to thee, thou know'st her well ;
In humble cottages she loves to dwell :
There thou enjoy'st her, and, without controul,
She sheds her blessings o'er thy homely bowl.
Health, her companion, ever blithe and free,
All her choice balsams has in store for thee.
O could I but enjoy those gifts, I cry'd :
Enjoy them then, my Genius soon reply'd ;
For know, fond man, these are the gifts of heav'n,
And where are most deserv'd, are mostly giv'n :
But see, said he, observe who now comes on,
Ready to sink beneath the mid-day sun.
Then pointing to the covert of a wood,
July and August near each other stood ;
But seem'd with scorching heat to be oppress'd :
In vain did Zephyr fan their burning breast.
The last of these attempting to have fled,
The dog-star levell'd at his fainting head,
Loaded with fruits, which he could scarce sustain ;
With slow and weary pace he left the plain :
When instantly methought one came to view,
Whose hair was gray, mix'd with a jetty hue :
Around

Around his loins a fading robe was bound,
Much like to fallen leaves that strew'd the ground;
On which walk'd Plenty, healthful and serene;
Fix'd on her head a wreath of ever-green;
Whilst from an horn with lib'ral hand she pours
The purple fruits and variegated flow'rs.
Smiling Pomona held a crystal cup
Of sparkling cyder, rising o'er the top;
And Bacchus, in a chariot swiftly drawn,
By spotted tygers, pass'd the verdant lawn;
Light-footed satyrs, fawns, and sylvans stray'd,
Before the laughing God, and wanton play'd.
Next after him September cross'd the plain,
And seem'd to promise a new spring again.
The liv'ry of those charming months he wore,
And in his face their soft attractions bore.
A Figure follow'd him, whose tawny shape
Was dy'd with juices of the clust'ring grape.
In active vigour did he strive to lose
The marks which age spread o'er his wrinkl'd
brows.

But by a foil, that close his steps pursu'd,
He seem'd like one, who had his youth renew'd.
This was pale Winter, who with tott'ring pace,
Bent forward on, whom two supporters grace.
From down his drooping head was seen to flow
Long silver locks, that look'd like real snow,
And hung about with thousand crystal bells,
Bearing similitude to icicles.
A vest bound closely round his body clung,
Compos'd of furs, with flakes of wool among.
Yet did he seem so pinch'd, so full of care,
So meagre, so devoted to despair,
That all relief I thought would come in vain,
When his two friends with chat beguil'd his pain.
First Comus, God of revels and of joy,
Boasted his festivals would never cloy.

For thee, said he, my choicest sports I keep,
Sweeter than purling rills, or bleating sheep;
For thee soft music, dance, and song, I bring;
Do joys like these attend the forward spring?
For thee my dishes shall be richly stor'd;
For thee my gen'rous wine shall crown the board;
For thee I'll form the dear bewitching dice;
Thousands to them shall fall a sacrifice.
Her charms the magic paper shall unfold,
And pour into thy lap her tribute, gold.
These, and as many other blessings more,
Have I for thee, my only friend, in store.
'Twas here he ended and from Winter broke
Applauding smiles——while thus Fate's mother
spoke:

O gentle Winter! were it not for me,
None of those promises he gives to thee
Could he fulfil. 'Tis I that make them good;
Necessity is not to be withstood.
I lend him all his charms; by me he stands
Only to execute my fix'd commands.
I speak the word, and give him pow'r to please;
Should I withdraw, I shorten all his days.
Thus with unweary'd talk they pass'd along;
Methought their voice was sweet as shepherd's
song.

What still delighted and surpriz'd me more,
Was the gay mantle that young Comus wore:
The nearer side, in various colours wrought,
Display'd the different joys that pleasure brough.
Here jocund mirth and laughter fill'd a space,
And there you might sweet satisfaction trace;
With merry jest, that did two faces wear,
And in the mix'd diversions bore a share.
But oh! what horror and amazement fright
My stagger'd sense, that sicken'd at the sight!

For

For as he turn'd his back to quit the fields,
Deformity advanc'd, and Beauty yields.
His mantle, which before had look'd so gay,
Now other figures to my eye display;
Rapine and Murder, with dishevell'd hair,
And daggers dipt in blood, and wan Despair;
Anger in colours of a scarlet dye;
And pale Suspicion with a squinting eye:
Bald was his head, with age his limbs did bend,
And dire misfortune all his steps attend.
Shock'd at a form so dreadful to my view,
I hastily my blasted sight withdrew;
When aged Saturn did methinks appear,
And in his hands a scythe and hour-glass bear.
Behind Necessity bright Vesta stood,
Replenishing her lamp from oily flood;
And then with chafing warmth she smooth'd the
brow
Of cold Necessity, who deign'd to bow;
And at her mild but penetrating voice,
Assum'd a shape that most resembled Choice.
Learn hence from this, my kind instructor said,
To find the paths, where Virtues only tread,
And they will lead you on to flow'ry dales,
Where Honour, Love, and Innocence prevails.
These words pronounc'd with energy divine,
The friendly Genius added, "Make them thine."
My eyes unclos'd; but still upon my mind
His precepts hung; they left their force behind.

Miss HAMILTON to Miss WENTWORTH.

CAN you tell, Harriet, what made my uncle so much out of humour with this charming town, as to think of immuring us so many years in the country? But hush! ungrateful girl, you will say, was he not as much your parent as mine?—I acknowledge it, my dear; and, believe me, I meant no reflection on his revered memory: rather it was the sallies of a youthful heart, besotted with the thousand agreeable things I have seen, heard and admired, in the short, very short month I have commenced a follower of pleasure.—Now, to be serious, for I think it is time to have done with my mad humour, I protest, my dear, some of your ideas are very pretty and very strange. However, as you are my particular friend, I will endeavour to set you right; and convince you too that my heart, though not of the salamander kind, can live in the midst of fire and smoke without being hurt.—That the latter generally proceeds from the former, our eyes might persuade us country girls. But trust me, Harriet, it is not the same thing in town. Here the Priest of Beauty will, with half a dozen sighs, raise an incense, the smoke of which shall ascend into your very heart; and when you come to examine, you find it is wonderfully rais'd, without the assistance of a flame: yet these impostors would fain make you believe, that there is one; and more, that you lighted it with your own sparkling eyes, snowy complexion, or some such fire-striking composition: but their tricks are now so common, that scarce a goddess will accept their adorations. For my

my part, I am yet a mortal ; but should any of those smart transformers exalt me to that dignity, I hope their smoke will not have its usual effect of blinding the eyes, or throwing a cloud over the understanding. Don't be surpris'd if your Juliet, who is entered into the gay circle, can bear the sight of blue ribbons and embroidered coats without being dazzled by them : for I'll assure you I shall always distinguish modest merit in plain ones.—In return for your kind solicitude, suffer me to point to you your own danger. If you continue to retain such great fondness for shady groves, and purling streams, you will certainly one day meet the sly deceiver. Then, child, how would you run from him ? Methinks I could draw you a good resemblance ; and if ever I happen to be of his acquaintance, depend on it I will. I have been told, my dear, that he lurks conceal'd by flowers, and feigns himself asleep ; that, if discovered, he might be taken for innocence.—But perhaps this was said by a censorious person, who had suffered from him ; and was for that time only the mark of his vengeance ; so, as this charitable way of judging leaves him less guilty, I would not have you be too credulous. Believe him what he affects to be, then will I venture to pronounce your fate. And, if I am as successful as good-wife Wrinkle, good-wife Witchall, or any of these good wives, I shall expect a pair of gloves, and a very handsome favour.—You will in a fine evening, invited by the neighbouring birds (which are to this wing'd boy what the jackall is to the lion) be tempted to approach his haunts ; and, as if infatuated, that you might have no way to avoid him, you take in your hand a favourite poet, who has beautifully described his Henry and Emma. You
enter

enter so deeply into her soft distress, that you forget whither you are strolling ; when from his covert flies the sure archer, and hovering over your head, the flutter of his silken wings awakens you. In vain drops the book from your hand ; in vain do you attempt escaping ; the mischief is already done ; and then, to atone for it, he presents himself in the form of Mr. Friendford ; for, Proteus like, he can assume what shape he pleases. You seem delighted with the change ; and after a few faint struggles for your liberty, I see him lead you to a sacred temple, and a great black man puts on your chains. This I could distinguish, that they were so well chosen, as not to deserve that name, if the world had not before fix'd on them the appellation.—Now you must let my imagination, after having taken flight, again descend, and suffer me to write of drums, routs, and other terrestrial affairs.—I have already been at every public diversion, of which my most favourite one is the theatre. The Earl carried Lady Lucy and myself last night to see that incomparable tragedy of Lear, which has so often drawn tears from our happy fire-side, when my good aunt has been reading it to entertain her girls. In the midst of these scenes, enough to strike horror into the bold, I could not help glancing my eye on the insipids. The beaux were kenning through their glasses at the belles, who looked as if they thought themselves entitled to their soft homage ; and by affected whispers, and frequent tosses of their heads, took some pains to shew that their thoughts were employed on their personal charms, and not on the poet. You, my dear Harriet, seldom see affectation in the circle of our neighbourhood ; but here it is oftener met with ; as much among
the

the men as the women. It is true, as Hamlet says, God has made us one thing, and we make ourselves another. We lisp, we amble, and we nick-name his creatures.—I have hitherto kept my natural complexion ; but how long I may keep it, is uncertain ; and you might well tremble, if Lady Lucy did not keep me in countenance, lest I should be tempted to mix in this fashionable foible : for is it not a great temptation to be celebrated by some modern poet for a fine skin ? where the lily and the rose are happily blended ? and those lovely flowers at any season of the year to be purchased at a perfumer's shop. Medea certainly kept one, and it was the art of painting that could renew an old face, tho' Ovid concealed it from us, making it a prodigy. Now indeed the wonder ceases, since a grandmother can, in the small space of three hours, put on the bloom of youth.—I have had my humour for gaieties indulged, having been in the pursuit of novelties from the time of my arrival. My brother is our constant attendant, whenever we are disposed to be on the wing ; and has the honour to have his proposals meet a favourable reception from the Earl, and Lady Lucy who sees his merit, and generously owns her approbation of it.—I am this afternoon going to Lady Eglington's rout ; so the important business of the toilette, which is indispensable, calls me off from my pen ; but I shall soon again reassume it.

Friday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Temple have just left me ; she hearing I had not finished this letter, bid me tell you, that matrimony and freedom are very consistent. She leaves you to solve the riddle : tho'

I know

I know that she means to do honour to her husband in this, as she does in every thing else. Yes, Charlotte, I am determined to set your actions in as full a light as my pen can command. Indeed she shines so bright, that, like Venus, she eclipses all the stars in her neighbourhood.— She is so chearful, and comes into Mr. Temple's sentiments with so much alacrity, that they always seem her own. You know he has a fine taste for music and painting: he is her instructor in those sciences, and she has made an astonishing proficiency in them, though my surprize is no more, when I reflect on the motive that leads her forward to perfection, and tunes her soul to harmony. I am apt to think, if any interesting story were to be related, she would, like Eve, have suspended her curiosity, though an angel had been the relater, till she could have heard it from her husband. Don't you think, Harriet, the words husband and wife would sound very musical, if the examples I have just set before you were more numerous? but for the generality, the men are fond of power, fond of shewing it, and the women alike contending for dominion; so that those links are form'd, by their contention, into galling chains, which both pull separate ways, without being able to divide. Every little art, which before marriage was used to keep up affection, is after it thrown aside as useless; and instead of looking on each other as united to make life more agreeable, by softening distress, and enlivening joy by their unanimity; they oftener, by their disagreements, embitter those hours, which would have flown away with pleasure, if they had acted like reasonable creatures.—Bless me! what a licence have I given my pen! I will stop this subject, or I do not know what lengths it may

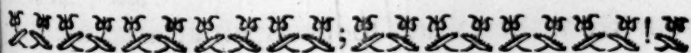
may carry me.—Shall I, quite unexperienced in these matters, pretend to prate? or am I sure of not running into those very follies I have been censuring? On examining my heart, I find it would be a little refractory, and it is likely I should not be that good humble domestic I have been describing.—Lady Lucy is more and more concerned that Lord Ormsby is not come back from Lord Edgmore's: she frequently receives letters from him filled with excuses, now of one sort, then of another; but he never fixes any time for his return. Some very black stories have lately come out of this nobleman, of whom he is so fond. As she was talking to me yesterday on that subject, how, said she, Juliet, would you advise me to act in an affair of so nice a nature? I have often in my letters solicited his return, but those solicitations he neglects. My father is at present kept easy by the arts he uses to excuse himself. Besides, though he disapproves an intimacy with Lord Edgmore, he is not yet acquainted with half his faulty character; not to call it by a fouler name.—Were I to speak of it to him, I know my brother would never pardon me; but on the other hand, continued she, he is a very dangerous companion. My brother has great vivacity and strong passions; Lord Edgmore is an artist in them; who, I doubt not, will watch opportunities to ensnare him; for he covers his libertinism with Machiavelian art: collecting from every ground the flowers of rhetoric to embellish arguments which he is conscious want a basis. Think you, my dear, he can entertain a snake in his bosom without being hurt? I replied, that his Lordship certainly detested Lord Edgmore's principles, while he admired his conversation. Or perhaps was a stranger

ger to the most faulty part of the former : so she determined to let it rest till his return.—In listening to this amiable woman, I spend my most agreeable hours. Light and shade was never more happily blended, than the gay and the grave are in every subject she introduces. And so beautifully does she vary them, that I never hear any complaints of vapours, dullness of the weather, or stupidity of the town, from any of her acquaintance, when with her. As I was thinking to draw some characters which are not new to you, but to be found at dear Ashly, word is brought me that the coach waits to carry us to a china-shop, in which I shall view a large number of Mandarines, and other toys, that we for the generality have too great a fondness for ; neglecting essentials to happiness in pursuit of them. You see how much I am indulged in my foibles ; but I hope in time, by the force of good examples, to conquer them. Thank you, my dear, for your kind admonitions ; and assure yourself, that they are treasured up in the heart of

Your affectionate

JULIET HAMILTON.

Between this and the following, several letters are omitted.



Miss HAMILTON to *Miss* WENTWORTH.

O My Harriet ! we have been, for some days past, all consternation. Poor Lady Lucy !
 dear

dear creature ! how has she been distressed ! how have we all been distressed ! But don't be frightened ; all is now over, and my sweet friend again enjoys her chearfulness. The good earl has been seized with the gout in his head and stomach, in so violent a manner, that it for some days baffled the skill of the physicians : they have at last succeeded, and he is now out of danger. A messenger was sent to Heartley-Abbey, to acquaint Lord Ormsby (who I wrote you had been there near three months) with his father's illness. Lady Lucy was distracted with her fears, on a double account, at finding the servant return without him ; his Lordship being absent from it. It was not till yesterday he arrived. The Earl's impatience to see him was great, and their meeting tender ; for he has always been a dutiful and affectionate son : but I know you are one of his admirers, so need say no more in his favour. Lady Lucy seldom leaves the Earl's apartment ; and he is now so much recovered as to sit in his library ; I spent great part of my time with them. Though he is not a Stoic, he has borne his pain with a calmness and fortitude which are seldom the attendants of that excruciating disorder.— I am this moment summoned by her Ladyship to sing to the Earl his favourite song, which being wrote by Lord Ormsby, I inclose it for you. Pray, has my aunt received my long letter of Thursday last ? I hope soon for another dear favour from her, and to be again assured she will always love

Her and your

JULIET HAMILTON.

WHEN

I.

WHEN to Cloe I talk'd of the lily and rose,
And swore her complexion was equal to
those,

'Twas to judge of her sense; for had she thought
it true,

Those charms had been lost, and no longer her due.

Your pride then disarm;

Let it always alarm

Your prudence, to hear yourselves prais'd;

For no good is design'd,

Thus attacking your mind,

When you seem with gross flattery pleas'd.

II.

To try her still further, she has heard me declare

She rival'd Love's Goddesses for shape and for air;

The rapture with which her reply I receive,

Shews what pleasure it gives that I could not de-
ceive.

All pride she disarm'd,

Her sense was alarm'd,

Tho' with justice it was that I prais'd;

It was good I design'd,

It exalted her mind,

When she seem'd not with flattery pleas'd.

III.

Ye fair, learn from Cloe those arts to despise,

Which she soon would discover through flattery's
disguise;

So shall ev'ry sweet feature receive a new grace,
Enliven'd by sense, which time cannot erase.

You always will find,

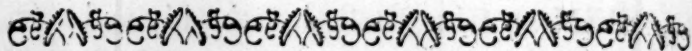
We can value a mind,

When beauties no longer invite.

Such charms 'tis as those,

That you never can lose;

Nor can they e'er fail to delight.



Miss HAMILTON, to Miss WENTWORTH,
in continuation.

A Seal'd note this morning from my brother, desiring an uninterrupted conversation with us, and that we would order ourselves to be denied to every one besides, strangely alarmed Lady Lucy; who immediately cried, O Juliet! some misfortune has befallen my brother.—I had no such fear; for well I knew, if that had been the case, he would first have disclosed it to me. Not but she had some seeming reason to be uneasy; for yesterday Lord Ormsby left the Earl's house just as I had sent you my last letter; and that in a very odd manner.—Soon after tea, having borne the greatest share in quite a sprightly conversation, he went out of the room with my brother; but first made me promise to engage with him at piquet. Lady Lucy saying, she would be of our party, and Sir William declaring the same, we determin'd in favour of quadrille; for whist being first propos'd, his Lordship objected to it, telling us he was not in a humour for any thing half so serious, going from us singing an Italian air. In about ten minutes the Earl went to his chamber, attended by Lady Lucy, who return'd at one door, as Lord Ormsby and my brother enter'd at the other; and telling them we were ready to play, we seated ourselves at the card-table. His Lordship with a good deal of haste and perplexity in his air and words, said, what pain it gave him that he could not be of our party, having appointed some gentlemen, when at Heartley-Abbey, to meet them in town that evening, in order

order to go to Marlborough, which engagement he had forgot, till a message from them reminded him of it. Lady Lucy replied, she hoped he would not think of setting out so late in the evening. He could not avoid it, he said, but would go no further than Sir Robert Trevor's that night; and should return in a day or two. Then renewing his apologies to Lady Lucy, my brother, and self, he very abruptly withdrew.—What has made me so particular is, that you might see the reason Lady Lucy had for her uneasiness, when this note arrived from my brother. His request being immediately granted; a few minutes brought him to us. The first words Lady Lucy pronounc'd were, tell me, Sir William, pray tell me, has not some accident befallen my brother? —He is well, Madam, he replied; I am just honour'd with a letter from his Lordship, by whose commands I am to disclose to you an affair of an uncommon and very interesting nature. Knowing my happy sister shares your Ladyship's confidence, I thought her presence might not be unseasonable. Proceed, Sir William, said she; for I can have no affairs in which my Juliet's opinion and advice shall not be solicited.—Something of greater moment than our return to this obliging compliment, must now engage you. But before you unfold the commission he had receiv'd from Lord Ormsby, first read this short preface.—Your Ladyship, said my brother, knows that there are numberless imperfections interwoven in our compositions; but as the mind I am now speaking to abounds with generous principles, I am assured, that when you have seen Lord Ormsby's letters, your judgment will be soften'd by mercy, and you will forget that a fault has been design'd, which is now sincerely repent-

ed of by your beloved brother.—My brother! my brother! Sir William!—Yes, Madam; I am sorry to say it is; but when you reflect on his intimacy with Lord Edgmore, you will no longer wonder that his passions ran wild in his company; tho' Lord Ormsby is too generous to throw any part of the odium on him. O my dearest friend! said she, where will this end! now is all I ever dreaded, now are all my apprehensions, too fatally fulfilled. Sir William calls him faulty; would to God his conduct might not deserve a worse appellation!—You have nothing to fear, Madam, he return'd.—Indeed, my Lucy (for she seldom suffers me to give her another title) you can have nothing to fear, repeated I, endeavouring to stifle my unfavourable ideas. Does my brother's countenance bespeak any offence, that Lord Ormsby's good sense cannot atone for. Don't flatter me, Juliet; don't flatter me, Sir William; let me know all; for no certainty can be more dreadful than my suspense.—And she hid her tears with her handkerchief.—You may remember, Ladies, continued he, when his Lordship left us the last evening, that it was with more haste, and I thought, concern, than he needed shewing on the occasion which he pretended oblig'd him to leave us.—And was he not going to Sir Robert Trevor's? interrupting him; was he not engag'd with a party for Marlborough? was all this pretence?—O my poor brother! has art possess'd that heart which till now I have believed to be the seat of sincerity!—I pretend not to be the advocate of one, replied my brother, who must have much more prevailing ones in the breast of his generous sister. I shall only relate circumstances, such as to me they appeared, in justice to him: as I am convinced the motive that
caused

caused him to wear the face of deception, will take off from the mask, if not all, yet great part of its natural deformity.—A bad cause, Sir William, she return'd, requires a good counsel; and I fear such is that you have now undertaken: but, pray Sir, go on.—You must remember too, continued my brother, with what high spirits his Lordship went from the Earl's library; after which we took several turns in the picture gallery, and for some time talk'd of our Italian tour; when shifting the conversation, he began to entertain me with the manner in which he spent his time at Heartley-Abbey. He had but just enter'd on this subject, when a servant deliver'd him a letter. I walked to another part of the gallery while he perused it, and was looking at a picture; but hearing him strike his foot to the ground, exclaiming, O cursed fate! I said I hoped nothing had happened to disturb him; speaking to the same effect three or four times, before he gave my words the least attention. At last, putting the letter hastily into his pocket, and seeming to recollect himself.—Only, said he, that I have made an engagement, which has till this moment slipped my memory; and then calling a servant, ordered his horse to be instantly got ready. Returning to the library, your Ladyship heard what he further said of his appointment.—Not half an hour since, one of his servants brought me these letters, and this packet, giving them both to her Ladyship. This was his letter to my brother.

“ If my Hamilton at this time thinks me deserving his friendship, if he thinks me innocent, how will he be startled at the guilty appearance which I must now make before him! My struggling heart was last night, as we were walking in

the picture gallery, often about to reveal its unmanly purposes, in hopes to find persuasions in your bosom to force me from them. I began a conversation that would have led me to discover this deed, the blaster of my peace and reputation; when, if you recollect, a letter was delivered me, which I have inclosed. You saw the workings of my agitated soul, on receiving it, and kindly endeavoured to dive into its secrets; but fear of being prevented from flying to the relief of all I hold most dear, stopped the course of my first intentions, and I framed the excuse of my going in a party to Marlborough. Indeed, I now hate myself; and would, if possible, lose recollection. But this cannot be. And since I have some hours of dreadful suspense still remaining, I will employ them in writing you the whole of this black transaction, from my first acquaintance with guilt, to my closer connection with it; having no inclination for sleep, which I fear I have murdered.— If I have not forfeited the regard of every worthy heart, that which is already dear to me by friendship, and will, I hope, soon be bound to me by a double tie, will not refuse me his advice and assistance in this affair; being assured, that with the deepest contrition it is now reflected on by

His unhappy

ORMSBY."

This was the inclosed, from a very vile woman.

" *My Lord,*

Miss Dalton was yesterday seized with faintings, followed by a violent fever and delirium. What surprizes me greatly is, that your Lordship is detected; for in her ravings she calls you deceiver, and is not a stranger to your title. Seeing her in
imminent

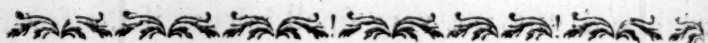
imminent danger, I called in Lord Edgmore's physician, who has very small hopes, if the fever does not soon abate. She told me she was not ignorant what hands she had fallen into, and that it was not in the power of my employers to detain her from her friends.—If she lives, I believe your Lordship will have more trouble in conquering her obstinacy, than in convincing numbers of other fine women, that your Lordship's scheme of happiness is eligible. Lord Edgmore was here yesterday, wanting to see your Lordship: he came disguised as my brother, and was much disappointed at not meeting you here. As soon as Miss Dalton was taken ill, finding your plot suspected by her, I dispatched a messenger to acquaint your Lordship of it; and he not returning, ordered another with this. John, who was the first person I sent, had been drinking with Lord Edgmore's servants; so made himself incapable of sitting a horse, which is the reason your Lordship did not sooner hear from me. Your Lordship may rely on my secrecy and fidelity, which I can convince you are untainted, by the close watch I have kept over her. If your Lordship cannot be here to-night, beg to know how to proceed; and your Lordship's commands shall be honoured and obeyed by

Your obedient

Humble servant,

J. ROGERS."

Lady Lucy gives me leave to lay this picture of suffering innocence before you, which you will find in Lord Ormsby's packet. That two will assure you how much his Lordship repents of having entertained any thoughts to his prejudice.—



Lord ORMSBY to Sir WILLIAM HAMILTON.

HOW difficult is it, my friend, to call back departed honour, when she is once offended, to her forsaken seat! how difficult to persuade the mind to yield up its unworthy principles! the fit inhabitants of darkness. In my breast they have lain conceal'd, like harden'd thieves, to surprize me unguarded, and rob me of my repose. Yet difficult as is this task, I will, in justice to the most amiable woman in the world, forget that I am accusing myself; and you shall see I will expose my most sacred crimes, condemning them with the same impartiality I would those of my greatest enemies. But before you read what follows, prepare your admiration, equal to what I know will be your abhorrence.—But no more.—I think I have now summoned resolution to go through my painful task. Rejoiced to meet the man, whose friendly offices for me when abroad (especially in preventing me from an unreasonable tho' just revenge) had made me wish never to be separated from him; I omitted, if you recollect, when I was so happy as to see you at the masquerade, no arguments to prevail on you to return with me to my father's. Would to God you had accepted them! then, perhaps, should I have escaped my own mischief. All I could say wanted force, oppos'd to your inclination to embrace your sister; and as I could not detain you with me in town, I set out the next day for Heartley-Abbey. Lord Edmore expected me; and I found many other young gentlemen with his Lordship. I had never been there

there but once before ; and now every thing conspir'd to delight and entertain me. Our minutes roll'd on with pleasure ; gay wit, and social harmony, always presid'd at his table. When our conversation happen'd to turn on the knotty points of philosophy, his Lordship seem'd to solve them by his happy elocution ; carrying off the palm of victory in a manner that charm'd the vanquish'd ; tho', I must own, he often went too far, in attacking subjects only fit to be spoken of by angels. One day the circulating glass firing our imaginations, a gayer subject introduced itself ; we all began to expatiate on the power of beauty : Lord Edgmore said, he had often felt its force ; but I declar'd, that a fine woman, without good sense and good nature, I could look on with as little emotion as I could behold the statue of the Grecian Venus ; though, where I found internal beauty, united with the external, then indeed my danger was great. This declaration drew on me volleys of laughter ; I join'd in it ; but still held fast my opinion, and then gave a description of the woman I should like for my companion. Lord Edgmore caught the words before they had scarce fallen from my lips ; asking, if I should find an original, that even surpass'd my picture, whether I would consent to be fettered ? I replied, That must entirely depend on her station ; tho' this I must say, that had I none but my own inclinations to consult, and such a person would give me the preference to all other men, I should not hesitate a moment ; for does not the violet blow as fair, and smell as sweet in the extended fields, tho' hid beneath the humble hedge, as in the parterre of a garden, where it is less secure, and often blasted by the rude breath of envy, because expos'd to be admired.

Lord

Lord Edgmore mention'd Miss Dalton as mistress of all those perfections; described her person; and rais'd my curiosity to so great a height, that I determin'd to satisfy it, tho' told by him she was inaccessible. As difficulties are always a spur to an active mind, I did not despair of being myself the judge if she merited their applauses; and as her rival for every grace of mind and person, I toasted Lady Frances S——, not at that time knowing she was married to Mr. Worthley. All the company declared in her favour, Lord Edgmore only dissenting; at the same time saying, if I had any inclination to see Miss Dalton, I might indulge it by going to the church of N——, twenty miles from Heartley-Abbey, where she was oftner seen than at any other assembly. I ask'd if he could not introduce me to her? He said, that was impossible, as I should be obnoxious, in the character of his friend, to her grandfather, with whom she liv'd. His Lordship told us, that he once met with a severe reprimand from the old man, in an affair he had engaged in, which was this: A young Lady in the neighbourhood having listen'd to his proposals, and at last assented to them, was preparing to leave her friends, when Mr. Nevison discover'd, and prevented her designs, by setting her folly before her, in so glaring a light, that she fled from it, leaving Lord Edgmore to his cooler reflections. This his Lordship express'd his resentment at, in a very warm manner; nor did we in our censures spare the intermeddler. I judged of his disappointment, by what my own in his case would have been: for I had by my false reasoning set the purchase of guilty pleasures at too high a rate.—The next Sunday I mounted my horse, attended only by one servant,

vant, in whom I had the most confidence; and charging him not to answer any impertinent questions of who I was, my quality, or the place from whence I came; I neither spared them or myself, and was but two hours on the road. Alighting at a small inn, I enquired for the church, and was conducted to it by a country-man going that way; who said we were full late; for that parson Nevison and young Madam had been gone about a quarter of an hour.—Tho' I knew whom he meant by the latter, yet that I might have the character she bore among the meaner kind of people, I ask'd what sort of a man he was? whether a good preacher? and lastly, whether the young Lady he mention'd was his daughter?—I find your Honour, said the honest man, is a stranger in those parts, or you must know our minister, God preserve en, is a despard old man, that buried a wife most eighteen years ago, the very day my biggest boy was born, saving your presence.—Then said I, still encouraging him to speak by my own freedom, Mrs. Nevison must leave her daughter very young I suppose. No, no, Measter, he replied, she have liv'd up to London, tending upon a great gentlewoman the Dutcheffs of——, I think they call her, going on for five and twenty years; and there she made a find hand of it, and married one of the Lerd's serving men; zo zent down her daughter to be kept by old measter. And to be zure he loves her, vor all the world like and en she was his own child. She is the very life and soul of his old age.—Then, said I, I was mistaken, I find; it is his granddaughter that lives with him, and not his daughter.—No odds vor that; he always calls her zo; and lookey, dy'e zee, he have saved a vine portion vor her; a
matter

matter of ten hundred pounds, as I've been told; and God bless her; she deserves a power of riches; vor to be zure she is zo charitable, and zo tender-hearted, that not a man, woman, or child, but would be ready with their lives to farve her. 'Twou'd do a body's heart good to zee her, though kept so vine as a queen, curchee to the poorest body in all the town, as thof we were all gentlewives. T'other day she meet my wife, with a little baby in her arms; and zo she took'd it and kiss'd it and call'd it as thof 'tad been the child of a rich body; and than, marcy on us! no woman in town can hold a candle to her, she is zo pritty, and looks zo sweet-temper'd, that every body, to be zure, is ready to worship her. Last Zunday our parson was telling us as how, if we were good, we should all be turn'd into angels, and such-like: than told us as how they were all soul, and beautiful—looking upon young Madam, as if he would say—as my grandaughter.—I was delighted with this simple yet lovely copy of nature; and should have been as ready to listen, as he seem'd ready to entertain me with more of the same subject; which I saw was to him inexhaustible, had we not by this time reach'd the church door.—When I enter'd, the service was just begun. I placed myself so as to observe, and be as little observed as possible. Notwithstanding my caution, my being a stranger drew the eyes of the whole congregation, except the person I came in pursuit of. She was addressing herself to her God, with a sweet and exemplary reverence, by looks of gratitude; thanking him, no doubt, for his protection, and imploring his future favours. Observing her, almost inspir'd me with devotion; the prayers she offer'd up, her soul speaking through her pleas'd eye,

eye, informed me were those of choice. The distance seem'd remov'd between her and the great Divinity; for she address'd him more like the affectionate daughter of a fond parent, than a God whose wrath is so justly to be feared, when we wilfully incur his heavenly displeasure. The good man's plain but beautiful simile of an angel came fresh to my memory, as I had leisure to examine her person, to which it was entirely applicable. Indeed I was struck with the same wonder at first seeing her, as if till then I had been used to nothing but deformity. When I could draw my attention from Miss Dalton, Mr. Nevison engrossed it, who, like a second Nestor, seemed born for instruction. And for many minutes I had lost my own thoughts in listening to a discourse, eloquent enough for the ear of Tully, yet not above the capacity of the lowest understanding. I am sensible, that in drawing those lovely portraits, my own will appear more black and ugly; but no matter; this is the least reparation I can make them, and the least punishment my crime deserves.—As soon as the service ended, a gentleman that I sat near to, gave me, in a polite manner, an invitation to his house, which I declined, telling him, that I should soon again be in that neighbourhood, and would then accept it.—I returned to Heartley-Abbey full fraught with the praises of Miss Dalton, confessing to Lord Edgmore, that I had never before seen so much beauty united in one woman: that I could not answer for the consequences, assuring his Lordship that I was not so insensible to it as he imagined.—He laughed loudly at my being caught by exteriors, and told me I was a true Mahometan, notwithstanding all my asseverations to the contrary: I denied the charge,

charge, repeating those praises I had learnt from my rustic, of which I avowed myself a sincere believer.—With several fruitless attempts I tried to forget I had ever seen her. In short, I grew reserved and splenetic: the occasion was discovered, and I suffered the raillery of my companions; but as I could not then think of blasting so fair a flower, I withstood those arguments they urg'd in favour of a crime, to which they gave a softer name.—But what quick advances does vice make in the soul at the least encouragement given it! What at that time I condemned, I have since taught myself to look on as gallantries incident to youth.

Determined to leave the country, and try if absence or diversity of objects could not effect my cure, I returned to town; but neither the company of my best friends, among whom was my Hamilton, or liveliness of the public diversions, could banish her from my thoughts. Having made Lord Edgmore a promise, at our parting, that I would spend three of the latter months with him; and he often soliciting me to fulfil my engagement; my heart too using all its strength to draw me nearer Miss Dalton, I at last consented, and went down, on his sending me a particular message, that he wanted to consult me on some affairs of his own. Beginning to entertain opinions, which you would not have coincided with me in, I let you remain a stranger to them, whilst you, little thinking the villain lurked in my bosom, opened me a free passage to your thoughts, and made me love the man, whose example the force of my passions would not suffer me to follow.—What pains do we often take to make ourselves wretched! This I experienced at the conclusion of my laborious plan of villainy; a plan
entirely

entirely productive of my own ruin, and perhaps the death of the suffering excellency. This thought almost drives me to madness; but I will endeavour to check it, or you must still be unacquainted with the road I pursued, through the various windings and irregularities of vice. Encouraged by seeing numbers of accomplished women daily taken in our snares, who seemed pleased with their situations, I presumed to think that Miss Dalton would not regret being raised from low fortune to affluence. I never once proposed making her my wife, there being insurmountable obstacles in my way; but knowing I could not effect my purposes without a shew of honour, I resolved to put on its appearance, and not throw off the mask till secure of her affection. A good foundation this, I thought, to build my hopes on: then my title and fortune assisting, I did not doubt, if she inherited some of those faults common to most women, to carry my favourite point, by having a mistress in my possession superior to all those I had ever seen.

I no sooner proposed this scheme, than I put it in execution; threw aside my title as useless, at least for the present; and Lord Ormsby was in an instant changed to plain Mr. Beaumont, just returned from his travels. My fortune affluent and independant: this John was to sound in the ears of the vulgar:—you know how eager they are in their enquiries; and their communicativeness I imagined might be serviceable. In a few days after my arrival at Heartley-Abbey, I went to N——, and there accidentally met with Mr. Clifton, who had before given me an invitation to visit him. I now improved this opportunity, recollecting his intimacy with Mr. Nevison, and desired he would favour me with
an

an hour's conversation at my inn ; which he complied with, and after a good deal of chat, said, he was a fellow collegian of my father's : I happened to know the family he talked of ; which was a circumstance greatly in my favour ; otherwise, I should have run the danger of detection.

—Among several general topics, he gave me the neighbourhood ; but what he said of one, whose very name affected me, I still retain : these were his words ; “ Beautiful as Miss Dalton is, and venerated by all who behold her, she shuns applause with industry ; the secret satisfaction of virtuous actions being the only reward she wishes or expects from them : she is no stranger to the language and manners of a court, yet never affects any thing above the simplicity of a cottage. Though contemplation and retirement are her more welcome entertainments, her ease and freedom give additional charms to those for which her soul is less calculated. Her grandfather, said he, who is learned, chearful, and polite, has been her instructor from the first dawning of reason to the meridian height it has now attained ; whilst she, by the most grateful returns of affectionate duty, makes his down-hill of life appear to him smooth and level.” —After these particulars, I thought I should not be suspected, if I desired Mr. Clifton would introduce me to the persons, whose conversation must be so desirable ; and immediately told him, I so well liked the situation of N——, and the characters of those he had been just giving me, that I was determined to purchase a house there ; and should esteem it as an additional favour, if he would bring Mr. Nevison to visit me. —I know not how it was, but I soon grew into Mr. Clifton's esteem, at a time when I was taking methods to
render

render myself hateful to all good men. He was so lavish in my praises, that Mr. Nevison, who seldom left his calm retreat, was prevailed on by him to come and see me. In the course of our conversation, the old gentleman made me some genteel compliments on my choice of a retired life. I replied, that Horace had first made me love it, by so beautifully painting its charms; and wished for the company of my Mæcenas, and a few other friends like him, that with them I might spend my days unmolested by noise and nonsense. Thus artfully did I wind myself into his good opinion, by adopting the sentiments of the poet, and condemning the usurer Alpheus, who could give up all those pleasures he had been describing, at the appearance of his god Mammon; who ungratefully returned the adorations his votaries paid him, by becoming their tormentor. At Mr. Nevison's parting with me, he desired to see me as often, he said, as I would condescend to honour an old man loaded with years and infirmities.—I counted every tedious hour till the next afternoon, when I went to his house, which stood in the middle of a garden laid out in taste; and tho' small, it was neat and elegant. A servant opening the door of a parlour, where Miss Dalton was employing her delicate finger in embroidery, she rose to receive me, with inimitable grace; and entered into conversation with a freedom natural to well-bred people. Mr. Nevison joining us, we were insensibly led to remark the beauties of the Greek and Latin poets; and she discovered a perfect knowledge of those languages, but in a manner so full of humility, as made learning appear brighter in her, than in many of our most exalted genius's.—Her grandfather desired her to sing his favourite
Ode

Ode on Contentment : with unaffected ease she immediately complied, and joined to her voice, which is sweet and full, the harpsichord. Wonder not that those perfections found a way to my heart, where her image before reigned, and drove out every thought, but those of obtaining so lovely a companion : yet her looks expressing every sentiment of her soul, (which is purity itself) and her sprightly wit tempered with modest severity conveying all the awe of virtue, I felt its force. For some hours, like the devil, I stood abstracted from my own evil, and for the time remained stupidly good.

Her graceful innocence, her ev'ry air
Of gesture, or least action, over-aw'd
My malice, and with rapine sweet, bereav'd
My fierceness of the fierce intent it brought.

But when I retired from her, fancy again represented her as the gay, the kind mistress. In this manner did I argue against reason : Can a girl unacquainted with riches, resist the charms they bring ? may she not have some sparks of vanity in her composition ; and may I not, by the breath of flattery, blow those sparks into flames ? but in vain did I try that common and generally successful battery ; she was proof against all its arts : my visits, though frequent, were never placed to her account ; though I could discern I had by my assiduity gained her esteem. With pleasure have I seen her with an additional cheerfulness, and the warmest filial duty imprinted on her face, exerting all the powers of sense and eloquence to entertain her aged and almost decrepid grandfather ; which seem'd to soften the rigor of his pain, and banish the remembrance of his misfortunes.

fortunes.—How different from what is called the well-bred of her sex, who make the most desirable and necessary duties of life subservient to the least of their amusements. Often have I regretted, that so many fine women should lose, in the stream of pleasure, a sympathising softness, which nature has originally implanted in them, as a soil more capable of improving those tender seeds, than in us, whose minds are cast in a rougher mould. Difficult as I found it to proceed, I found it as difficult to retreat.—When I reflected, if I should succeed, on the cruelty I should be guilty of to the old man, in taking the darling of his age from him, I detested my villainy, and had once actually run away from this fair temptation. I returned to Heartley-Abbey with a resolution to see her no more ; but when there, again found myself unable to live without her.—I endeavoured to silence my conscience by representing to it, that I was determined to make Miss Dalton as happy as affluence, splendor, and a constant succession of amusements, could make her ; yet was it refractory to my pleadings ; and I was obliged to give it some severe blows before it would let me again proceed : its struggles then growing weaker ; and pleasure looking me in the face, my doubts of success vanished, and I went back to N—— more determined and more in love than ever.—After two months spent at that place, I made my proposals of marriage to Miss Dalton. She received them with a generosity equal to her other actions ; and on my asking Mr. Nevison's approbation, he discovered his joy by the most affectionate expressions. The prospect of seeing his dear child married to a man he approved, who could bestow on her that fortune it was not in his power to give, brightened

brightened his venerable countenance, and made me again repent imposing on his goodness: but this repentance, like my former ones, was momentary. Imagining the injury I was about to do him would not be irreparable, having by an accident discovered that Miss Dalton loved me, I flattered myself with the gayest hopes.—A fever, attended by dangerous symptoms, confined me to my room a fortnight. As soon as I went abroad, I found her grown thin and pale, nor did she scruple to own that her anxiety for me had occasioned it. In short, both Mr. Nevison and herself thought me a man of honour, and as such I was treated by them.—Every hour brought me fresh instances of her regard; whenever I talked, though on the most indifferent subjects, she was more than commonly attentive; and sometimes I artfully chose those that were distressful, to try the bent of her mind more fully; but never yet saw her affected in a wrong place. For though she has all the tenderness, yet has she none of the weakness incident to numbers of her sex.—My plot beginning to thicken, my greatest difficulty was, how to get her at a distance from Mr. Nevison: I saw it impossible to use any of my libertine arguments whilst she was with him. Accident at last put it into my power.—Miss Dalton shewed me a letter from her mother, and being called out of the room before I had read it, I put it in my pocket: on her return, forgetting to give it her, and finding it that evening in my possession, the devil of invention put a pen into my hand, which wrote so much like Mrs. Dalton, that you would not have distinguished the counterfeit; no wonder then, that an unsuspecting innocent was deceived.—This was the letter.



THE
HISTORIES
OF

Lady FRANCES *and* Lady
CAROLINE S-----,

Dear child,



HAVING an agueish disorder, and being advised to a change of air, the duke has offered me a small house of his at R——, where I shall soon be, and hope to meet you there. Entreat my father to part with you, as it will afford me great consolation; let me know by this messenger (who is a tenant of the Duke's, and has business your way) if my request is granted; and if it is, I desire you will set out in a few days, to get my room in order. — Mrs. Rogers, a friend of mine, will be at the house to receive you. I was at Mr. Nevison's when it was brought her; she read it to him. Yes my
K dear,

dear, said he, you shall go, you already give up too much of your time to me; my good girl knows she is a cordial to my age, but go now and comfort your mother. — At that instant my conscience, which I thought dying, again revived, but I stifled it, remembering that I was too far embarked in my project, to think of pursuing a right course. Reason having deserted the steerage of my bosom, and hurried away by the violence of my passions, I suffered them to drive me with wild fury, over dreadful rocks and quick sands; which I did not then perceive, as amusing myself with the idle chimeras of my own brain, which were various, gay, and delusive. — I desired permission to attend Miss Dalton to R——, which was granted with apparent pleasure; and the few days that intervened between the time fixed for our leaving N——, I employed in visiting Heartly Abbey. — Mrs. Rogers was a woman proper to be with Miss Dalton, very artful, had been well educated, could easily gain the good opinion of those on whom she had any designs. I directly sent to the house I had hired at R——, where she was to personate a domestic of the Duke's. — My thoughts were now so full of the plan I had laid down, which wore the face of success, that when I saw Miss Dalton stepping into the chaise, I already looked on her as my own. — Mr. Nevison, at parting with her, recommended her to my care, in a manner that shewed the confidence he had in me. How was he then, how has he always been deceived in my appearance? She was so much affected at his paternal tenderness, that a melancholy took possession of her features: and my self-accusations made me share it with her, which the variety of objects as we drove on, in some measure, dissipated. — When our conversation

versation took a more lively air, then I attempted to give it a still gayer turn; and try'd to introduce my favourite subject; but it was repelled in a manner that discovered her resentment; and the danger I was in of losing her esteem. So still forced to dissemble, I put on my former appearance, or she with a touch, like that of Ithuriel's spear, would have detected me. ——— At our arrival here we were welcomed by Mrs. Rogers, who told Miss Dalton her mother would be with her in a few days. In that time I intended to discover to her my quality, the impossibility of my marrying her (which had made me act as I had done) to tell her that I would study her happiness; and that if my fortune and entire affection could bestow it on her, they were both at her disposal. This considered, I hoped would induce her to forgive the deception I had used, and listen to those sophistical arguments which I had made myself master of, till her virtue should be lull'd asleep by them. ——— I took a lodging near hers, which was at a small distance from the town, and seeing my scheme now at its crisis, I ventured to laugh at those sacred rites which I had before seemed to venerate, called them priestcraft, talked of her sparkling with jewels in a side-box; and being distinguished for her beauty wherever she appeared. When she thus interrupted me ——— Certainly you are not Mr. Beaumont! The Mr. Beaumont that honoured me with his regard, was good and generous. Leave, leave me, sir, I will not be insulted; if you entertain those opinions, leave me, and know that I detest the one, and despise the other. ——— This she said with vehemence; and bursting into tears, was going from me, when catching her hand, and preventing her, ——— My dear charming girl, charming even in your anger, hear, said
K 2 I, my

I, my defence, and suffer not my folly to ruin me in your esteem. 'Tis true, the subjects I have touched on are notions unfit for your ear; I from my soul abhor them, and only wanted to hear you expatiate against them with your delightful eloquence. Now, sir, she replied, you flatter me, and seemed so alarmed and doubtful the whole day after, that I plainly perceived the vigilance of her heavenly guard was unwearied. — Uncertain how to act, I was debating with myself, and almost determined to marry her, and run the risque of my father's displeasure; when a servant from Lord Edgmore's came to acquaint me with the Earl's extreme danger. The affection I have for him upbraided with my ingratitude to the best of parents; and after telling Miss Dalton that an affair of consequence called me from her, I flew to my father, but did not merit the reception I met, or the pleasure I felt at hearing his physicians pronounce him out of danger. — You know what followed; the pain I now suffer overbalances all the satisfaction I ever received; one detestable scheme has drawn on others, all bent to ruin the most perfect innocence. — What a contradiction are we to ourselves? how could I, who was really in love with virtue, once think of turning that very virtue into vice? Still shuddering at the precipice I have escaped, I am now too fatally, I fear, convinced, she is more than a name. — Doctor M—— has just been with me, Miss Dalton's fever is now on her spirits; and what assurances can she believe from me, to raise them from their depression? from me, whose villainy has thrown her into this despondency! I will entreat a mind like her own to guarantee for me. — Expose my crime to my dearest sister,
convince

convince her of my repentance, and let your petition be joined to Miss Hamilton's, to prevail on her to pardon me, and think on some means to alleviate the distresses of this admirable girl.—I am yet a stranger to the means of her discovering me; and must still remain so, till she herself can let me know from what quarter she gathered her intelligence. I cannot think it to be from Rogers; she is too bad a woman: besides, Miss Dalton has expressed such an abhorrence at seeing her, that she certainly is not the person.—As soon as I knew it, I removed Rogers, and placed good people about the dear injured creature, who are told she is a distant relation of the earl's.—Once more I desire my dear Hamilton will lay the whole affair before my sister, and his own; and tho' I am sensible that the poor criminal will appear to them in a very bad light; yet what may I not expect from their lenient dispositions?—Adieu, my friend, pity, and pardon your Ormsby.—

You would have been surprized at the many alterations in Lady Lucy's countenance; as my brother read to us the packet; now crimson, now pale alternately. Where lord Ormsby first mentioned his going down to Heartly Abbey, she trembled with expectation; and where he repeated part of their conversation, she coloured with resentment; where her brother expressed his lively contrition her eyes sparkled with pleasure; but where he pursued his schemes, she turned pale with terror; some tears fell, at the old man's description of Miss Dalton; after which they flow'd without restraint, till she had nothing more to expect; but never once the whole time interrupted him.—I think, said she, as soon as it was concluded, my brother is so sensible of his crime, and so justly accuses himself, that he

leaves but little room for further accusation. Thank God his fault is not irreparable; had it been so, I would never more have consented to see him.—What think you, my dear Juliet? what think you, Sir William? shall we not endeavour to remove this anxiety from his mind?—My brother kissed her hand, and thanked her for lord Ormsby; I was quite of her opinion, so by her request, he went into my closet, and wrote to his lordship, inviting him to return, with assurances of all the assistance in our power, to remedy his present uneasiness.—“ It was really a charming letter, at those parts of it where he threw in his opinion, or advice,

“ With touch so fine, so tender of his friend,
“ He handles every fault that he would mend,
“ That the pleas'd patient, with a smile endures
“ The playful hand that tickles whilst it cures.”

Having finished the letter, he dispatched it by the servant, whom he had detained in town for that purpose. Her Ladyship intends keeping the whole transaction from the Earl, as we are in great hopes it is only a passing storm, that will blow over without any other ill consequences.—After all, my dear, what a dreadful thing it is, when any of our sex, who really love virtue, are so unhappy as to fall into the hands of men, who glory in bringing it on a level with vice; of which principles is the hateful Lord Edgmore, especially in the case of Miss Dalton? Like the villain spider, he had artfully spun his web of so fine a texture, as to make it imperceptible. Hid in the close recesses of his wicked machinery, with malicious pleasure, he saw the innocent unsuspecting fly enjoying the sweets of content, and the liberty
of

of roving from flower to flower, and sucking the sweets of education; till at last allured by a sun-beam, she is entangled in the net of vice.—The spider now shews itself, creeping out by slow degrees, eyeing its prey; who, at his approach, sends out a feeble cry of pity to its destroyer.—Bloated with imagined success, methinks I see him just ready to seize the victim of his revenge, when behold she is miraculously delivered by the force of her own virtue.—Lady Lucy has just shewn me a letter from Lady Frances Worthley, from whose hand do you think she received it? Why, Lord Henry's, the kind, the beneficent, the generous Lord Henry. His Lordship intends drinking coffee with us.—Yes, my dear Lady Lucy, I will follow you, to see, love, and admire this honour to the nation.

Her Ladyship permits me to re-assume my pen, whilst she is writing to Audley Castle. His Lordship intends setting out for Suffex early to-morrow morning. All I can say of him, will be only repeating what has been already said.—The Duke and Dutcheß I find are still inflexible, which occasions Lady Frances an infinite deal of concern. Lord Henry has made several unsuccessful attempts since the first, but now gives over all thoughts of that nature.—He insisted on our making a visit to Audley Castle before I return to Berks; and further, on our then fixing a time for it. Lady Lucy seemed to decline it, on account of leaving the Earl; though I saw that was not her only reason. He, being present, declared it should be none, for though he could not accept his Lordship's invitation himself, he was determined not to deny us so great a happiness: and Mrs. Johnson, he said, should be his nurse till our return: and then fixed on Thursday fortnight for

our going.—You must know that the Earl's great, and indeed almost only foible is, that he is so peremptory, that he will never be contradicted; and though he loves Lady Lucy better than his life, yet was he to command her to leave him alone in the midst of a wild desert, she dares not oppose him.—Lord Henry appeared quite obliged by it, and has promised to meet us some part of the way.—That all before that time may be settled to the satisfaction of poor Lord Ormsby, Miss Dalton, Mr. Nevison, and every other interested party, prays your

JULIET HAMILTON.

Miss HAMILTON, in continuation.

“ **T**HOUGH the countenance is often the
 “ interpreter of the heart, yet is not this
 “ rule without exception; ours at least do at present but little correspond.—What by-stander
 “ that had seen us at breakfast this morning, but
 “ would have thought us quite happy? Lord
 “ Ormsby returned from R——, just as we were
 “ met in the library; but no sooner was the Earl
 “ withdrawn than the scene shifted.—His Lordship
 “ approached his sister with an air of great
 “ confusion; a tear fell from the eye of Lady
 “ Lucy, she could not speak; he took her hand:
 “ O my Lucy, my sister, is it possible you can
 “ forgive a wretch unworthy the title of your
 “ brother? will Miss Hamilton deign to become
 “ the advocate of a criminal?—You need no advocate; you are already pardoned, I replied.
 “ What, said Lady Lucy, can I do, to oblige
 “ my brother?—O, returned he, think on
 “ some

“ some method to preserve that life, dearer to
“ me than my own; think on some means to
“ relieve the distresses of a young creature, the
“ idol of her friends, from whom I have taken
“ her, born to happiness, of which I have bereft
“ her; having led her to the door of misery. It
“ is only you that can prevent her from entering
“ the inhospitable mansion.—She told him, as
“ he had so true a sense of his fault, she would
“ not widen the wound; but apply all the balsam
“ in her power, consistent with the character of
“ Lord Ormsby’s sister; presuming the Lady
“ would be restored to her friends as soon as her
“ health permitted. And being assured this was
“ now his only intention, she said (turning to me.)
“ In the mean time, my dear, what think you of
“ visiting the sick?—He was in raptures at the
“ very supposition; he blessed the heart that
“ dictated, the tongue that uttered a design so
“ generous to the guilty, so compassionate to the
“ injured; and tenderly taking her in his arms,
“ Now, my Lucy, said he, am I to your gentle-
“ ness that sincere convert, which recriminations
“ and upbraidings would never have made me;
“ for though I was determined to forsake my late
“ detested schemes, through entire veneration for
“ the object of them, yet might I not in time
“ have returned to a path where you would be
“ sorry to see me tread. Thanks to my sister,
“ she has taken the only method that could ef-
“ fectually abstract me from them; compleat
“ then your kind intention, and let it be your se-
“ cond task to convince Miss Dalton I am tho-
“ roughly disgusted with those libertine principles
“ from which she has suffered. I see Miss Ha-
“ milton already consents to accompany you. I
“ said my countenance gave him leave to put
K 5 “ those

“ those constructions on it that would be most
“ agreeable to himself.—And have I, Ladies,
“ he replied, your permission to order the coach?
“ I know you will not postpone a journey which
“ is to convey to one oppressed with grief and
“ sickness, peace, health and spirits.—Being
“ answered that his time should be ours, he left
“ us to seek my brother, whose lodgings are near
“ this house; but returned without him, he being
“ detained by the arrival of two gentlemen from
“ abroad.—Lady Lucy and myself went together
“ to the Earl, and made our apologies for
“ leaving him that day alone: he politely answered
“ us, that mine and his daughters company was so truly desirable, he could not hope
“ to engross it all; so stepping into the coach
“ that was waiting at the door, we drove away
“ at a great rate.—R—— is about fifteen miles
“ from town; for my part, I did not think the
“ way quite so tedious, as lord Ormsby seemed
“ to do. He could talk of nothing but the amiableness
“ of the person we were so soon to see;
“ and in giving her those perfections which are
“ really her due, he feared the worse himself.
“ Lady Lucy told him, she never heard of a
“ good painter, but felt in his breast those passions
“ his pencil drew; therefore as he knew so
“ well how to paint virtue, and had given us so
“ beautiful a picture of her, was much surprized,
“ that he could retain his bad intentions, while
“ it stood before him. Indeed, said he, your
“ observation is true; yet, on reviewing this
“ charming piece, it is the same with me, as
“ with one that is but just restored to sight;
“ when the first thing that appears to him is the
“ glorious orb that he has been so long deprived
“ of. At first its lustre is so great, that he cannot
“ not

“ not fix his eye on it; but at length, by a frequent repetition, he is able to look stedfastly at it, being strengthened by that very light which at first dazzled him.—Lady Lucy was pleased with his remark; and once more called him her good brother; but tell me, will not Miss Dalton, said she, be too much surprized at so sudden a visit?—Not so much as you imagine, Lucy; for I have already apprised her of the honour you proposed to do her.—How is that possible, she replied?—Only he said, by sending a sealed note to her as soon as I had your permission to order the coach; which she will receive full an hour before our arrival: a precaution she highly approved; and so driving out of the great road for about half a mile, we stopped at a pretty looking house.—His Lordship’s impatience getting the better of his complaisance, he rather flew than alighted, leaving us in the coach near two minutes; at his return, having given us his hand, he ordered the servants and equipage to an inn; and then said, you will excuse, Miss Hamilton, so will my Lucy, this rudeness, which your goodness knows so well how to account for:—Yes, yes, said I, that we can, though not for all your Lordship’s unaccountable ways.—Does Miss Hamilton require my account? (beginning to recover his spirits.) Not I, my Lord, I replied; for I believe yours would be a very sorry one.—but you have not answered my enquiries after Miss Dalton;—Why, have I not told you? said he?—I ask your Lordship’s pardon, not since our arrival have I heard you mention her name.—I see, said he, that Miss Hamilton has never been in love, or else you
“ must

“ must have discovered, without my revealing it,
“ that she is better.—Then, my Lord, returned
“ I, to be of your opinion, it is absolutely ne-
“ cessary to commence a conjurer, before we can
“ commence a lover.—No, no, Juliet, said Lady
“ Lucy; he only means a diviner of hearts.—
“ True, my dear, your construction is right;
“ but few of your sex want that art.—Let me
“ tell you, brother, she replied, that few as there
“ are, you have met with one of them, or Miss
“ Dalton would not have had us for her visitants
“ to day.—O my sister, I too well deserve this
“ rebuke; and he looked a little more penitent;
“ —No, no (fondly taking his hand) it was only
“ at that time you deserved it; I meant to
“ blame Mr. Beaumont, not Lord Ormsby; for
“ since you have left his designing plots, all your
“ actions have been those of my dear good bro-
“ ther; if possible, more dear to me than ever.
“ —Thus, with half serious raillery, did we reach
“ a small but neat room. Being seated a few
“ minutes, his Lordship withdrew. In his ab-
“ sence our curiosity did not suffer a little: for my
“ part, I formed fifty ideas of her person; some-
“ times I thought her fair, at others brown; for,
“ will you believe me, I was so taken up with
“ what had passed, that I had quite forgot to ask this
“ important question; at length I determined her
“ to have light hair. Lady Lucy was certain she
“ was tall and thin; her brother, she said, never
“ liked any that were not so: but we had not
“ time to finish her person, as Lord Ormsby
“ then entered.—His sister hinting she should like
“ to speak to one of the servants that attended
“ Miss Dalton, before she saw her, immediately
“ ordered the person, which had sat up with her
“ the preceding night, to be admitted; a decent
“ elderly

“elderly woman.—As soon as she came to us,
“Lady Lucy enquired how her cousin had slept?
“and how her spirits were at present?—You
“will not be surprized at the appellation of cousin,
“when you recollect that Lord Ormsby had be-
“fore given her that title to the servants about
“her, pretending she was a distant relation to his
“family; and going on a visit to the Earl’s,
“when she was prevented by illness. This, with
“other particulars, was entirely credited, and
“his sister, delighted with his tenderness for Miss
“Dalton’s reputation, readily consented to carry
“on this necessary deceit.—The woman’s reply
“to her Ladyship’s question, did not afford Lord
“Ormsby any satisfaction.—The young Lady,
“she said, had taken but little rest that night,
“and was so extremely weak, that she had faint-
“ed several times in attempting to get from her
“bed to receive us.—We were all concerned at
“this account; but his Lordship looked, upon my
“word, I can scarce tell how he looked; so af-
“fected, so penitent, so eager for further in-
“telligence; he went to the window, he came
“back; then whispered his sister, and desired
“her not to delay her kind intention.—She saw
“his anxiety, and immediately dispatched the
“woman to her new cousin, with assurances if
“she any more attempted to leave her bed, she
“would not love her; and had much rather go
“back to town without seeing her, than that her
“health, so dear to all her friends, should be injured
“by it.—The servant being gone with this mes-
“sage, he did not spare himself, in speaking of
“his remorse for the detestable schemes that had
“thus reduced her.—We both said we expected
“to have had his Lordship’s account confirmed,
“and to have found her much recovered.—He im-
“patiently

“ patiently cursed the servant that had made him
“ entertain so pleasing a hope, which he must
“ now be forced to relinquish:—But we comfort-
“ ed him by saying, as the disorder was on her
“ spirits, we did not in the least doubt to assure
“ him, before we left her, of an agreeable al-
“ teration.—Will not my dear mediatrices com-
“ pleat their generosity, said he, and try to ob-
“ tain one interview for me, when she is enough
“ recovered to bear me in her presence? May I
“ not then flatter myself with one half hour’s
“ conversation, my sister and Miss Hamilton both
“ witnesses of it?—Lady Lucy told him she
“ would promise nothing of this kind, nor could
“ she think of soliciting for an interview, that
“ might be the means of keeping alive a passion
“ which, she hoped, he would try with all his
“ resolution to stifle—and used many arguments
“ to this purpose. I could see that though he
“ thought them just, he did not feel all their
“ weight. How hard is it to convince one in
“ love, to think it right to quit the beloved
“ object? even wisdom herself, when under the
“ disguise of Nestor, could not persuade the young
“ Telemachus, that seeking a hero, and a father,
“ was more glorious than wasting his days in the
“ flowery fields of Calypso; and was obliged to
“ add force to his rhetoric to get him from his
“ beautiful nymph.—If the task is so difficult,
“ Lady Lucy perhaps might not succeed, as she
“ can never use any but the gentlest methods:
“ yet those, as Lord Ormsby observed to his
“ sister, are oftener most effectual; for many a
“ person has given up his own opinion, because
“ he will not seem ungenerous to the friend, who
“ attempts to change it by soothing. I should
“ say much more on this subject, but will not,
“ by

“ by reflections, take your attention from one
“ more interesting.—The servant returning with
“ Miss Dalton’s grateful thanks for our indul-
“ gence, in permitting her to receive us in bed,
“ and a desire of having that honour conferred on
“ her; you may imagine we did not wait for any
“ further invitation, and left Lord Ormsby to
“ amuse himself with a book, or walk, though
“ in my conscience he was not then capable of
“ finding charms in either.—The servant having
“ shewed us to the door, respectfully withdrew,
“ as did another that was with her. The cur-
“ tains being undrawn, and the bed fronting the
“ door, we had, as it opened, a view of the most
“ perfect loveliness I ever beheld.—Suppose vir-
“ tue in her most amiable form, suppose her too
“ dejected and oppressed, yet supporting all her
“ dignity in the midst of misfortunes: and if to
“ these you can suppose a thousand other name-
“ less beauties, you will then be able to form
“ some idea of Miss Dalton. Tho’ the shock she
“ had undergone had faded the roses on her
“ cheeks, it had not robbed her mouth of its
“ coral ornaments, nor her skin of its transparent
“ whiteness; over which is spread so delicate a
“ languor, with features so speaking, that you
“ almost know her thoughts before she delivers
“ them by words.—A famous artist, who once
“ attempted to draw the portrait of such another
“ woman, if such another there ever was, after
“ finishing the copy, compared it with the ori-
“ ginal; and was so displeased with his per-
“ formance, that he immediately committed it
“ to the flames; though had he found out that
“ the fault lay not in his skill, but in her inimita-
“ ble charms, he would certainly have done, as
“ I shall do, let it remain imperfect.—She
“ was

“ was sitting up in the bed supported by pillows;
“ and her words were so low as we entered her
“ apartment, that we could only distinguish those
“ of kind, and distressed. Growing faint on our
“ approaching the bed, Lady Lucy supported
“ her in her arms, and so much did she seem
“ affected, that had I just then entered the room,
“ a stranger to both, scarcely should I have
“ known which to call the greatest sufferer.
“ Miss Dalton’s faintness being owing to her too
“ sudden joy or surprize, she soon recovered;
“ when raising her head, which Lady Lucy had
“ placed on her own bosom: and seeing me on
“ the other side, holding one of her hands, which
“ I could not help pressing to my lips, she looked
“ at both sweetly tender, and the tears gushed
“ from her eyes. O my dear creature, said Lady
“ Lucy, don’t torture me with such melting
“ silent expression; speak to me, my love, tell
“ me if you can bear near you, the sister of the
“ man who has so greatly injured you? — Can I,
“ my noble Lady Lucy, do you ask?—Ought
“ I not to be doubly thankful, that though God
“ has been pleased to visit me with afflictions, he
“ now vouchsafes to send a guardian angel for
“ my protector?—Exalted excellency! Lady
“ Lucy called her, and kissed her with affection.
“ Good God! said she, what have I done to
“ deserve such mercy? Indeed I thought myself
“ deserted by the world, because I had met with
“ disappointments in it; but never more will I
“ distrust divine providence. Undoubtedly you
“ know, ladies, what brought me to this place.
“ Yes, yes, my dear Miss Dalton, my brother
“ has done your virtue the justice it merits;
“ though he was obliged to blacken his own
“ character to accomplish it.—She looked pleased,
“ and

“and I thought as if she would have thanked
“him, had he been present. She then asked if
“we knew whether her mother was really ill?
“Lady Lucy made no scruple to expose this
“part of her brother’s scheme, to relieve her
“mind from any apprehensions, on account of
“Mrs. Dalton’s health. She heard the whole
“without throwing in one upbraiding reflection;
“and then said she would write to her grand-
“father, in whose breast the secret should be only
“locked, for a double reason; one of which was,
“the obligation she was under to Lord Ormsby,
“for the honour he had this day procured her;
“the other, a fear the discovery of it to her
“mother might make her unhappy.—Don’t
“you now, whispered her ladyship, pity poor
“Lord Ormsby?—Not so low but that Miss
“Dalton caught his name, which caused her vi-
“sible emotion; but what a nobleness of soul is
“she mistress of!—Instead of trying to hide it
“from us, Little, continued she, a few weeks
“since, did I think the name I have just now
“heard mentioned, could have affected me.
“Believe me, ladies, when I encouraged his
“addresses, had I known his high station, I
“should have held myself inexcusable, in list-
“ing my eyes to it.—This my brother knew, said
“Lady Lucy, or he would not have taken a bor-
“rowed name. Nothing, my dear, have you to
“blame yourself for; no person but must have
“been deceived by the many arts that were prac-
“tised.—Even your good Mr. Nevison could not
“see through them; as your own hearts were
“good, they would not give you leave to think
“that others were not cast in the same mould.
“The whole fault falls on my brother; yet you
“must not think too hardly of him, because he
“is

“ is my brother; and because his penitence al-
“ lows me to hope he will again be to me that
“ valuable relation I have till now thought him,
“ to you, as valuable a friend.—Let your health
“ be established, my dear, and all must soon be
“ well.—This charming condescension, she re-
“ ply’d, has dissipated every uneasy fear, and will
“ soon compleat my recovery. Though his lord-
“ ship has deceived me, yet will I do him the
“ justice to think he never would, had he not
“ been instigated to it by the vilest of men, who
“ makes the seduction of innocence his boast.—
“ What a dear generous girl you are, said her
“ ladyship, that can attempt at palliating a fault,
“ which has made you suffer so much! You will
“ certainly steal my heart, if you go on in this
“ manner; why do I say will, when the theft is
“ already committed?—How did her fine eyes
“ strive with her words to express her gratitude!
“ Lady Lucy observing it, turned the subject,
“ asking if she had any objections to the people
“ about her; for nothing is more painful to a
“ generous mind, than to see a person oppressed
“ by the obligations you have bestowed on them.
“ —Those she had lately seen, behaved extreme-
“ ly well; their characters, she said, she was not
“ now solicitous about, his lordship’s disappro-
“ bation of his past conduct being not doubted by
“ her.—Did she like her physician? if not, her
“ ladyship would send her down her own.—On
“ no account, Miss Dalton said; he seemed a
“ good humane man; as for his skill, she should
“ have but little occasion for it, finding herself so
“ much better since our arrival: and hoped that
“ one more charitable visit would compleat her
“ cure.—Well then, my dear, continued her la-
“ dyship, I will content myself with sending my
“ own

own woman to be with you. To-morrow we cannot see you, but depend on it we will the day following.—O dearest Madam, returned she, you shower your goodness so fast on me, that you will make me forget myself, forget I was ever unhappy.—Don't you think your Juliet has been very silent in this conversation? yet have I borne my part in it; not a praise or tender name that Lady Lucy bestowed, but was by me repeated, and my silence only reigned, when his Lordship was mentioned; and where the name of his sister gave her that right, which in me might have been deemed impertinence.—The consideration of sending Mrs. Johnson, put us in mind, that we had fifteen miles to return, and as many for her to measure back; which made us leave her some hours sooner than we should else have done.—As soon as we were in the coach, his lordship asked with eagerness, what we thought of Miss Dalton's health?—And his eyes sparkled at our satisfactory intelligence. Indeed, Harriot, I sincerely pity him; for is not his punishment nearly adequate to his fault? How severe must be his reflections; for I do not look on Lord Ormsby, as one whose conscience is deadened by repeated crimes; but rather lulled asleep like a froward child.—Lady Lucy asked him if Mr. Nevison yet knew where Miss Dalton was?—His Lordship owned he did not; he had suffered so much since her illness, all in his breast had been confusion. Nothing else could plead an excuse, for not giving some ease to the worthiest mind in the world, as he knew his anxiety must be great at not hearing from her.—O brother, said Lady Lucy, what pleasure have I often received,

“ ed, to see the manly tear steal down your cheek,
“ at recital of a distressed story; and yet to make
“ your heart a contradiction to itself is to me un-
“ accountable.—Come, Lady Lucy, said I, you
“ must not be too severe on his Lordship, you see
“ he bespeaks mercy.—Upon my word, answered
“ Lord Ormsby, I shall be finely managed between
“ two such girls; but how bad must be the
“ crime, that cannot bear the gentle reproofs of
“ a sister and a friend?—Pardon me, my dear
“ brother, for what I have said; I do not mean
“ by it to give you uneasiness; and to shew that
“ you forgive me, comply with the request I am
“ going to make. Miss Dalton, tho’ the most
“ amiable young woman I have ever seen, and
“ her mind equally so with her person, can never
“ be your wife; the Earl, I doubt not, will ex-
“ pect when you marry, to make that noble fa-
“ mily from which we sprung, still nobler by al-
“ liance: and I am sure you are so dutiful a son,
“ as not to give pain to a parent, whose happi-
“ ness, ever since our remembrance, has consisted
“ in that of his children’s. After this, surely,
“ you yourself will think it wrong to attempt
“ seeing her.—You have convinced me, my
“ Lucy, said his Lordship, that I ought not, nei-
“ ther will I petition for more than one inter-
“ view; but this I must intercede for, as it is
“ necessary to clear myself from some things
“ where appearances are so much against me.—
“ Her Ladyship having gained this point, acquaint-
“ ed him with her intentions, of sending Mrs
“ Johnson to be with Miss Dalton till her reco-
“ very.—How does my sister, said he, by her
“ kindness keep pace with my wishes; I shall be
“ more happy when she is under the care of so
“ good a woman.—This from him looks well
“ for

“ for had he any further designs, he would have
“ objected to her being sent, as he must have
“ been detected by her presence, she being a sen-
“ sible worthy woman, whose watchfulness and
“ honesty is not to be corrupted. Lady Lucy
“ prefers her to a younger servant, and she in
“ return loves her dear young Lady with great
“ affection, having had the care of her from her
“ infancy: who that knows her can avoid it? at
“ Berks all hearts were hers, one glance was
“ sufficient to make them own her power. But
“ her conversation fastened their chains, some
“ have dragged them to this metropolis, among
“ whom are the young Sir James Egerton, and
“ Mr. Dulet. The country had no charms for
“ them after her Ladyship left it. But on their
“ arrival here, they did not long remain in un-
“ certainty; for no sooner did they declare them-
“ selves than she generously told them, their
“ attendance would be in vain; she could never
“ think in the manner that their partiality to her
“ could wish, and hoped by their acquiescence
“ with her resolutions, they would allow her to
“ rank them in the number of her friends.—
“ Thus did she oblige each, without granting
“ the request of either.—But I must now hurry
“ Mrs. Johnson into the chaise, where she was
“ seated in less than five minutes after our return.
“ Lady Lucy intends telling the Earl she is gone
“ to visit a sick friend of her’s if he enquires for
“ her.—Now, my dear, though you will wonder,
“ at the first receipt of this large packet, what
“ it can contain; and many an idle girl, I fear, I
“ have been called, for not writing sooner; how
“ will you blame yourself for the imputation, as
“ you will be convinced that every moment I have
“ had to spare, has been employed in satisfying
“ your

“ your curiosity, which could not have been
 “ done, had I sent it away before my visit to
 “ Miss Dalton. I know you want a second sight
 “ of this charming woman; but you must wait,
 “ my pen is tired; ——— Adieu for this night;
 “ ——— to-morrow I am again at the command
 “ of my friends at Ashley, yet may I not hope
 “ to see you in my dreams, with this pleasing
 “ thought retires to your affectionate

“ JULIET HAMILTON.”

In continuation.

HOW disagreeable were my thoughts last night from what I flattered myself would employ the busy fancy of sleep. Instead of seeing people so truly dear to me, I had no sooner closed my eyes, than imagination conveyed me to lady Fetherstone's rout, seated me at a card-table, where I lost every shilling I was then mistress of, and had borrowed a large sum of lady Lucy, which soon went the same way. The spirit of play had taken such possession of me, that I was just going to part with my diamond necklace, to an old dowager countess, when the agreeable tingle of her ladyship's bell, awakened me. And I do assure you that I took myself to task, when I recollected the lengths I had run. Certainly a desire of gaming lies concealed in some corner of my heart, which I have not yet discovered. I believe it is already cured, even with my imaginary sufferings; if it can be so great when imperfect, what must those poor creatures feel who find it a reality? For my part, mine was for the time so severe, that I am resolved never to put it in the power of

cards

cards to make me wretched.—— Lord Ormsby went out early the next morning, being called on by some of his acquaintance, to see a fine stud of Arabian horses, lately purchased by Lord Clare. His friends would take no excuse, though he attempted at many, as he waited the return of a servant sent early in the morning to R—— to enquire after Miss Dalton's health; but was obliged to go unsatisfied, as the gentlemen were determined. About twelve the servant returned with two letters, one from Mrs. Johnson, full of the praises of Miss Dalton; with the pleasing account of her having had a good night; and that the physician pronounced her out of danger. The other letter was Miss Dalton's, which I send you. How grateful is her young heart!

“Honoured Madam,

“I Could not resist the pleasure of writing, though persuaded to the contrary by your good Mrs. Johnson; how weak appear those arguments she uses in tenderness to my health, opposed to those my heart suggests to me of ingratitude, did I not take the earliest opportunity of thanking ladies to whom I am so greatly indebted, more for my reputation than life. For what is the enjoyment of one without the other? Had God Almighty preserved the latter, though I knew myself innocent, yet must I have borne the reflections of the world; that would never have been convinced the step I had taken was against my knowledge. But your presence has dispelled every uneasy thought, and I shall return to my venerable parent, with a name un sullied, whose heart you will make happy when he hears of your unparalleled kindness

kindness to his daughter. — Indeed Mrs. Johnson, I must say more, my heart is full of the subject I am writing on. — Your ladyship must excuse me, this careful woman will not let me sit up in my bed; she tells me, I shall certainly injure myself; I know I never can, while employed in so pleasing a task; yet I think I must comply, as, she says, she is sure your Ladyship will be angry with me, should you know it. As I dread the shadow of offending you, I will resign my pen, after it has declared how much I am your ladyship's, and the amiable Miss Hamilton's ever obliged grateful

humble servant,

ELIZABETH DALTON.

P. S. Welcome to-morrow when you kindly said you would again see me."

We had but just read it when we were joined by Lord Ormsby; his quick return shewed his impatience, as did his eager steps as he approached us. — Give me leave, ladies, said he, to have some little skill in physiognomy; inform me, am I out in my art? for by those agreeable countenances I discern Miss Dalton's disorder is not now to be dreaded; tell me, am I right? — What a creature is your brother, Lady Lucy, to pretend reading a woman's mind in her face! Does he not know that they are often the greatest opposites? and now to reconcile them, and rob us of our former privileges, I think deserves some punishment. — Indeed Juliet, said her Ladyship, I am of your opinion; I myself will inflict it. Take that paper, presumptuous man, and before we next see you, learn every word of it by — heart,

heart,—giving him the letter. He took it with a smile, thanked us for our clemency, and replied he would diligently obey our orders.—In returning to the house, we met my brother, who had not seen us the whole preceding day; his friends leaving him but that morning. We acquainted him with all that had passed in his absence: How curious are these men? I thought this foible only belonged to our sex; yet my brother made us repeat our conversation with Miss Dalton: next, her person, her eyes, her hair, and complexion, must fall under his circumspection; as to her shape, that could not be described, as we had only seen her in her bed. But I told him, if any idea of it can be formed from the delicacy of her hand, arm, and fine falling shoulders, which could not be concealed by the wrapping gown she wore, it was not inferior to her face. My brother pitied the lady, for what she had suffered, his friend for what he did and would suffer; for he has, said he, a thorn planted in his bosom, which none but Miss Dalton can pluck from it. Great must be his struggles between his love and duty; the latter must prevail, as there never was a son that revered a father more than Lord Ormsby. Lady Lucy may still glory in her brother. Happy would it be for some of our young nobility, were their hearts blended with half his good qualities. Indeed it might be said, he has lately stepped out of himself; but he scarce went a day's journey before he returned, disliking the road too much ever to think of travelling the same way.—Lady Lucy gave my brother a look, sweetly expressive of her heart, which was all gratitude for those praises he had bestowed on one so dear to her, but had not time to say any thing. Lord Ormsby entering with the letters in his hand, prevented her.

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—You must, said she, thank Sir William for the obliging things he has been saying of you in your absence.—My thanks, said he, his friendly heart deserves; they are but his due; to make them acceptable, let me prevail on my dearest sister to join hers; these will be more pleasing to my Hamilton.—My brother only bow'd; he saw a blush on Lady Lucy's cheek, and would not add to her confusion, by making those acknowledgments he had so deep a sense of.—Giving the conversation a sudden turn, Mr. Temple called on me this morning, said he, and talks of returning to Ashley Park, Mrs. Temple being impatient to visit my aunt. But you, ladies, will be acquainted with the time from themselves, as they intend seeing you this afternoon.—I hope you will not imagine I was so unmindful of my dearest friends, as not to propose going with them: indeed I determined in my own mind to have left the charms of this gay town, but I could not be heard; all were unanimous in their petitions that I would not leave them; Lady Lucy declared she could not part from me; Lord Ormsby entreated I would stay till I had seen the recovery of Miss Dalton; and not leave her cure half compleated. My brother was silent, yet could I see that he wished me to grant their request. What could I do? I consented to oblige them, if my staying a few weeks longer will do it. But whispered her Ladyship, if in that time she did not agree to lay me under a much greater obligation, and return with me, she would not be that generous creature I always thought her.—Now, said she, you are very unreasonable.—Am I so, Lady Lucy? I'll appeal to the company. This drew the gentlemen to us; they wanted to decide, though neither knew what it was.—Provoking Juliet, said she, I am in your power,

power, and you use me as a conqueror, though far from a generous one; make your own terms, if you'll let not these officious creatures hear a word of what has past.—There's my good Lady Lucy, they shall not, if you keep to the article I first proposed.—You see, my Lord, said my brother, they are determined to make a peace without our mediation; true Spartan Dames, because we are conquered, they despise us. But yet, consider the noblest Romans, that never bowed their neck to slavery, with pleasure wore those chains by which we are held.—Let them alone, Sir William, said his Lordship, if you want to know what these girls have been talking of, don't ask, they will certainly tell you. Miss Hamilton, notwithstanding the promise she has just made my sister, will not keep this to herself, for any wager, a week longer; don't you see how she wants already to disclose it? Come, whisper it me, it shall go no further.—True, my Lord, replied I, I am not a Portia, yet can I not consent you shall be so great a sufferer; for if I enjoin you to keep it to yourself, it might, perhaps, oblige you to the same hard shift, with the person who first discovered king Midas's ears were of too great a length.—Brother, said Lady Lucy, you have drawn this on yourself, for had you not first taxed us with the want of secrecy, you would not have been put in mind, that it is full as great a burthen in your breast, as it can be in ours.—Indeed, Ladies, said my brother, you are too hard for us.—Not in the least, replied his Lordship, I protest I am not vanquished by them, and I thought my friend had more courage than to resign his arms, when the field is still our own.—The arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Temple, put an end to this sham fight; they intend seeing you Thursday next; the fight

of them will not lessen your romantic notions. Scarce will you help thinking you have with you Musidorus, and his Pamela; but at the same time consider, that every man is not a Temple, nor every woman a Charlotte: yet I hope to bring with me at my return, two which shall vie with them in conjugal felicity, when the knot is tied, that is to make my brother the happiest of men. Little inferior to his joy will be that of your affectionate

JULIET HAMILTON.

In continuation.

LADY Lucy coming into my room, before I had left my bed, I began to apologize, fearing I had made them wait breakfast. Don't be uneasy, said she, it is not so late as you imagine; the day was so fine, that it tempted me to get up two hours earlier than usual; both which I have spent with my brother. You may suppose the subject of our conversation was Miss Dalton; after using many persuasions, I at length prevailed on him to let us go to R—— without him. Still he insists on one interview, when she is at Mr. Nevison's. I have not attempted in this to dissuade him, as a passion oftener lessens by absence than opposition. Time and the former will, I hope, be his friend.—I am mistaken, I replied, if poor Miss Dalton wants not the same assistance; she once loved Lord Ormsby, I much fear the flame will break out afresh, when she is convinced his repentance is sincere. Must it not be heighten'd by the knowledge of his amiable sister's noble family and princely fortune?—Indeed, my Juliet, said her Ladyship, my brother's en-
gaging

gaging manner, and fine person, cannot fail, I think, of making him still beloved; yet if her heart feels any uneasiness on his account, her own good sense, aided by Mr. Nevison's paternal advice, will, I doubt not, restore her former tranquillity. But let us haste to give her all the consolation in our power. I have ordered the chariot by eleven. Then looking at her watch, she said, I must shew my expedition, as I had but two hours to dress and breakfast in. I replied, I would attend her in ten minutes; and ringing for Sally, joined her in less time, looking on those hours spent at the toilet as lost; not but I would have every woman stay there long enough, to make herself agreeable in the eyes of her friends; though I don't think it absolutely necessary, to suit every ribbon to the complexion, or put on fifty caps before one will please. So much for dress. To make up for this little digression, I will not detain you at the tea-table; but leaving the gentlemen to themselves, will attend you to Miss Dalton, whom we found so much recovered, that she was sitting up. If before we admired her face, how was her beauty heightened by a graceful stature and elegant shape. All that melancholy which appeared in her countenance when we first saw her, seemed now vanished. She was listening to Mrs. Johnson, who was reading to her when we entered. Running to us, once more let me thank you, Ladies, now on my knees for your goodness. Lady Lucy caught her before she had touched the ground. What means, said she, Miss Dalton! How is my charming girl? Having tenderly embraced her; I must not engross you all, I know Miss Hamilton longs equally to have you in her arms. Your Ladyship, I replied, is very kind, and Miss Dalton must give me leave to hope

she will allow me to share her heart with you.—
 Why, said the sweet creature, did I once repine?
 Take it, ladies, it is all your own; and none shall
 ever dispute it with you but a parent, from whom
 it first learnt to beat, and a poor old man who
 prizes it more than such a trifle deserves. But
 you must, continued she, as you so kindly interest
 yourselves in my future peace, be pleased to hear,
 that I this morning received a letter from my
 friend, my benefactor, my father, my own I ne-
 ver knew: he dying before my birth, his place
 has been well supplied by this best of men. I'll
 make no excuse for the application, when I men-
 tion my grandfather. No indeed, my good girl
 need not, said Lady Lucy, I long to hear how he
 bore what you communicated to him.—O madam,
 his worthy heart has greatly suffered from it, but
 his gratitude knows no bounds to the preservers of
 his daughter. But let me do him justice, giving
 us his letter, I send it to you, Lady Lucy having
 desired a copy for Lord Ormsby, who is so gene-
 rously mentioned in it.

“ *Mr. NEVISON to Miss DALTON.*

“ **N**OBLY, my child, have you conquered
 in the cause of virtue; that power I
 doubt not will still keep you near her, and in ex-
 change for affluence, and the allurements of vice,
 give you content, health, and chearfulness.—
 Every incident of your distress has deeply wounded
 me. Tell Lady Lucy, tell Miss Hamilton, those
 guardian angels of innocence, how much I admire
 their exalted goodness; a goodness, which has re-
 stored to me the treasure I was so near losing. In
 the

the prayers I am going to offer at the throne of mercy, I will remember Lord Ormsby; beg that his repentance may be lasting, and his good qualities shine out with redoubled lustre. For I am not a stranger to the source of all those libertine opinions he had entertained; and can make allowances for the imperfections of human nature. He now feels the force of truth, which conquers without any assistance; and will hate what he once was.—Suspicion and innocence seldom meet; how could you then suspect that under the appearance of merit, was hid a subtil poison, calculated to fascinate the senses, and lull us both asleep? Few they are that can fly from this serpent, under the disguise of a friend; but often when too late discover the deception, and the force of its baneful influence. For innocence, like the playful squirrel, skipping from bough to bough, unmindful of its safety, discerns the beautiful speckled serpent, attempting to climb the tree, which affords her liberty, food, and shelter. Not mistrusting it for an enemy, it descends nearer, whilst the sly reptile rolls himself in a thousand different ways, the more to attract her notice. Sometimes it towers its head, fold above fold, shewing its glittering scales, and then again basking in the sun of prosperity, licks the dust, attempting, by devilish cunning, to bring his designed prey to the low level of his desires; till at length the poor animal, lured by deceitful appearances, having her head made giddy by them, drops into the extended jaws of the baneful snake, who exults in loud reproachful hisses, on the misfortune he had occasioned. Providence, my dear, has interposed, and snatched you from its ravenous jaws, to that Providence who inspired you with good inclinations, is owing your deliverance, from the dan-

gers you were surrounded with, and to the great Being let us raise our thoughts, never relying on our own strength, but attributing to him all the praise; and from him learn to forgive and pity our enemies. For do not those wretches, my dear, who are hardened by guilt, till awakened by their remorseless tyrant, a tyrant of their own creating, do not they call for our pity? and does not the repentant, the now generous lord Ormsby, merit our forgiveness? Well, I know that you join with me in rejoicing to see him sensible of his errors; for your mild temper, like virtue, is all gentleless, unless when in danger; never apt to condemn without mercy, avoiding censure, as the enemy, not the friend of your Sex. Some women there are who look on it as theirs; but how greatly are they mistaken, for by depreciating others they only sink themselves in the eyes of those persons, to whom they address their scandal: who, though they are sometimes pleased with the recital, yet they despise the mean relators. Far unlike these degraders is my dear Betsy; my fond heart that approves her conduct, dictates to my pen her praises. I know too, that from me they will be grateful. I should have set out immediately on receiving your letter, but the duty of the Sunday intervening prevented me. I am now quite easy, knowing you are well protected, and hope to be with you on Monday, when I shall fold in my arms my dear daughter, who has, for a number of years, enlivened by her cheerful duty the heart of her affectionate parent.

E———D NEVISON.

I will now suppose you acquainted with the contents, and like me admiring the writer, for a nobleness

nobleness of soul, in offering up his prayers for a man, from whose hands he had so lately received such an injury. What a god-like system is the christian religion, that teaches us to forgive our enemies: yet it is a hard lesson, but he certainly learnt of his great leader, to pray for them that had despitefully used him. You may be sure he shared our praises; they were such as the eyes of his darling shewed were his due. After we had sat near an hour, Lady Lucy told Miss Dalton, she would greatly oblige her in recounting her first acquaintance with Lord Ormsby; and the manner of her detecting him; not to give you uneasiness, my dear, for if the remembrance pains you, I beg, said she, you will not think of satisfying my curiosity.—Miss Dalton answered, that it was what she had intended, but was too weak at our first visit to attempt it, and would have immediately begun, but we both desired her to defer it, till she had eat something for her dinner, nor could she prevail on us to leave her; so we all dined in a small apartment adjoining to hers, which serves her for a dressing room. As soon as the things were removed, and the servant had left us, I will not, said she, trespass, Lady Lucy, on yours and Miss Hamilton's patience, you are acquainted with Lord Ormsby's deception: till my arrival at this house, except that my mother desired me to delay our marriage for some months on account of her health, and other reasons which she would one day acquaint me with; to those reasons I am yet a stranger. In obedience to her commands I set out to attend her; Mr. Beaumont begged leave to accompany me, which was not refused him; his conversation, as we pursued our journey, seemed less serious than usual, and had in it something of a flighty turn, though very respectful.

spectful. As I thought it was put on to dissipate the uneasiness I felt on account of my mother's illness, though I severely checked him, it gave me not the concern I felt the next day, when he spoke of the sacred rites of marriage, in such a manner as made me tremble. I immediately discovered to him my resentment, insisting on his seeing me no more. He then endeavoured to convince me, that what I had just heard escape him, was only the opinions of men, whose principles he abhorred, which he had repeated that he might hear them censured by me as they deserved. I said, if this is really your way of thinking, I am again happy. He protested it was. And I endeavoured as much as lay in my power, to banish from my thoughts what had passed. The day following, as we were walking in a meadow near the house, a servant that I had never before seen, delivered Mr. Beaumont a letter. His countenance turned pale as he read it; which when he had done, my dear Betsy, said he, I must leave you for a few days; this paper calls me from you, but make yourself easy, you must and shall be happy. I was greatly affected by his words, and a tear stole from me; I never can, said I, unless you are so. Might I not be made acquainted with the cause of this sudden dejection? Whether he had stole the sudden infection from my eyes, I know not, but his betrayed the same weakness. A friend, he reply'd, that I love better than myself, lies at the point of death, and has requested me to hasten to him. After this, though his presence was dear to me, I did not attempt to detain him. I never loved him so much as at this moment; the concern he had shewn for his friend endeared him to me. I revolved in my mind the satisfaction I should enjoy with such a companion, forming

forming a thousand agreeable schemes, which were soon, very soon to be destroyed. Thus, my dear Lady Lucy, are the chearful mornings of our days, often obscured by envious vapours: and our bright and flattering hopes prove delusions, that are sometimes fatal to those that raise them.—The gloomy clouds of despondency, full of horror, surround us, and we are just sinking into the graves ready to receive us—when lo! the hand of heaven snatches us from the jaws of death, and the sun of righteousness breaking through the gloom again, enlivens the face of nature, at whose presence the clouds of discontent fleet away, and we again enjoy those blessings so long hid from us.—Excuse, my dear ladies, this little digression from my narrative; gratitude prompted it, and still leads me on to repeat my thanks to my dear protectresses, those angels commissioned to save me from an early death; which sorrow, deep-rooted sorrow had near affected. But I will now make you acquainted with the motive that occasioned it.—On my entering the house, I met at the door Mrs. Rogers, the person my mother mentioned in her letter as her friend, and in that character I thought she treated me with too much deference. She asked, if I had finished my walk? Yes, Mrs. Rogers, I replied, as Mr. Beaumont is gone, I will retire to my closet, and write my grand father word of my safe arrival; but will not close my letter, as I hope in the afternoon to give him the satisfaction of my mother's also. I went immediately up stairs and sat down to write, but wanting something from my writing box, and recollecting it was in a small breakfast room adjoining to another parlour, I went to fetch it. I believe I stepped but lightly, as it did not disturb two people, deep in conversation in
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the inner room. At first I was going to run out, thinking Mr. Beaumont was returned, but hearing the name of Lord Ormsby (a name I was then unacquainted with) pronounced by a person, whose voice I did not immediately recollect; and imagining it to be an acquaintance of Mrs. Rogers, was returning to my chamber, when I heard her say that his lordship had just left me, and was proceeding to town, on account of the Earl's illness. This gave me a confused notion of I know not what; none but Mr. Beaumont had seen me since I came to this place; Mr. Beaumont could not be Lord Ormsby. Such a supposition almost deprived me of my senses, yet uncertainty was to me dreadful; and as I knew I could not come at the truth by any other means, I laid a constraint on my rising passion, and attentively listened to them. But what were the agitations of my mind, when I discovered the stranger's voice to be Lord Edgmore's? Well might I shudder; what virtuous mind could avoid it, when knowing she was in the power of the vilest of men! My doubts were soon confirmed in dreadful certainty, by his asking that infamous woman if I had yet discovered Mr. Beaumont to be Lord Ormsby. This question threw me into a violent shiver; I held my handkerchief to my mouth, to prevent them from hearing the noise my teeth made. Never did I so much dread fainting as at this moment. Luckily for me I had my hartshorn in my pocket; after applying it to my temples the shiver left me. The next thing I heard distinctly, was the letter that Lord Ormsby had just received (for I must now call him by that name, since no longer Mr. Beaumont) came from your Ladyship. This illness of the Earl, continued Lord Edgmore, happens devilish unlucky; had he remained in health
one

one week longer, my revenge would have been compleat, which cannot be without this girl's ruin.—But, my Lord, said the wretch, I am surprized you can part with so fine a creature to another; I thought your Lordship's friendships were never carried to so great a length. No, Rogers, he reply'd, I am the same as ever; your master varies not, only circumstances differ. Nevilson I mortally hate, as by his means I was deprived of Nancy Belmour; and the old fellow had made me appear so like the devil he preached about, that I found it impracticable to get Miss Dalton for myself. Then where could I think of such another as Lord Ormsby, whose character is the fairest of our nobility; and nothing but such a woman could bring him down to our standard? Yet if he now raises any more scruples of pursuing his schemes, and you suspect his designs are honourable, directly acquaint me with it; and a chaise shall convey you and your prisoner (for such she then will be) to my house in the north. So one way or other my revenge must be compleated. —Hartshorn was now of no farther use; this last shock was not to be supported: I fell senseless on the floor. When returned to life, I found myself in bed with the most abandoned of women sitting by me. The sight of her added to my frenzy; I rav'd, called on Lord Ormsby, exclaimed I was a poor undone creature. She try'd to sooth me; this the more encreased my distraction. I pushed her from me; go, go, said I, shame to thy sex, go to thy vile employer, tell him he is now reveng'd. She told me she would not send to Lord Ormsby, and without waiting for my reply hastened out of the room. I started with horror at his name, huddled on my cloaths, determined to fly far from him, and from those
who

who had almost brought him on a level with themselves. I hastened to the stairs, not knowing where my wild apprehensions would carry me. While trembling that I could scarce stand, I heard her behind me desiring me to stop; I quickened my pace, and my foot slipping on the first stair, I came instantly to the bottom. I thought I had broke every bone, and suffered them to carry me quietly back to my room. A physician and surgeon were immediately sent for; the latter declared I had not received any injury from the fall, except some bruises. What I had so lately heard, and what I then endured, made me incapable of speaking. Indeed I thought myself dying; and lifted up my heart to God in grateful thankfulness, that as such snares were laid for me, he was graciously going to take me to himself. The stupor I then lay in was followed by a fever, which, I believe the physician imagined dangerous. Rogers acquainted (as I suppose) Lord Ormsby with it; for the next morning I received a letter from him full of the deepest contrition; declaring if I died, he should look on himself as my murderer; and to convince me he was sincere, informed me of what I before too well knew, that Rogers was a vile woman hired by him for the vilest of purposes. That he had on his arrival discharged her, and taken in her room a worthy good woman. That he was then at a little distance anxiously waiting each minute to hear of my health. And begged me for the sake of my reputation, which was now dear to him, not to contradict what he had said to those people about me, of my being his relation. But how much satisfaction did I receive in the succeeding letter, which informed me I should be honoured with your Ladyship's presence:

presence: that at once convinced me of your goodness, and his Lordship's sincerity, by making you acquainted with the whole—My dear girl, said Lady Lucy, though I have not interrupted you, to say how much I have felt on the recital of your distress; yet believe me, it has been great, I can hardly bear the thought, that my brother, notwithstanding I have already forgiven him, was an instrument of revenge in the hands of the vile Lord Edgmore. But Juliet, said her Ladyship, while our attention has been thus engaged, we have not observed the approaching evening; I fear Miss Dalton's spirits have been too much exhausted; besides, I am horribly afraid of these gentlemen, who claim the roads by no laws, but the force of arms; and I know you have not a sufficient stock of courage, on an occasion of meeting them, to afford me a supply. I reply'd, that an opportunity had never offered for my shewing it, and I could not answer for myself. For before we are in danger, we know not what strength we are endowed with: for many a man in the day of battle is at first shocked at the sight of those armies before him, and would give all he is possessed of to quit the field; yet necessitated to fight, the fear of death pushes him on, and makes him a hero. So, Lady Lucy, by the same principles, we might as well be heroines—Being informed the chariot was at the door, we took a most affectionate leave of Miss Dalton, first making her promise to write often. On the road, her Ladyship expressed her concern, that Lord Ormsby might resent the injuries he had received from Lord Edgmore; for which reason, said she, I will conceal as much of his black designs as is in my power.—I had almost forgot to tell you, that Miss Dalton has, but in the politest terms, refused

to see Lord Ormsby; yet it is Lady Lucy's opinion, as well as mine, that her brother can never think of any other woman.—O Juliet, said she, advise me how to preserve the heart of my brother, and not distress that of my father. Indeed, my friend, I cannot bear to see either unhappy. I answered, as she so obligingly called for my advice, I would give it frankly, in telling her I thought it would be very wrong, ever to make the Earl acquainted with any thing relative to this affair; as it might be productive of very bad consequences. That of undoubtedly having an alliance proposed to him, would not be the least, which I saw no probability of Lord Ormsby's accepting. In that case, it would be only encreasing his difficulties, without any advantage accruing from it.—Right, Juliet, said her ladyship, it was but yesterday that my father mentioned the alteration so visible in my brother; and begged me to tell him if I knew the cause; at the same time declaring he would remove it, if it lay in the power of his fortune. This kind assurance almost tempted me to reveal his secret, thinking this a favourable opportunity; but while I was hesitating, Come, Lucy, said my father, tell me, has my son been unlucky at Newmarket? Or perhaps, continued he, he has lost more at Arthur's than he thinks consistent with prudence? These are follies, my dear, but we must not let him suffer; for then instead of reclaiming, it would only make him desperate.—I could not bear to have my father suppose he had been guilty of that vice; and assured him I knew my brother never play'd high, and that I had heard him condemn those who risked their fortunes on the chance of the die, the length of a straw, or the swiftness of a horse.—But, continued the Earl, what am I to think? Surely my son has
not

not engaged his heart to a person unworthy of him; he knows how desirous I am of seeing him settled; had it been his equal, he would have given me the pleasure I have so long wished for; If the contrary, I hope I shall never be acquainted with it, as it will pain me to refuse what I am determined never to grant.—This, said her Ladyship, made me to drop my first intention; beginning to think my father had some intelligence of the affair. And I believe I looked a little silly, whilst I only said I imagined my brother's reverence for him, would not let him dispute his will.—I doubt it not, said my father, and shall be quite easy if I see him so. But I fancy your Ladyship (looking at me) is in the secret.—My dear Lord, reply'd I—Indeed, indeed (he kindly held his hand before my mouth) you shall not disclose it, my Lucy; could it give me pleasure, I am sure you would be the first in communicating it; and, if the contrary, why should I desire to destroy the happiness I now enjoy?—Such a father! O my Juliet, heaven grant his peace may never be disturbed.—Thus did we dwell on this subject till our arrival in town. Lord Ormsby is greatly concerned that Miss Dalton will not see him, yet he owns her resentment is just.—We shall set out for Audley Castle in ten days, when I shall see those ladies who have taken up so much of our attention; and in admiring whom you have joined with your

JULIET HAMILTON.

In continuation.

YOU have by this time my Charlotte with you, so I will suppose I am writing to both. It is now a week since Mrs. Johnson returned. Mr. Nevison came to R—— the Monday evening; he had travelled all the Sunday night; his impatience to see his daughter not suffering him to think of his fatigue: and being chear'd by her sight, he was enabled to pursue his journey home with her the next morning. Mrs. Johnson told us she never saw so affecting a scene as their meeting.—Lady Lucy has just left me;—always writing, Juliet, said she, as she entered.—Indeed, my dear Lucy, I have got into such a knack of scribbling, that on sitting down to my table, the pen stole imperceptibly into my fingers, and proved the force of custom.—A very good one, replied her Ladyship, as it entertains your friends. And see, I have brought you an employment in transcribing those letters for them.—What, said I, from our dear girl? The very same, she answered; a messenger has this moment brought them; I give you leave to love her, because you cannot avoid it; but be cautious how you say too much of the old gentleman, as I am his professed admirer. If you bestow on him those praises which are his due, I shall certainly be jealous. I am now going to seek my brother, to try if I can prevail on him to grant her request.—So saying she left me. As I send the inclosed copies, I shall not make this letter longer; but go to her Ladyship to know if she has succeeded, and to get for you her answer to Miss Dalton's letter.—We set
for

for Audley Castle in three days, when you shall soon again hear from your

JULIET HAMILTON.

Miss DALTON to Lady LUCY WALTON.

Madam,

YOU will see by the inclosed letters, that your noble brother has descended from his exalted rank, by offering to lift me to a station equal to that of my honoured protectress. The arguments I have used, will, I hope prevail on him to desist from seeing me; for I will not, if I can avoid it, lessen myself in your Ladyship's eyes, by permitting his Lordship's visits. Assure him, my dear Lady Lucy, that my resolutions are unalterably fixed; but that my heart acknowledges his generosity, and rejoices to see him restored to himself, and to those minds where virtue always resides. My dear parent, by his anxious tenderness, has almost dispersed the sickly languor on my countenance; it now visibly gives way to returning health. Blest with chearfulness, enlivened by your friendship, an honour you bid me aspire to, whose healing influence I have already felt, I shall soon enjoy the sweets of calm retirement,

The world forgetting, by the world forgot.

All I now wish is the continuation of your Ladyship's esteem; and that heaven would prolong to me the life of that excellent man, who with unwearied care, has shewn me the dangerous

ous paths of youth, and pointed out the way to happiness. Where, tho' thorns often hurt the feet, and sometimes strike into the bosom, yet the charming and unbounded prospect before me, has helped to lessen the transitory pain I have felt. The path, which at my first entrance appeared rugged, is made smooth by contentment. Serene joy beams from her eye, and in her conversation I experience true pleasure. Assured by my director that the obtaining this sweet companion depended entirely on myself: would not your Ladyship have blamed me, if I had not immediately turned all my uneasy thoughts out of doors, to make room for a guest that will enlighten my mind, and make that life easy, which I once thought doom'd to be unhappy?—I have already taken up so much of your Ladyship's attention, that I will not now longer presume on it; only whilst I beg you to believe my heart full of the most grateful sentiments, which shall always be retained so long as life is lent to, honoured Madam,

Your obliged humble servant,

C. DALTON.

Lord ORMSBY to Miss DALTON.

NOT daring, Madam, to intrude myself into your presence, suffer this paper to appear before you; my pen shall obey the dictates of my heart; O believe that heart now free from guilt, and in love with virtue! 'Tis you then I must still love, for you, like heaven, can forgive my bad intentions. My sister, dearer to me than ever, tells me you do. Convinced that titles and splendor are in your opinion lightly weighed, I
will

will not throw them into the scale with the request I am going to make. Methinks I already see my crimes sinking to the ground, while all I can do to ballance them appears like the gay bubble on the surface of the water. Stop, wretch, and wonder at thy presumption! how canst thou expect a reward where a punishment is so greatly merited! O Madam, that I could hope you would look down on the miserable writer of this letter, unworthy your esteem, though once blest with it; and be united to him by those bands never to be divided. If you can prevail on yourself to assent to this proposal, a proposal on which all my views of happiness depend; then will you put it in my power partly to atone for my offence; which shall be the whole study of my future life: and in forming my conduct by your example, the force of that goodness I have attempted to injure, will be more conspicuous. I write to your good Mr. Nevison, by this messenger, to beg his pardon for the pain I have given him, further presuming to hope I shall obtain it; for is he not commissioned from heaven to bestow it on the repentant? Could I but recal those schemes, which have darkened all my bright prospects, then would I gild them with the hopes of an answer favourable to my wishes, which would compleat the felicity of yours eternally,

ORMSBY.

Miss DALTON to Lord ORMSBY.

YOUR Lordship's generous proposal demands my thanks; those joined with my esteem are in your possession; but never will I,
by

by black ingratitude, convince your amiable sister, that the person on whom she lavished her tenderness, was unworthy of it. Consider, my Lord, what you owe yourself, your noble father, and your exalted rank; a rank that it would be the highest presumption in the daughter of a dependant to aspire to. The former errors in your Lordship's conduct, are only like spots in the sun that soon disappeared; but should I accept your hand, a cloud of oblivion would be cast over your brightest actions, and your generosity would be called a weakness. Contented in my retirement, and honoured with the friendship of Lady Lucy, I want no other addition to my happiness, than to hear you had chosen from the nobility, a Lady remarkable for every beauty of mind and person: what great satisfaction will it then give the Earl to behold her strengthening by her rectitude of manners those principles of honour he early taught you: and then will I congratulate myself, for being the occasion of calling forth those virtues to public view.—Let your reason, my Lord prevail, it will tell you I am unfit to move in the high sphere where you would place me. In the humble station I am determined to remain in, your Lordship shall always have the good wishes and prayers of your sincere friend, and obliged humble servant,

C. DALTON.

Lord ORMSBY to Miss DALTON.

ALL my happiness is now vanished, and I am no longer worthy your notice. But O! forgive me, if I once more, though contrary to your

your commands, attempt seeing the arbitratress of my fate. Like a drowning wretch, I implore your hand to save me; for it is only in the power of Miss Dalton to rescue me from those thoughts, that are enemies to my repose, and will effectually swallow up my peace, if she refuses her assistance. If you hated not the once happy Beaumont, why will you not consent to let the repentant Ormsby expiate his offence, and reinstate himself in your esteem? 'Tis you, Madam, that must be the friendly star to guide me on my way; and by its influence, and sweet benignity, I shall then pursue a steady unerring course. But if deprived of its rays, I shall again wander dark and bewildered, let your generosity extend itself still further than to my forgiveness, and accept the hand of the unworthy injurer, who will study to merit so valuable a gift. Listen, generous, excellent woman, to my earnest petition; let me repeatedly entreat you to view me in the repentant light I now stand, and confer on me the highest obligation, by permitting me to visit the only person in the world capable of reviving in me those sentiments, which were first inculcated into my mind by the best of fathers. Yet I own to you, Madam, that his sanction will be wanting to our union, which I cannot acquaint him with; knowing he will raise obstacles to retard it. But when you are irrevocably mine, he will be convinced that my choice has not in the least diminished antient nobility, but added lustre to it. I have ten thousand things to say, that will add weight to these already said. Consider, Madam, that in your power and disposal is my happiness or misery; confirm the first by your acquiescence,
and

and for ever banish the latter, then you will always find me your grateful

ORMSBY.

Mr. NEVISON to Lord ORMSBY.

NOW do I behold your Lordship, like one who has long lost his friend, thinking him dead, and again sees him restored to life. You have, my Lord, repented of your faults, which has enriched the soil of your mind; and instead of baneful weeds, the fairest flowers will spring from it. Yes, my Lord, the manner of confessing your errors, has discovered to me every virtue that had been choaked by them. Blushingly do they rear their heads with virtuous pride, ashamed of their former companions! O suffer them not again to take root in a soul given you for the noblest purposes!—I own your Lordship's combat hard. Your foes were powerful. Your passions strengthened by youth, custom, and the snares laid to entrap you, by those who glory in their converts to wickedness, required heroic courage to conquer. The conquest so difficult, how much then is the merit? Remember, my Lord, that you have given an old man leave to prate; and old men are naturally talkative. Tho' I am not qualified for the office of a dictator, yet, as you have conferred it on me in calling for my advice, you shall freely have it. But I am afraid, that like an unskilful surgeon, I shall make your wounds bleed afresh; when perhaps lenitives would effect a cure, without the pain a caustic occasions. But as this last method generally prevents a mortification, suffer me to use it. As a
mortification

mortification of the mind seldom stops till it has seized every vital, and rendered the whole insensible; it begins by opposing evident truths, and when once driven on an absurdity, it is not easy to alter its opinion; for deaf to reason, and blinded by sophistry, it obstinately defends contradictions, and calls the banishment of shame and modesty strength of mind. Such a disease of the mind is past cure, and is too of so black a nature, and so communicative, that whoever approaches near, runs the danger of infection. This companion is Lord Edgmore, whom your Lordship once made your oracle; which like that of Delphi, never told truth, unless to assist his vile designs. Actuated by a principle of revenge towards me, he artfully search'd into your soul, and having there discovered your love for my daughter, thought her ruin and mine certain; by inculcating into it those pernicious principles which your passions coincided with. They were at that time wild and savage. You could not then relish the beauties of the sacred writings, or the precepts they convey. Now, my Lord, let your good resolutions be enforced by these heavenly guides, and be no more misled by the faint glimmerings of philosophy. I know that when your Lordship looks back on some parts of your former conduct, you will shudder at yourself; and abhor the thoughts of the complicated misery you must have occasioned, had your scheme succeeded. Some men there are, whose unfeeling hearts can behold distress without being softened by it. Your Lordship has convinced me, that yours is susceptible of the most refined sentiments, when you permit reflection to prevail over passion. Assure yourself, my Lord, that I sincerely forgive the injury you intended me, which it pains me to mention; but I

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thought

thought it necessary, as without it I could not expose the character of the bad man, whom you called friend; but as much incapable of being a true one, as the burning sands of Africa are of fertility. Fly, my Lord, fly from such deceivers, and be not again misled by an ignis fatuus. I will pray heaven to strengthen your growing virtue, and bring it to maturity. But while I admire the noble manner of confessing your errors, I must condemn your generosity, in offering to rank my daughter with nobility. Reflect, my Lord, what pain you would give your father by such a step; the undiscerning world would call her former conduct, when known, artful, and the mouth of common fame throw the vilest odiums on both your characters. Your reason, my Lord, must agree with our sentiments which are definitive. These objections against the honour you intend us, never can be removed. Therefore your Lordship will pardon me for declining it, and I hope will believe to be highly sensible of the obligation you would confer on your Lordship's sincere friend, and obliged humble servant,

———— NEVISON.

Lady LUCY WALTON to Miss DALTON.

HOW, my dear charming girl, can I blame my brother for his perseverance, when the object before him, is so worthy his pursuit. I have just now shewn him your letter, and heard all his arguments against your fixed resolutions. I must join with him in saying you are a jewel fit for the crown of a Prince. Could I prevail on
my

my Father to consent that Lord Ormsby should wear it next his heart, my most ardent petitions should not be wanting: but since the Earl is unacquainted with your value, and must remain a stranger to the occasion of my introduction to you, as my brother's faulty conduct, if justly exposed, would irritate him, and perhaps drive his now darling son from his presence; this considered by me, I have absolutely forbid him from disturbing your returning quiet, having, you know, received a commission to regulate his behaviour in this affair: an affair in which, not only his own happiness, but that of so many individuals is concerned. I will not pain you by recounting how much his Lordship said, to make me retract my harsh, cruel command, as he call'd it; I tell him that he must endeavour to merit your forgiveness by a chearful acquiescence in your inclinations. Did I imagine, he said, that you would honour him with your preference, if fortune should put it into his power, to call you his, he was determined never to marry, if you denied him your hand. He hoped a favourable opportunity of communicating your worth to the Earl; that, since he must suffer by painful suspense, yet he should be content to be the only sufferer, sincerely congratulating his dear Miss Dalton, on her returning health and tranquillity; which he, by his vile arts, so barbarously disturbed. He never spares himself on the occasion that discovered to me your merit; and by turning self-accuser, I own has disarmed my resentment, and softened it into pity.—How unworthy, my dear, should I be of your friendship, could the incident of high birth make me forget your shining example, for is it not virtue that ennobles, and is not vice, tho' dressed in gold and jewels, contemptible?—Miss Hamilton,

who is also your admirer, is prevailed on to accompany me in a visit to Lady Frances Worthley at Audley Castle. Your letters will find us there, as we propose setting out for that place on Thursday next. That content, your sweet companion, may long be an inmate of your bosom, is the sincere wish of her, who styles herself your affectionate friend,

LUCY WALTON.

After Lady Lucy and Miss Hamilton got down to Audley Castle, several letters between the latter and Miss Wentworth are omitted, as being of little consequence.

Miss HAMILTON to Miss WENTWORTH.

I HAVE already told my dear Harriot, how much we have been employed in receiving and paying visits to the neighbouring families, which are here very numerous.—Audley Castle is like the mind of its owner, noble and elegant; nature has here diffused her various beauties with a bounteous hand; which mingled with the nice touches of art, afford the most delightful ideas. This magnificent edifice overlooks a wide circuit, that it seems to awe. At the entrance into the avenue, you see it, at the distance of three miles, placed on an eminence, with a gradual ascent; the park, in which it stands, is the largest in England, and the plantations are so well disposed, and have such an appearance of grandeur, that you immediately own their excellency. A fine river winds its way through the green verdure; herds of spotted deer roving about, or lying on the banks, fearless of

Ætæon's

Ætæon's fate. Here the eye may rove from one object to another, without danger of satiety; for, as you ascend, the prospect widens to a vast extent; and the lavish hills almost touch the clouds; those that are not so ambitious, are adorned with the seats of the nobility, and gentry, enriched with agriculture and smiling plenty.—A navigable arm of the sea reaches almost to the foot of the castle, where stands a small town, and a venerable old abbey in nodding ruins. On the opposite shore, is an alabaster rock of a surprising height; that has suffered much by time, who with his iron tooth, has broken down large pieces, and has gnawed others so much, that they look as if hung in the air by a needle's point. I am so great an admirer of natural curiosities, that I could not restrain my desire of venturing near, to examine this. The sun shone full on it, and gave so fine a lustre to the different colours, that my attention was so much taken up, I never once thought of retiring, till Lady Frances, and Lady Lucy reminded me, that we had spent two hours there, and should soon be surrounded by the tide, if we did not retreat to our boat.—I will now lead you to a wood, on the left hand of the castle, sacred to Contemplation; who is placed at the entrance of it. Wisdom stands by her side, Folly is running away from them, stopping his ears. These three figures are well executed. The river meandering through the park, rises at this place; it is remarkably clear, and though its origin appears only like a weeping rock, yet it widens, as it flows, to a vast expansion, and sometimes rushes through broken arches, placed on purpose, to shew, that, like Virtue, it could make a way through difficulties, and discover a proper resentment, when obstructed; but soon again subsides

into its native calm. The walks on the banks, and the venerable trees, which here often unite their branches to form a shade for the lovers of solitude, inspire you with thoughts, which none but those who would wish to fly from themselves will avoid. In a corner of the wood is a Druid's temple, composed of the roots of trees, and in the center of it a fine painting of the Druid, with a golden knife in his hand, extended to gather the sacred mistletoe, attended by the bards, singing the praises of their gods. This, and a hermitage, are the only buildings formed by hands. How would you, my dear Harriot, who are so fond of retirement, enjoy this charming solitude! No more will I attempt to laugh you out of your romantic notions, as I used to call them; for, if I continue here much longer, I am afraid, that like our first parents, I shall, with unwilling feet and averted face, quit this paradise. On looking over what I have written, my wanderings have surprised me! at my first setting out, I only proposed leading you to the castle, and I find that I have carried you over hills, and through vales, and placed you under a huge rock; but looking up, seeing danger whirling a fragment of it at my head, I fled from it, conveying you to this wood. If you are not yet tired, I shall direct your steps to the castle; but as I am not an architect, I cannot tell you of how many orders it is composed. It is allowed by proper judges to be a masterly building; and calculated for magnificence. The sides of the hill on which it stands, are planted with a variety of shrubs and vines, and from the windows you command prospects the most delightful. The furniture of lady Frances's dressing-room, is entirely her own work, in which fancy seems exhausted. The flowers of her creating al-
most

most equal the originals. A noble collection of pictures adorns every room; but knowing you are already acquainted with the characters of the chief ornaments of this house, and as I cannot find words expressive of their actions, which are noble, uniform and beneficent, I close this letter, enjoying the pleasing reflection, that power and goodness are in them united. Now, Harriot, say for once, that I am not unmindful of my promise. I expect to be rewarded for my goodness, with another long letter, which will give the highest satisfaction to Your

JULIET HAMILTON.

In continuation.

I This morning arose before the sun, my eye now follows him over the hills, while the birds celebrate his approach with their soul-felt harmony. My spirits too are exhilarated with that bright object who unfolds to us the beauties of the creation; and I cannot help condemning myself, and all those who often suffer dull sleep to invade their senses, and rob them of such pleasing meditations. The rosy-finger'd morn, unbarring the gates of light, so charmingly described by Milton, appeared in all her glory; and I stood an hour at my window, an admiring spectator. Though I have taken up my pen, to fulfil the pleasing task you have enjoin'd me; yet I every minute lay it down, to snatch a look at the gay Aurora; who, having ting'd the clouds with purple and gold, is just leaving us, to make room for the brighter sun, who, by slow degrees, draws up the curtain of night, and exposes to me stately edifices, glittering spires, scatter'd villages, and humble hamlets,

to which, perhaps, its beams are more welcome, than to the houses of the great, where it is too often shut out by luxury; a guest much courted, and the foe of health.—At present she is my friend, and the blithe milk-maid cannot boast more of her favours.—We are this day to dine under the large rock mentioned in my last, for which purpose a magnificent tent is pitched, a band of music provided, and a large yacht of his lordship's, finely ornamented, waits to carry us to it. Several neighbouring families are to breakfast here, and be of our party. The morning had slid away so agreeably that I had not perceived how the hours wasted, till two chariots, which are this instant driving up the avenue, put me in mind that it must be late. The first is lady Mary Frampton's, the once supposed rival, but always intimate friend, of lady Frances Worthley, to say which is, to pronounce her mistress of numberless good qualities. The next, by the shewy liveries, I discern to be Mr. Wilton's, a gentleman who has acquired a vast estate in the East Indies. On his return to England, he married a pretty woman, of small fortune; who, whilst Miss Jones, was generally esteemed, but that esteem she has now lost, by a behaviour quite opposite to her former. Instead of that amiable humility, for which she was once distinguished, she has convinced all her former acquaintance of her imagined superiority over them, by airs of distance, and throwing off the mask, has discovered what they took for humility, to be a meanness of soul, that could not bear with equality the smiles and frowns of fortune. She, the other day, met with a severe mortification, to that pride, which employs every movement of her mind and body. We chanced to meet her at Lord E——'s where was Miss Nevil,

Nevil, a young lady that, when her fortunes were low, honoured her with her friendship; but, on finding that Mrs. Wilson had caught the reigning foible, the loss of memory, not being able to recollect her former acquaintance, unless they were people of rank, she declined giving her any opportunities of exercising her insolence on herself. While Mrs. Wilson, of a mean family, and without any expectations, was raised suddenly to affluence, Miss Nevil, though well born, had experienced all the painful vicissitudes of fortune, her father having sunk great part of his estate at Arthur's. Lady E——, whose delightful character you are not unacquainted with, is become her patroness, since which, her good sense and sprightly wit, have recommended her to a gentleman of this neighbourhood; who has overlooked the want of fortune, where he could see none of merit. Mrs. Wilson had been intimate with her, when prosperity glided all her days; but, having entertained an opinion, that adversity was a great debaser, thought Miss Nevil now sunk by it, even below her notice; the advantages of birth, generosity and merit, were all disregarded by this mean leveller. And when ever chance brought them together, she would stare confidently at her, as if uncertain whether she had ever before seen the person, whom she once prided herself in calling friend. Then with half averted face, and a contemptuous silence, would, perhaps, vouchsafe her the honour of a distant curtesy. Miss Nevil's discernment soon discovered the despicable motive, from whence this behaviour proceeded; which was too low to give her concern. It is true, she had once flattered herself, that in Mrs. Wilson's house she should find a safe asylum, till her father's affairs could be settled; but now thanked her stars, that they

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had

had not placed her in the power of an insulter. Lady E——, the protectress of all the unprotected, that fall under her observation, hearing of the difficulties, in which her father's vices had involved her; immediately gave her so genteel an invitation, as might almost make the obliged think herself the obliger; and now treats her with the same affection, as her own daughters. Mrs. Wilton, fond of being seen with people of distinction, and hearing her ladyship was in Sussex, instantly made her a visit. Lady Frances, Lady Lucy, and myself, had been seated but a few minutes, when she entered with apparent surprize, which I soon observed was occasioned, by the presence of Miss Nevil; but recollecting, I suppose, that she must be in a state of dependence, and regulating her behaviour according to the noble plan she had laid down, that vanished, and a fashionable sneer took its place, which did not pass unobserved, and the person for whom it was designed, determined, as she afterwards told me, not to let slip a favourable opportunity of holding up a mirror to her follies. One soon offered, which was readily laid hold on by that young lady. As the satire pleased me, I will try to recollect it. The great respect and affectionate behaviour of Lady E——, with the assiduities paid her by the honourable Mrs. Hilton, soon awakened Mrs. Wilton's curiosity, which she sent out as a scout, and it brought intelligence from the lady who sat next her, that Miss Nevil was soon to be raised to a station of life, that would far outshine her own. Giving a few moments to thought, she rose from her chair, and advancing, began to apologize, with all the effrontery of one who thinks they confer an honour on those with whom they converse; imagining, no doubt, that her being a person of fashion, a very usual term, I must own, would

would authorize the most gross affronts. Miss Nevil, said she, will excuse my not having till this moment recollected her. I am immensely near-sighted, and cannot really discern any object across the room. Indeed, madam, smartly returned Miss Nevil, I condole with you on your new misfortune, frequently attended by a total deprivation of memory. When I had the pleasure of your acquaintance, you was then happy in both. The loss of them I must attribute to the great distance fortune has now placed between us. If we do not think it strange, that objects lessen, as they are removed farther from our notice, neither should Mrs. Wilson, when she knows her short-sightedness proceeds from the same common cause. Though mortified and confused at this severe reprimand, she seemed not to understand it, and reassumed her chair, first saying, she hoped for the pleasure of seeing her at Wilson-hall. But that she was stung to the quick, the sticks of her fan in loud cracks reported to the company, who all enjoyed her secret humiliation. I am just summoned to breakfast. As our coaches are waiting to carry us to the water immediately after it, I shall leave this letter unfinished, in order to let you know how we spend the day, that has broken on me so charmingly.

Where will this end! A messenger is just arrived from the Duke.—Sally tells me, his horse was rid so hard, that it dropped under him. Lord Henry appears concerned; Lady Frances is retired in tears to her apartment, Mrs. Worthley with her. His Lordship's travelling chariot ordered to be got ready. Well, I again repeat, where will all this end! The company only staid breakfast, finding our scheme would be dropped for that day.

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Just as I had wrote the last word, Lady Frances and Lady Lucy came to me; the former gave into my hand this letter, at least as near as I can recollect, which at once explained what had before appeared to me so mysterious.

“ Though my dear child has offended against
“ the duty she owes myself and her mother, yet
“ nature strongly pleads in our bosoms, and has
“ at last prevailed. I own we have been too severe, and ought sooner to have listened to its
“ pleadings. Now too am I punished for my ingratitude to my brother, in seeing the person’s
“ life, dearer to me than my own, endangered by
“ a disorder, generally fatal to those who dread
“ its effects. Your mother was a fortnight since
“ seized with the small-pox, and is not I fear out
“ of danger. Inexpressible, my dear Fanny is
“ my distress. Hasten then to relieve and console
“ by your presence, an afflicted, but

“ affectionate father.”

We proposed attending her ladyship to town; but by hers Mrs. Worthley’s and Lord Henry’s joint solicitations, have laid aside our intentions; and promised to stay here one fortnight longer. Poor Lady Frances was divided between her joy and grief, the former proceeding from the pleasing hope of being tenderly received by her parents, the latter from her Grace’s indisposition. Mrs. Worthley, at parting with her, fondly embraced her: it is now, said she, I feel the pain of separation. O thou reward of all my sufferings, how can I loose thee from my arms? Yet, as your affection is called for, to afford consolation to her Grace, that thought, together with the happy
reconcili-

reconciliation which now awaits you, shall be my comfort. Do not thus alarm yourself, my dear Lady Frances, — I see apprehension smile on your countenance; call to your assistance that fortitude, with which heaven has endowed you; and it will bear you through every trial sent by the same unerring hand. Lady Frances thanking her, promised she should never be absent from her thoughts. Lord Henry is gone with her to town; but intends returning in a day or two; so now are we all in full expectation of a letter from her Ladyship. I say we, because she has desired Mrs. Worthley to communicate to us every thing she writes. — We have been here three weeks, and have not yet found any fault with time; then why should it be considered as an enemy? when in our power to make it an immortal friend. Instead of that, our petit maitres are continually attempting to kill it, by wounding it with pick-tooths, snuff-boxes, and a thousand other trifles. I myself have often abused it, but always repented my offence; and, for the future, desire you will correct me, when I prove so ungrateful, being determined you shall know how times ambles, trots or gallops, with

Your

JULIET HAMILTON.

Lady FRANCES WORTHLEY, to Mrs. WORTHLEY.

I Write the first moment I leave my mother's apartment, to acquaint the person that stands in the same dear and tender light, and those amiable ladies now with her, that I am as happy as a daughter can be, who is in continual fear for
that

that life that was ever valuable to me, even when treated unkindly. How much must it be now heightened, when each word, each look, speaks the kind, the indulgent mother. With a heavy heart I left you; uncertainties are ever painful. My dear father's letter made me hope to be kindly received; yet, pleasing as this hope was, it did not compensate for the uneasiness I suffered at the thoughts of her Grace's indisposition, and the probability that I might arrive too late to receive her forgiveness. My uncle, who saw my concern, endeavoured to dispel it, by turning my thoughts on Mr. Worthley, painting to me the joy he would feel at the happy reconciliation. When thinking of him I imagined the chariot went not so slow, as I had often before complained it did. My uncle set me down at my father's, and then retired to Grosvenor-street; first saying, he hoped my spirits would support me, in the pleasing, yet painful task I had to go through. Such a damp that moment struck my heart, I could not speak; I took his dear hand, and held it to my lips; how long it would have remained there I know not, but on our stopping, a footman opened the door, and we were obliged to part, my uncle not choosing to see my father, till he knew whether his presence would be agreeable. A trembling seized me at alighting, and my feet would scarce support me to ascend the steps; I was even startled at seeing the knocker muffled, though, had I recollected, it is no more than what is usual in cases of sickness; but my spirits were tender, and then every little incident flutters. On entering the house, I asked for Mrs. Dalton, who hearing my voice, immediately came to me. All the resentment I had before borne her, vanished at the visible alteration in her countenance, so pale, so thin, so melancholy;

melancholy; to what could I attribute the change, but to her great regard for my mother, and the fatigue she must have undergone in her illness. She informed me, that her Grace had been in imminent danger, while the disorder was on the turn; but those symptoms they then feared, had now quite left her. This satisfactory account enabled me to support the presence of my father, who just then entered. I threw myself into his arms, which he had opened to receive me, and kissed his paternal lips, being emboldened to it, by hearing him repeatedly call me his dear, dear daughter. Fanny, said he, you have not yet received half our blessing; your mother longs impatiently to see you. I would have kneeled to thank him for his goodness; but he prevented me. O, replied I, how has my dear father, by his generous forgiveness, raised the depressed spirits of his child? We have all something, answered he, to be forgiven; for if you took a wrong step, not altogether consistent with your duty, we drove you to it, by forcing Lord Milford on your inclinations, when you declared how much they were averse from him. But I can now say with my whole heart, laying his revered hand on my head, may heaven shower its blessing on my daughter, and the person to whom her fate is joined. Do not you, my dear mother, feel for me, the force of this blessing? I know not how I was that moment, all transported with his goodness. Mr. Worthley being included in it, doubled my joy; the thanks I paid were incoherent, flowing so fast from my heart, that they almost choaked my utterance. He then led me to my mother's room. This interview, like the former, filled me with rapture: all was again repeated by her, my father's endearing blessing renewed, each striving which could shew the greatest marks of affection.

affection. Neither was my uncle forgotten; he was, they both said, the only one who had nothing in his conduct worthy of blame, and severely laid on all themselves, for their treatment of him. I interrupted their accusations; none, I said, had a greater share in his affections than themselves; that at the happy prospect of my being again received, he came to town with me, and a kind message from either would soon convince them how much, how tenderly he loved them. They were delighted; my father immediately ordered his chair, and went to Grosvenor street. My mother could talk of nothing but his Lordship, till my father returned, and introduced him to her: my generous uncle would suffer no thanks, no condescensions, to be paid him; and declared his brother had already expatiated too much on what had passed, and tenderly saluting each, he again begged all might be forgotten. — Thus, my Mrs. Worthley, thus, my other dear friends at the Castle, am I now possessed of all those hearts, I ever wished to gain; yet cannot my felicity be ascertained, until I see that person, by whom every pleasure is heightened, when divided with him; and whom I shall hasten to acquaint with those delightful views before us. That mine may not be darkened by the loss of him my soul holds dear, are the incessant prayers of your happy dutiful, and affectionate daughter,

FRANCES WORTHLEY.

P. S. My uncle will see you to-morrow, with Lord Ormsby.

Lady FRANCES WORTHLEY to Mrs. WORTHLEY.

YOU certainly, dear Madam, have been surprised at my silence for more than a week. Lord Henry, I knew, would tell you all that had passed before he left us, and then my mother is so fond of having me with her, and myself equally desirous of that honour, that I am scarcely a moment alone. Had I been always used to such tenderness, might I then have felt that transcendent pleasure it now brings me? Are not the greatest blessings often overlooked by a long continuance of them? For do we not generally express more joy at a fine day in the winter, than at the many months that roll on in a continual succession of them? and yet I hope I should not have been unthankful, had I been always so happy. My mother left her room yesterday; my father, I think, is, if possible, more fond of her than ever; and seems not to observe the least alteration in her person. You say, you fear for her, when she herself sees it, but you did not then know, that an equal change was wrought on her mind; and to convince you it is, I'll repeat to you her words, when the glass, by her own orders, was first brought her. Fanny, said she, looking on it, learn from me never to set a value on your outward form; all my life I have been employing my thoughts on mine, and observe how one short month has erased for ever, every real and imaginary beauty; yet, believe me, my dear, when I tell you, that in all the bloom of youth, I never beheld myself with such pleasure, as at this moment; seeing the grave where my former follies are buried.—Now, dear Mrs. Worthley, do those flowers in my mother's mind appear, which you one day remarked,
would

would certainly be the produce of so rich a soil. She has already made me relate to her the progress of the most sincere affection, that ever subsisted in the human breast; and, after I had finished, why, Fanny, said she, did I ever attempt to divide you from such merit? Was I not by this over-paid for my recital, and you, my dear Mrs. Worthley, have in my mother a new admirer? — Death yet hovers o'er this house, beckoning one that starts at his appearance. Mrs. Dalton, who has been constantly with my mother, during her late disorder, was seized four days since with the small-pox, notwithstanding her being convinced, as she thought, of her having before passed it. The eruptions are of the confluent kind, and attended with symptoms which leave no room for hope. My dear mother is really much concerned; the same physicians that were employed for herself, she still retains to attend this distressed woman, distressed indeed; she knows her danger, and that strengthens the disorder. I went to see her just before I sat down to write. Come not near me, Madam, said the poor creature, I am a wretch, unworthy this condescension, or your forgiveness. I assured her I did not recollect any offence towards me, but such as I could easily pardon. — O blessed sound! she replied, am I forgiven? Do you say I am forgiven? — Then staring up, she wrung her hands, and with wild vehemence cried out, O my good Lady — the Duke — Lady Caroline — they — they; — have mercy, heaven, hide — hide — my guilt. These words plainly indicated a delirium, and leaving her to the care of the nurse, I hastened from the room. Her father and daughter are already arrived, being sent for at her own desire. May she receive from them the consolation she seems to want. My mother has appointed

pointed an apartment for them, with proper attendance; that their sorrow might not be intruded on. Mr. Nevison, who appears to be a worthy man, will, I hope, make death put on the form of a messenger to convey her to happiness; not the frightful monster her hurried imagination has raised.—I am just now told she is certainly dying, and requests to see my mother. Going to attend her Grace on this sad office, I must drop my pen.—

I come from beholding approaching death in its most horrible shape. Methinks I hear in every sound a piercing groan, and still see the person who maintains so obstinate a conflict, with her conqueror. Violent convulsions succeed each other, and every minute threatens to deprive her of that life, she struggles to preserve.—I must write on to calm my spirits, they are shocked beyond imagination; what a dreadful mysterious scene have I just beheld!—How do the guilty tremble when near their dissolution! Mrs Dalton has been guilty of a crime towards my mother, but of what nature, must remain a secret, till providence, in its own proper time, brings it to light.—On our entering the room, she turned her eyes towards us with a look (I shall never forget it) frightfully eager. O Madam, says she, hear,—hear me confess my—crime,—my—guilt. But was again seized with convulsions. They did not last long; on my mother's going to her, she caught one of her hands, and cried with vehemence, Now—now—forgive—my—guilt; death—death—the power,—I suppose she meant that death would take from her the power of explaining the guilt she laboured under. Seeing her daughter, who was retired to the window, and wanting to implore some favour of my mother, she beckoned her forward, joined their hands, and pressed them together;

gether; her countenance that instant indicating returning reason. Never did I see her Grace so much affected; she even shed tears whilst she looked at Miss Dalton, who eagerly kissed the hand her mother had put into hers. — Her Grace was pleased with this amiable confidence, held her in her arms, and promised always to love her. Mrs. Dalton regarded them with silent rapture; we thought she had been speechless, but raising herself in the bed, she pronounced, though with great difficulty, *Lady* — and then a minute after *Nature*. — My mother whispered me, that she certainly meant to tell her, nature was making its last efforts. And observing that she made proper signs to every question asked; we left her to the care of Mr. Nevison, who waited in hopes of finding an opportunity of administering the last solemn office; and by sacred authority to calm the tumults of her disturbed soul.

Miss Dalton is a lovely girl, I intend to desire my mother who denies me nothing, to keep her with us, at least till her grief is a little subsided. O that she would consent to live entirely with me, but this I must not expect; and that I must not, strangely affects me. Had you ever seen her, Ladies, you would not be surprized at this prepossession. If my heart was not so full, I think I would describe her to you; but I am so fluttered, my spirits are in such continual agitation, something like expectation, I suppose, of poor Mrs. Dalton's death, prevents me from collecting my scattered thoughts. I wonder how the sweet creature will bear the loss of her mother. I am determined to lessen her grief by sharing it with her, without being violent; it was so melting, so pathetic, when she saw us about to leave the room, that we prevailed on her to retire with us; I would

would have taken her to my apartment, but her Grace seemed desirous she should go to hers, so I went with them, and we each led her by the hand. We had not been long together, when a second message was brought my mother, who, attended by Miss Dalton, has been with the poor departing suppliant, whilst I have scribbled thus far. Hush! I think I hear them coming this way. Do not my ears deceive me?—her Caroline—surely it is my mother's voice,—her dear Caroline again. O my beating heart!—what mean thy palpitations? Lie down, my pen. —

Yes, yes, she lives! she lives! all now is out, Mrs. Dalton has breathed her last; it was Lady Caroline, it was the force of *Nature*, she meant to have said. She has confessed it all, with dying repentant lips has she confessed it!—I fly once more to embrace my dearest sister,—how strange! how intricate! are the ways of Providence? I can write no more, let the inclosed, put into my mother's hand by Mrs. Dalton, just as she was expiring, speak for me, and tell my dear Mrs. Worthley, and all my dear friends with her, the charming, charming cause of the joy I this moment experience.

Mrs. DALTON to the Dutcheſs of —.

BEFORE your Grace will receive this, the writer of it will be no more; I am now going to give an account of all my crimes to that judge, who has, in this world, begun my punishment, by suffering my guilt to be my constant companion. That guilt I have often been attempting to atone for, by my sincere repentance; and by making a full discovery of my crime, with the motive that induced me to undertake it. But alas! the dread
of

of your Grace's displeasure, and the consequences of it, kept me from easing my heart of its intolerable burthen. — And now my pen trembles whilst I write that Lady Caroline still lives; she lives, an honour to you, an honour to your sex! concealed by me under a fictitious name, her noble birth shines out in obscurity. How will your Grace rejoice, at finding undoubted proofs of her being your daughter! At this thought, a gleam of comfort breaks in on my benighted soul, and I discern that your forgiveness, joined with my sincere repentance, will obtain the pardon of my heavenly Father. With this consolation, I can now proceed in tracing my guilt from its first origin, as every minute circumstance, when weighed, will enforce the truth. — At the time your Grace first took me into your service, my father had three other children, his income being then narrow, tho' he lived within its bounds, yet he often met with inconveniencies. This made both himself and my mother determine to place us in the world as soon as they could find proper opportunities. Taught by their examples and precepts, I received a good education at sixteen, and was often praised for my prudence, and accomplishments. One day, my father returning from Lady L—— (his present patroness) told me, that her Ladyship would recommend me to serve your Grace if I approved it, I assented, and soon prepared myself to attend her commands. She carried me to you; your Grace liked me, and I from that moment waited on your person, continually receiving marks of your favour; how I have abused that favour will soon appear. Your Grace discovered in me a taste for dress, and seemed delighted with it. In short, I grew vain, was giddy with applause, and admired the charms of grandeur. The neglect of those
worthy

worthy parents, whose chief pleasure consisted in seeing their children humble and virtuous, now followed. My father was born to affluence, but lost it by unavoidable misfortunes. But the greatest blow his heart ever received, was my marrying meanly; for, from among the number of those that flattered my vanity, I chose the most unworthy. — Your Grace still retained me in your service. When with child, and near the time of my delivery, I removed to lodgings, but by your Grace's desire returned to suckle Lady Caroline, who was born six weeks after the birth of my own child whom I christened Elizabeth. The air of London not agreeing with her Ladyship, I was ordered to take both the children to one of the Duke's seats in Norfolk. That air soon restored Lady Caroline to health, and from your Grace's foibles sprung the detestable thought I then began to entertain. No longer can I flatter them; and, O madam, let your eyes no more deceive your senses, or think your children your rivals: a total neglect of them is the source of my crimes; actuated by ambition I gave it full scope. It represented to me the probability of imposing my child on you; such a mother as yourself, who had never seen your own, but once from its birth, would not discern the changling. The advantages I should gain by it must be great. I had an inexpressible fondness for my daughter; I knew I should be placed in the same house with her; I knew too that when she arrived at a proper age, I could confide the secret to her, which for her own sake she would inviolably keep: whilst I should, unperceived, share in her grandeur and duty. The temptation was too great for my resistance. My father, who had received a considerable addition to his income, Lady L—— having presented him with a living, and imagined that I was incapable, thro' my late husband's
extra-

extravagancy, of maintaining a child; offered to take it from me. This proposal I eagerly caught, and immediately sent Lady Caroline to him, knowing he could not detect the imposition. Providence has rewarded his care of that excellent Lady, by her having sweetened his dregs of life, which I by my folly had imbittered. — Your Grace will recollect that on ordering her Ladyship to be brought into your dressing-room, about six weeks after her birth, the Countess of H——, Lady D——, the hon. Miss L——, and other ladies of distinction being then with you, desiring to see her, were surprised at the pretty mark of a cherry on her neck. She had been in the room but a few moments before she cried, and your Grace, in a pettish manner, bid me carry away the squaller. By your Grace's scarce looking at her Ladyship, I was certain that her features had not made any impression on your memory; so I gloried in the supposed success of my project, the secret locked in my own bosom. I then disregarded that searcher of hearts, whose piercing eye has often since made me tremble. — I staid at Courtly Place till the supposed Lady Caroline was one year old. At our return, your Grace did not express the joy at seeing her, common to most mothers; and on your looking for the mark which you remembered, I had art enough to make you believe it was worn out. The real Lady Caroline has it now on her neck; and so remarkable, that those ladies I have mentioned, will witness it is the same that attracted their notice. Such as your Grace was, in the bloom of youth and beauty, such is her Ladyship; worthy of the high station to which she was born. Receive her as your daughter calculated to make happy, and to be made so. — All I have now to write of my own sad story is, that in two years after my return my child died. The
sorrow

forrow I could not prevent from appearing was taken notice of by the Duke, your Grace, and all your domesticks, and ascribed to my having had the care of Lady Caroline in her infancy. The disappointment of my hopes made me fall sick, and thinking I was near death, I was on the point of disclosing my guilt; but never could prevail with myself, till in the possession of that king of terrors. —Now I fear not your resentment, yet implore your forgiveness, and that of my dear Lady Frances Worthley. Your Grace too well knows the part I have acted towards that excellent Lady; it was when I saw your Grace's treatment of the gentle sufferer in sending her from your house, that a sincere repentance first entered my heart; it was then that I resolved to write what you now read; not only to restore Lady Caroline to your arms, but to endeavour to convince your Grace that, had you acted like a mother, you would never have lost the one, nor driven the other from you. And O M^{am}, reform those errors in your conduct, and rob not yourself of your children, which are your real ornaments, if you will suffer them to appear. My affection for your Grace has made me take this liberty, which nothing but that can excuse; for it is death, and death only that can make me forget your too great kindness for your unworthy servant.—All I have now to beg is, that the innocent may not suffer with the guilty. If you bring down the grey hairs of my father to the grave, you will double my crime, and be a sharer in it. But if you suffer Lady Caroline still to look on him as the person who has given her an education not unworthy her birth, your Grace will obtain pardon and blessing from that judge, before whom I shall appear; and to whom I appeal for my father's innocence. Once more on my bended

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knees

knees do I write, intreating forgiveness from your Grace, the Duke, and all those I have injured. May heaven have mercy on the poor soul, who so greatly needs it, prays your truly repentant servant,

E—— DALTON.

Lady FRANCES WORTHLEY to Mrs. WORTHLEY.

MY spirits are again calm'd. I have just left my dear Caroline, who has been sharing with me the transports of the fondest parents. Her Grace felt the mother in her bosom, long before she knew she could bestow that title on her. I too felt the powerful pleadings of affection, without knowing that it was my sister who gave them birth. My mother desirous of trying if my father, would confess any of those pleasing sensations that had risen in herself, on her first beholding the supposed Miss Dalton, determined to have the knowledge of this important discovery kept secret, till she had for some moments observed the workings of his mind; and for that purpose sent to desire he would favour us with his company. Though Lady Caroline had never before seen him, yet struck with parental awe, she could scarcely contain her emotion, whilst his countenance shewed all the parent. Having paid her his compliments, he took an opposite chair, turning his looks alternately on my mother and his charming daughter, seeming to struggle with his curiosity. When rising from his seat, he asked the former the name of the young Lady her visitor; for, said he, never did I see so near a resemblance as she bears to yourself. My dear Lord, replied my mother, I can no longer keep you in suspense; read this letter, the penitent writer in her last moments confirmed

confirmed its truth, by the most solemn act of religion.—Lady Caroline threw herself at his feet, while his impatient eye glanced over the lines, till he came to that where her name was first mentioned; when, agitated with joy, he pressed her to his bosom, crying out she is, she is my child! My mother and he, by turns, folded their arms about her; nor was I disregarded by them, their dear Caroline, and their dear Fanny being the pleasing sounds that vibrated on our ears. My sister, in a manner, full of humility and gratitude, desired permission to introduce to their notice Mr. Nevison, whom she had regarded as her parent, from whom she had received every necessary of life, and an education that had made that life pleasing to her. My father, who is no stranger to his character, having received a most worthy one of Lady L——, said, he would go himself and bring him to us; and in an instant returned, leading in the good old man.—As soon as she saw him, O my father, said she, running to him, and laying her head on his bosom, my—my—preserver,—receive—your blest.—Here Mr. Nevison gave a great scream, and cried out help! help! O my child, my child!—for she had fainted in his arms, her tender frame not being able to support so many affecting scenes. His fortitude seemed to have forsaken him: to see him kneeling by her, as we were all trying to restore her, his reverend cheek laid close to hers, and both wet with his tears; to see him rend his silver locks, and pray to God with uplifted hands, that he might not survive their only comfort; would have moved a stoic to compassion, and changed his hardened nature. Think then how melting must be the sight where each person would gladly have given their own to have preserved her life! When it was again restored her, he

would have made some apology for the extravagancy he had shewn in the presence of my father and mother, but they would not suffer him to use any. Every one having welcomed her back to life with the tenderest caresses, she took Mr. Nevison by the hand, and presented him to them. My dearest parents, said she, pressing it to her lips, will you not always permit me to love, to honour, to reverence this good old man? You know not how large is the heart of your Caroline, allow then a little share of it to him who has formed it, I hope, not unworthy your tender favours. You my sister must help to love him for me.—So we will all, said my father. So we all will, said my mother. And to shew the dear creature I already did, I took his other hand and kissed it.—Now my dear Mrs. Worthley, is the excellent Mr. Nevison never more to leave his daughter, my father and mother having prevailed on him to spend the remainder of his days with her. At first he said, that looking on retirement and contemplation, as proper objects to employ an old man, who could not expect to have his time lengthened out to a much longer date; he must beg their excuses if he declined so great an honour. But would, once or twice a year, should his health permit, renew his personal acknowledgments.—His Grace replied, that if he consented to oblige him, his private hours should never be intruded on; besides, continued he, tell him, my Caroline, we want among us so bright an example of virtue to reform some of our reigning vices. In short, he could no longer resist our joint solicitations. His gratitude overflowed in language graceful as the famous Roman orator's; praising my father's beneficent disposition, in terms far different from some, that make virtue applicable to those who never possessed

ed

ed it, and are obliged to the mouth of a mean flatterer, or the pen of an hireling for the shadow of it. —Mrs. Dalton's name is never mentioned in the family, as the doing it would be an insult on her worthy father. It gives me great pleasure to find that the poor creature, after all her struggles, made the end of a good christian, dying in seeming peace with her conscience, her last moments being all serenity. — My father, mother, and sister, wrote to my dear uncle on this occasion. I must again repeat that there is but one addition wanting, to compleat the felicity of your happy, thrice happy daughter,

FRANCES WORTHLEY.

Miss HAMILTON to Miss WENTWORTH.

ALL on the wing for town, Lord Ormsby scarcely allows me time to send the enclosed letters, which will unfold to you the reason of his impatience. Yet let him say what he will, it is cruel, barbarous, to detain them from setting out; I must tell Harriot how extremely his Lordship has been frightened.—Yesterday morning when the packet arrived, every body's joy was too great for them to observe, that Lord Ormsby and my brother were not of our party; Lady Lucy was the first that recollected it, and whispered me it would be a pleasing discovery for her brother; but he must not, added she, be made acquainted with it, before people that do not know Miss Dalton, as his joy will, I fear, make him betray the secret. Lord Henry retiring to congratulate the Duke and Dutches, Mrs. Worthley, and Lady Frances, we said we would go in pursuit of our brothers.—Will you believe it? Lady Lucy intended to be quite cruel, and begged

my assistance. I told her mine must be an easy part to act. It was only, she replied, to convert a face which had still impressed on it the highest marks of pleasure, to one all sad. On our entering the wood I mentioned in a former letter, we saw the gentlemen at the head of one of the walks; as soon as they perceived us, they quickened their steps, while we moved slowly on; not unmindful now and then to apply handkerchiefs to our eyes; which as soon as they discovered, Good God, sister! said one; Good God! dear Lady Lucy, said the other, what is the meaning of all this? As for me, I might that moment have cried my eyes out, and not the least notice taken of it; so, in my turn, was determined to have a little revenge. While her Ladyship seemingly stood like Niobe all tears, I informed them in the tenderest manner, that Miss Dalton was no more. Lord Ormsby was frightened to as great a degree, as Macbeth when he beheld the spirit of Banquo. O! for ever miserable Ormsby, he exclaimed; nor should I have known he had been animated, had not his eyes been frequently cast towards heaven, praying, I make no doubt, to be taken to that place where he supposed his saint was just entered.—Sir William from Lady Lucy went to comfort Lord Ormsby, but it had not the effect on his real grief, as on his sister's imaginary. Our farce ending, the curtain dropped from her eyes, and instead of the afflicted, discovered the laughing Lady Lucy.—How apt are we to entertain the gloomy rather than the chearful: I no sooner said that Miss Dalton was no more, than Lord Ormsby, without a question, believed it; but being told she lived in Lady Caroline, he would not for a long while give it credit; when he did, in the words of Desdemona, he thought it strange! 'twas
passing

passing strange! 'twas wonderful! Further I cannot proceed; for to say he wished he had not heard it, would be a contradiction to nature.—Bless me, my Lord, how impatient you are, I have but three lines to write.—Here has his Lordship been calling at my window ever since I first sat down to write. So I shall only add, that Lord Henry and Mrs. Worthley assent to our return, as they think Lady Lucy is uneasy on account of the Earl's being alone. Lord Henry accompanies us to welcome his new niece. So we shall have all these good people with us, except Mrs. Worthley, who cannot be prevailed on to leave retirement; yet I hope the joint petitions of Lord Henry and Lady Frances will not long suffer her to remain in it.—Somebody is coming up stairs; O! it is Lady Lucy: she tells me her brother is quite outrageous. Well, my Lord, I'll not keep your patience longer on the torture, after I have told my Harriot that Lady Lucy, at the earnest entreaties of my brother, has consented to be his, when Lady Caroline can be prevailed on by Lord Ormsby to make him happy. May you always enjoy the felicity which this assurance has bestowed on your

JULIET HAMILTON.

Miss HAMILTON to Miss WENTWORTH.

THOU' returned to town three days, I have not been able to collect my thoughts sufficiently to send you the many transactions that have happened in that short space. Even now, before I give you any particulars, I must tell you in general, that an universal joy is spread over every countenance, proceeding from the same cause. The Earl's youth seems renewed;

he dresses and powders like a beau; nay, vows on a certain occasion, to shew the world he has not forgot his dancing; and has already engaged me for his partner.—Lord Ormsby, no more the whining, pining disappointed lover, carries the certificate of his happiness in his face; and I don't believe he has been serious two minutes together, since it was ascertained to him. Again he dresses gaily, walks with his arms in proper position, can sit in a room three or four hours, and not lull you asleep with his sighs. Had you asked him but a week since for a song, he had forgot his singing; but now make the same request, and he will give you a dozen following. In short Lord Ormsby is the reverse of what Lord Ormsby was. This I own is like opening the last page of a book, when one wants to see how the story ends. But again, I say, that recollecting all those changes and chances, will naturally bring to my mind the occasion of them, and help me to hand down every particular, which I need not desire you to communicate to my aunt Charlotte, and her good man.—Two chaises, with six horses in each, took us up at Audley Castle; into the first stepped Lady Lucy and Lord Henry; into the second Lord Ormsby and your Juliet, attended by my brother on horseback; we had a pleasant expeditious journey, and Lord Ormsby, considering all things, was a tolerable companion. Being set down at the Earl's about seven in the evening, Lord Henry immediately proceeded to the Duke's, impatient to see his new-found niece, of whom Lady Lucy had been giving the character she deserves, revealing the whole affair to his Lordship, as a person whose advice and interest would be of infinite service to her brother. And he had with great pleasure undertook to conduct it, in case Lady Caroline had no objection. This was joyful
news

news for Lord Ormsby; ten thousand times did he thank his sister for her repeated goodness to him; and as often for the judgment and discretion with which she had managed every thing that concerned his peace. He proposed himself discovering all to his father, not doubting of a pardon, and ready acquiescence with his inclinations.—That evening the Earl and Lady Lucy were together in his closet near an hour, in which time she read to him her brother's confession, as she calls it, which so delighted him, that he shed tears of joy; first, for his having so happily conquered his faulty morals; secondly, that he had so fortunately fixed his affections. The old gentleman coming to us, took him by the hand, and swore (for the Earl, my dear, will swear sometimes) that he deserved the finest woman in the world; and that he would go himself to the Duke, in order to obtain Lady Caroline for him. His Lordship acknowledged the greatness of the favour, but begged that he might first try, whether he had been so unhappy as to have lost the Lady's affection by his former conduct. Which request was readily assented to; and thus far did we proceed the first evening of our arrival. Lord Ormsby was so elate with these hopes, that he would not let us retire till late. Again, making Lady Lucy renew the promise she had given my brother before we left Audley Castle, we all parted; every kind heart sharing each other's pleasure.—Lady Lucy was with me early in the morning, called me her slothful Juliet, bidding me get up instantly, for that Lady Frances would be with us in an hour; but what astonishes me, said she, is, that Lady Caroline is not included in the message. This too I thought very unaccountable, knowing the obligations she had received from her Ladyship when Miss Dalton. She seated herself by

me as I dressed; and we were still talking of her Ladyship when the door opened, and Lady Frances, sprightly as the morning, welcomed us to town. We both enquired after Lady Caroline's health, and were answered, she would certainly have waited on us, had she ever had the pleasure of seeing us. Lady Lucy looked surprized, so did I, I believe; but though, said she, Lady Caroline cannot boast that happiness, I have brought with me one, who prides herself in both your friendships; when stepping to the door, she led in the blooming beauty: and Lady Caroline was the only person I had ever seen, that could surpass Miss Dalton. You cannot imagine any thing half so tender as this interview; the heart of the former was, if possible, more grateful than when it belonged to the latter. Lady Frances knowing the whole affair, both from her sister and Lord Henry, the latter of which told her how miserable must be Lord Ormsby, if Lady Caroline refused to reinstate him in her affections, began the subject, by asking for his Lordship. Indeed, said Lady Lucy, I hardly know how to name him before Lady Caroline, though Miss Dalton sometimes indulged me in that liberty.—The sweet creature looked confused, but it was a pleased and a pleasing confusion.—Well, my dear, returned Lady Frances, I find you do not yet perfectly know my sister; I think the sound will, and ought always to be welcome to her. Dear Lady Lucy, said her Ladyship, (still blushing) do not imagine me ungrateful; if I know myself, I never can deserve so black an appellation.—Matchless generosity, said she, am I permitted to mention the man once dear to you? and who, I now pride myself in saying, never deserved that honour half so much as he does at present. Indeed, my dearest Caroline, said Lady Frances, I am so poor, that
you

you must consent to return some of those obligations, which, without your assistance, I cannot pay the least part of: I mean not, my dear, the bestowing yourself and fortune on Lord Ormsby, because it is what his birth and merit intitle him to expect; the manner of bestowing them, is only left us to express a sense of those favours we can never cancel, being of no less a nature than both our preservation in distress.—Lady Caroline could no longer withstand it, and throwing her arms about Lady Lucy's neck, I am all your own, my amiable friend, she cried, I gave you my heart when you last blessed me with your presence at R—. It is still yours, do with it as you please, command it where you please, and you shall ever find it an obedient one.—My delighted Lucy returned her caresses, thanking her for the power with which she was invested; saying, that before she would deliver it up, she must first convince her it would be to the sincerest convert innocence and beauty ever made.—Then going to her closet, brought to her Lord Ormsby's letter to my brother; and that from the vile woman, together with the packet. She received them, but said with a sweet frankness, it was because Lady Lucy desired it, being convinced she would never resign her heart to one who would treat it unkindly. We would have detained them at breakfast, but could not prevail, being obliged, they said, to return, not having paid their duty that morning to the fondest parents, and an uncle who demanded their most affectionate attendance. And away went the angels, we first promising to spend the afternoon with them at the Duke's. Just as they were gone, we met Lord Ormsby coming from his apartment. You seem sleepy, brother, said Lady Lucy.—Why, yes, my dear, these uncertainties, yawning as he spoke, are like a dose of laudanum;

laudanum; they must either stupify the senses, or distract the head.—If I had such a lover as your Lordship, replied I, in my conscience I should drench you with a large potion, that I might not be troubled with your complainings: but what would you say should we have found an antidote that will dispel all its effects? It is plain he took this for nothing more than raillery, and without enquiring what I meant, answered us in our own stile. But when Lady Lucy told him what had passed, and that he had permission to renew his addresses to Lady Caroline, he was absolutely frantic; he caught his sister in his arms, called together half a score servants, sent one to my brother's lodgings, with orders not to return without him; another to his valet to attend him to dress, that he might go instantly to the Duke's, and so on till he had dispatched them all, finding different employment for every one of them. We would have had him defer his visit to Lady Caroline till the afternoon, but could not be heard; yet, said he, I think it will be proper for my father first to wait on the Duke; and without staying to hear our answer, he ran to his chamber, and called the poor old Earl from his bed, who seeing his son's impatience, only drank a dish of chocolate, and having sent a message to the Duke of his son's intentions, Lord Ormsby almost lifted him into his chair; nay, rather than he should not have gone, would, I warrant, like Æneas, have borne his aged father on his shoulders. The whole time the Earl was wanting, his Lordship was employed in dressing, and that to some purpose. His cloaths were of a garnet colour, the coat richly laced with a gold point d'espagne, the waistcoat entirely covered with a net of gold thread. His ruffles Brussels point. His hair full dressed and powdered. Upon my word he looked quite killingly.
Had

Had not Lady Caroline before restored him to her affections, I think she would not now have been able to refuse them to him. In about an hour the Earl returned, highly pleased with his son's choice, and the Duke's genteel behaviour. The moment the former was at liberty to pursue his inclinations, he stepped into a chair, and as fast the men could run, or rather fly with him, was carried from our sight.—And now I think to repeat his reception from this noble-minded woman, or his unspeakable joy on the occasion, will be needless; besides, I want to tell you, that in a month from this day, I shall be the happiest creature breathing in a sister. Nor will my aunt be less so in a niece, you in a cousin, but more of this at another season.

Very rich cloaths are preparing for Lady Frances and Lady Caroline, to be presented in to his majesty, neither of which have yet had that honour; the one through her former confinement, the other that she has not long been in a station to receive it.

I now begin to love the Dutcheß, since she has buried her vanity, from the ashes of which is sprung a sincere affection, and tender fondness for her children: they might, I think, be said to have gained a mother, when they lost a rival. I inclose the copy of a letter from the Dutcheß to Mrs. Worthley, given me by Lady Frances, that I might be a judge, she said, of her present happiness: methinks I long to see her next to the dear aunt and cousins of their grateful and affectionate

JULIET HAMILTON.

The

The Histories of Lady Frances

The Dutcheſs of ——— to Mrs. WORTHLEY.

Madam,

I AM angry with myself for not requesting your presence with my good brother. The violent, yet pleasing attack my spirits had just undergone in the restoration of a long lost child, made me at that instant forget there was a person to whom I should have made known my happiness, hers being now connected with it. Indeed my Fanny and your own, the dearest, most dutiful of children, has, by speaking of a mother who merited that title, when I neglected to be grateful for it, raised my hopes and expectations of seeing her at so great a height, that I think I could not now bear a disappointment of them. Let not any consideration detain you from me, most worthy dear woman. I blush to say I am entered on a new road; and my reason tells me I want the friendly hand of her who has never strayed from it to conduct me through. It is here I hope once more to meet those real satisfactions I have so ungratefully disregarded. But then, indeed, vanity, that guided me every step, represented them to my clouded eyes as his enemies; and having banished them my breast, filled their places with pernicious poison. I still want a guard to place at the door of my heart, to prevent that deceiver of the senses from again entering. Fly then, I conjure you, excellent Mrs. Worthley, and let your example be that resistless guard. Keep out every former thought, for none have I yet entertained that must be again admitted. Encourage by your mild conversation every virtue that would enter, till by your assistance I have attained the true essential ornaments of a woman.—My dear children will not let me write more for
fear

fear it would injure me. O their tender affection! how have I deserved it? Methinks I am but just recovered from a long sleep. Permit me to send my chariot for you, and pray name an early day when you will oblige me. I can introduce to you a venerable old man, to whom I am indebted for more than life, my Caroline's second father. When I see together the three generous and tender preservers of my children, then will be perfectly blessed their once faulty, but now repentant, mother; and, dear Madam,

your much obliged,

and affectionate servant,

F. S——.

Miss HAMILTON to Miss WENTWORTH.

AS if the repentance of the Dutchess was to be attended with proportionable rewards, heaven showers its particular marks of favour on that family. My letter of yesterday was but just closed, when an officer arrived from —— with dispatches from Lord M——, who commanded on the expedition, with accounts of a compleat victory, in which Col. Worthley bore the largest share of praise, both for courage and conduct. I make no doubt but the hopes of being well received by the Duke and Dutchess, has helped to push him on thus to distinguish himself. Little does he suspect that this work is already done; but these great and new instances of his worth will certainly procure him a double welcome. I find he is expected soon; he writes to Lady Frances that he shall be in Ireland before the news of the victory could reach England.

England. In a short time after he proposes seeing her at Audley Castle, not having heard of the reconciliation. There were other letters to Lord Henry and Mrs. Worthley, which were dispatched immediately to her; after which, the Duke and his Lordship went to congratulate his majesty on this new conquest, thought to be of the utmost importance to the nation. He expressed his approbation of Mr. Worthley's gallant behaviour, and has ordered him home to be presented with a regiment in the guards. Lord Henry, whose satisfaction can only be equalled by the person still dearer to the young hero, could not be restrained from setting out for Audley the instant he left the presence, and I dare say reached it nearly as soon as the messenger sent forward with his letters. Both Mrs. Worthley and himself are expected at the Duke's this evening.—I often regret the early fate of the designed Lady S——; for what must be his Lordship's affection, that he not only refuses any other woman the same place in it, though what almost the first in the kingdom has since aspired to, but makes it his greatest pleasure in giving joy to those she most loved; of which had not his actions already afforded sufficient testimony, his haste in going down to Mrs. Worthley would have been a convincing one. The king, who frequently converses with the Duke and Lord Henry in a familiar manner, asked the former some questions about Lady Caroline's concealment, and expressed a desire of seeing so extraordinary a person as she had been represented to him. So the next drawing-room both the ladies are to make their appearance; and have I'll assure you, prevailed on me to be introduced at the same time.

Lady Lucy, who has before had that honour, will be of our party. The king's indisposition,
soon

soon after I came to town, has prevented me till now; and upon my word I have no little dread on the occasion. In my opinion it requires a deal of resolution, and a politeness that I know myself not to be mistress of; for as I have often heard you, my dear, observe, politeness does not consist altogether in words, but rather is more to be expressed in the air and movement. On the whole, Harriot, I fear I shall be a very awkward figure. As to Lady Caroline, though, like myself, bred in the country, heaven, who knew the high station she was born to fill, has given her a soul that speaks in her very form; she will not look like one who has never before seen a court, but rather as one who has never left it.—Well, for my own sake, I wish this affair over. Lady Lucy insists on my wearing many of her jewels added to my own, so to be sure I shall make a sparkling appearance. Believe me, I would have refused them, being conscious, that your Juliet ought to wear nothing to attract notice; for then will not my deficiencies be the more exposed. But in this I could not be heard—I have already purchased a white and silver against an approaching happy event, and shall make that serve me on both occasions.

Welcome, my dear Lucy, see how strangely I have been running on to my Harriot. I must break off here; her Ladyship comes to tell me that an information waits us from the Duke's, to see Mrs. Worthley who is just arrived. O fie! Lady Lucy—she pretends to tell me that she writes to you almost as often as myself. I know her designs, and will allow you to love her as well, but no body better than your

JULIET HAMILTON.

P. S.

P. S. I return just in season to inclose the copy of Lord Henry's letter to Col. Worthley, and to tell you that I have heard since I have been out, of Lady Frances's former plague, Lord Milford's being married to the Countess Dowager of — treble his own age, but immensely rich, and not choos- ing his young bride should make her first appearance in England, he has carried her out of it, till people's wonder at this preposterous match is a little blown over.

Lord HENRY to Col. WORTHLEY.

WELL, my young Martius, have you sought fame on eagle's wings. Bringing the news of the late glorious victory has not forgot to point you out eminently conspicuous. I saw my young soldier, dreadful in the ranks, leading on his brave companions to redoubled charges, though often repulsed by treble their numbers, yet superior valour drove them into confusion. I saw you pushing on to victory, and heard the shouts of success. Ascertained of it, I then beheld you exercising those acts of humanity your heart delights in; and I congratulate my dear Charles, that his majesty, who rewards merit in his subjects from the patrician to the plebeian, has decreed for you those honours which are your due; and are too of inestimable value, as they are bestowed on you by the prince and father of his country. Come then, my dear Worthley, certain to be joyfully received by my brother, now made sensible of your merit; come to the arms of your indulgent mother, who glories in her son; receive in my dear Fanny, your excellent wife, all the satisfaction that affection, duty, and every art of pleasing can bestow. Your sister
too,

too, the amiable Caroline, that new found blessing, shall thank you for the honour you have done us. And I will pray heaven that the virtues I have been enumerating may arrest inflexible death, till the hand of stealing time, moving on old age, moulders down the walls of his prison. Haste then to compleat the happiness of all your friends, among which number is your affectionate

HENRY S——.

Miss HAMILTON to Miss WENTWORTH.

SO now, my dear, are all my fears over, and I have had the honour of being saluted by his majesty. I lost sight of them as I fixed it on him, in whose face is such affability and sweetness, that whilst many of his attendants by their looks seemed to command respect, he courted it with smiles of condescension; yet, notwithstanding his visible humility, had he no other mark of royalty about him than his own native dignity, and had he not been pointed to me for what he was, I think I should, without much penetration, have discovered the kingly power in his countenance. Being all dressed, Lady Lucy in a blue, myself in a white and silver, we were followed to the Duke's, by the Earl, Lord Ormsby, and my brother. Neither of the Ladies having left their apartments when our chairs sat us down, the Dutchess and Mrs. Worthley with them, we were at our own request, shewn to Lady Frances's dressing-room; for I assure you, my dear, there is no other ceremony used in those houses, than what is thought necessary even at Ashley.— You cannot imagine my secret delight to see her Grace silently admire every beauty of her once rival

val daughter, with as much pleasure as I believe Mr. Worthley himself could have done had he been present. She appeared so lovely altogether, that I did not immediately examine the particulars of her dress, which was rich and elegant. The ground of her cloaths was silver tiffue, and over that a net of gold, on which was embossed a fine pattern; her other ornaments, or rather what she ornamented, such as cap, sprig, ear-rings, knots on the sleeves, and bracelets, were entirely diamonds, the Duke and Lord Henry having each presented a set to both the Ladies on this occasion. — From Lady Frances's apartment I stepped to Lady Caroline's, where my admiration, from a very great height, was raised still higher. I had never before seen her Ladyship full dressed, and could scarcely forbear expressing my astonishment, at beholding an alteration, where I thought an advantageous one, such as I now saw, almost impossible. She had on a silver tiffue, with large bunches of pale pink flowers, tied with knots of plain white ribband, and her jewels were placed in the same becoming positions as Lady Frances's; only this distinction, that hers were intermingled with pearls. The Dutcheß, whose taste is remarkably elegant, had displayed itself in choosing the dresses for both her daughters; nicely distinguishing between majestic, and, if I may be allowed the expression, refined beauty. Her Ladyship, with an inexpressible engaging freedom, seated me in a chair next her own. I have been reflecting, my dear Miss Hamilton, said she, on the great difference between my former and present station; and cannot help exclaiming with the poet;

The ways of heaven are dark and intricate,
Puzzled with mazes and perplex'd in errors.

Our

Our understanding traces them in vain,
Lost and bewildered in the fruitless search;
Nor sees with how much art the windings run,
Or where the regular confusion ends.

And then so sweetly did she expatiate on the serene quiet she enjoyed in the one, the happy prospects breaking on her in the other, that I could for ever have listened, if being dressed, she had not proposed joining the ladies. Mr. Nevison, who has admission when he pleases to her toilet, entered the room just as we were about to leave it, gazing at her with affectionate rapture; your Ladyship, said he, looks charmingly to-day. O my father, she replied, putting her arms about him, her eyes sparkling with dutiful melting tenderness, must those trifling baubles rob me of the beloved title you used to honour me with? If that is the price I am to purchase them at, never more let my person be adorned at the expence of my soul's treasure. O my child! my darling child! exclaimed the old man as he pressed her to his bosom, how can I deserve such goodness! — By never giving me any other name than that dear one you have just pronounced. Do you hear, do you see, madam (turning to me) tell me, Miss Hamilton, how shall I support it. I was I protest all in tears, unknown to myself, so attentive was I in observing this scene; and Lady Caroline had wiped them away before they were perceived by me. But what makes you, my dearest sir (continued she) thus dressed to-day. The good Duke, my love, he replied, has insisted that I shall see my daughter introduced. Thank you, thank you, my dear Parent, for restoring me to that valuable epithet, which I would not lose for the first that could be bestowed on me. And now, indeed, will your presence give your child
courage

courage to receive her new honour. This passed as we went to Lady Frances's apartment, and she being ready, we joined the Duke, the Earl, Lord Henry, Lord Ormsby, and my brother. When Lady Caroline appeared, Lord Ormsby seemed like one transfixed; and without taking his eyes from her, paid his compliments to the other ladies, giving Mr. Nevison his hand, which was received with great regard, for he has quite restored himself to that good man's opinion. Leaving behind us the Dutchess and Mrs. Worthley, we were once more in our chairs; his Lordship led to hers that hand, which will be soon his own, and in a few minutes we found ourselves in the presence. I trembled as I came forward to the ring; but as I have already said, my timidity vanished on seeing the person I was to appear before. The Duke attended by the master of the ceremonies, first led up Lady Frances, and a murmur of applause ran through the circle. Making a motion as if she would have kneeled, his majesty raised and saluted her. She then stepped backward to her place, and Lady Caroline who stood near Mr. Nevison, was conducted forward in the same manner. I expected each minute, when the old gentleman would have melted into tears; for as she moved towards the king, every eye was fixed on her; and without the least whisper, looked their admiration, as if they thought the sound of a voice, so delicate did she appear, might have offended. — The ceremony over, she too retreated back, and your Juliet was received with the same marks of royal favour. His majesty then calling the Duke to him, in a low voice, yet loud enough for all present to hear him, asked if he might not see the old gentleman who had given Lady Caroline an education? and the Duke instantly introduced him. He approached
with

with such respectful, yet unintimidated grace, as if he would have said, shall I, who have so often offered up my petitions to the king of kings, be exalted by this transitory honour? and kneeling on one knee, he kissed the hand his sovereign graciously held out to him, and by his looks, seemed to pray for new blessings on so good a prince, who not contented with the honour he had already conferred on him, condescendingly thanked him for having raised a flower that with pleasure he could see removed to his own court, to which it would be an additional ornament. Every one seemed pleased with this compliment, while the good man retired, his countenance full of duty and gratitude: poor Lady Caroline was in such confusion at this particular notice, that I suffered for her. For some minutes I had observed, with a good deal of attention, a young nobleman, whose looks, as Lady Caroline was introducing, changed alternately from red to pale, from pale to red; and imagining it a sudden start of passion, really pitied him, because I knew it must be in vain. But my observation being fixed on the king, while addressing Mr. Nevison, when I again looked towards that part of the room where the moment before I had seen him, behold the bird was flown; and on enquiry, I found it to be vile Lord Edgmore. No wonder vice shrunk back abashed, when virtue appeared in all her glory. It was lucky he was not observed by Lord Ormsby; though, had that been the case, it would certainly have been madness in him to have risked a life which Lady Caroline is so soon to make happy. Lady Lucy insists on finishing my letter. What does she mean? If to tell tales, —— but no matter, my dear, notwithstanding you are so peremptory, I am determined you shall not have it.

Lady

Lady LUCY on Miss HAMILTON's Letter.

WELL, I have absolutely taken it from her by force, and am now locked in my closet; to tell you as soon as I can get my breath, which I have half lost, that Juliet, when at court, fixed the heart of the agreeable Sir Burton Randolph. No wonder, for indeed I never saw her look so charmingly, quite lovely looked my dear girl. Knock, knock, knock if you please; there is no admittance for you, at least till I have secured your letter. I'll put my own seal on it, my dear, neither will I give you the trouble of sending it. I protest she grows so noisy, that in my own defence I must open the door; but first I must hide my letter, after I have said adieu, both for your Juliet and

LUCY.

Miss HAMILTON to Miss WENTWORTH.

A SLIGHT fever, cold, or some such disorder, has sadly teased me for this fortnight past, and has all that time, at least Lady Lucy has on that account, prevented me from writing. For indeed I have not been half so ill as her apprehensive tenderness has made her think me. However, as she so kindly supplied my deficiency, you can have no reason to regret it, especially as I have now quite discarded all my complaints, and am as well as if I had never ailed any thing. My spirits, in proportion to my health, increase every moment that brings on tomorrow, which I need not again tell you is the day when so many hearts are to be made happy. Lady Lucy's thoughtfulness does not suffer me to be much from her; though whenever my brother is present,

no

no marks of it appear. I think I hear her Ladyship going to her dressing-room, if so I must lay down my pen.

No, it was only Mrs. Johnson, and I again resume it, to tell you how all parties are to be disposed of after to-morrow. The Earl will do my aunt the honour of a visit with my brother and Lady Lucy, and when they settle, it is to be with his Lordship; who having lost the company of his son, cannot, he says, lose that of his daughters; indeed this request seemed equally agreeable to all. Lord Henry's time and Mrs. Worthley's is to be divided between the Duke, Dutchess, and their two daughters. Lady Frances and Mr. Worthley to live in the house given them by his Lordship in Grosvenor-street, Lord Ormsby and Lady Caroline, in one newly purchased by the Earl in Soho-square. As for Mr. Nevison, he is to be a constant visitor of the latter; unless for about three months every summer, when, Lord Henry says, he shall insist on having him, together with the Duke and Earl's families as they are branched out, to be his guests at Audley Castle. I hope my dear aunt will by that time get strength to be of our party, for I believe no excuse will be accepted from herself and daughters. I have engaged Lady Frances, and she for Mr. Worthley, together with Lady Caroline and her Lord, to see us at Ashley before Lady Lucy and my brother returns to town. Mr. Nevison we have also prevailed on to accompany them; Lord Henry and Mrs. Worthley are to go in the mean time, with the Duke and Dutchess, to their seat in Norfolk. Thus is all settled, and as we propose seeing you so soon, this will be my last letter. How do I impatiently long to find myself in your arms;

O

my

my dearest aunt? my Harriot and Charlotte all welcoming their rejoiced and affectionate

JULIET HAMILTON.

Lady Lucy Hamilton to Mrs. Wentworth.

IN addressing the aunt of my beloved husband and sister, permit me, dearest Madam, as I have always thought so, now to call her mine; it is the good Mr. Nevison, who has bestowed that happy title on me, to deserve which shall be my latest endeavour. The hands of Lady Caroline and my brother were joined the same hour in the same church, and with the same views of lasting happiness.

The pen is taken from me, by him whose will shall never be disputed, unless when he would be too indulgent to his Lucy.

(Sir William Hamilton writes.)

Trace back, dear Madam, again survey every line, every word that conveys to you the most perfect picture of my felicity. O! my dearest creature, teach me how to deserve such sweet, such tender obligations; I see it is not for my happiness I should preserve a will. No, my love, from this hour do I resign it, and let my wife, my Lucy condescend to direct it by her own.

(Lady Lucy writes.)

Indeed sir William, I never before thought you mercenary, but you have run away with my words

words and left me nothing but a grateful heart, that is determined to follow you ; so not to retard its designs , you must not only take back the will you would lade me with, but your Lucy's too, and being thus lightened shall I travel on, in hopes of not overtaking you, yet that you will not leave me very far behind.

(Miss Hamilton writes.)

Why, what ado is here ! the very first pair I believe that ever squabbled who should not, tho' many have, who should, be invested with the larger share of power. Come, let me be the arbitrix, and decide for you.

(Lady Lucy writes.)

I submit to my Juliet's decision.

(Sir William writes.)

Agreed, my sister.

(Miss Hamilton writes.)

This then is the case. You two disputants are bound for the land of happiness, through the vale of affection, both equally laden with a will of their own. Both I think started at the same time ; yes, yes, Lucy ; the masquerade and polite gardener I still remember ; so allow me to say you reached love-lane together, and travelled on till we came on a beaten road called matrimony, which sometimes displays the most lovely, at others most disgustful views. It happened to be a sunshine morning when you entered it ; and immediately, at a small distance, you saw compliance, the daughter of affection, and accompanied by her mother. You hastened your steps to reach the smiling queen : but finding those above-mentioned wills might prevent your speed, a contention arose which should carry the whole burden,
then,

then, each forcing it on the other's shoulders. Thus having stated the case according to my character of Lord chief, here follows my decision. It is decreed out of our great consideration for both parties, that these said wills be bound together with a silken cord of tenderness, and thus to carry it between you, neither to bear more or less than the other. We further decree that should either refuse to be introduced to compliance, the other shall go forward, and so win him or her over to the same power, by the force of example.

(Lady Lucy and Sir William write.)

This just sentence is readily accepted, and shall joyfully be complied with.

(Miss Hamilton concludes.)

Thus my dear aunt having settled this mighty affair, I must tell you we have waited in town two days longer than was proposed, to see Mr. Worthley, who arrived at the Duke's early this morning; so we shall have Lady Frances and Lady Caroline equally happy, with your Lucy, William and

Juliet Hamilton.

P. S. Lady Lucy writes.

Sir Burton Randolph will attend my sister to Ashley Park. Adieu.

F I N I S.

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HOEY, junior

ARTICLE I.

THE LADIES COMPLETE LETTER WRITER; teaching the Art of inditing Letters on every Subject that can call for their Attention, as Daughters, Wives, Mothers, Relations, Friends, Acquaintance, or Mistresses of Families; being a well-disposed Series of Letters, written by Ladies, not only on the more important Religious, Moral, and Social Duties, but on Subjects of every other Kind that usually concern the Fair Sex; interspersed with Relations of various Events that must interest all the tender and noble Passions without depraving the Heart; together with various forms of writing Messages on Cards, and many other important Articles. The Whole forming a polite, improving, and useful Manual of Instruction and rational Entertainment. A Work long desired, and the only one particularly formed for the Use of Ladies. With an Appendix, not in the London Edition, containing, the Precedency due to Women; also, Directions how Ladies may acquit themselves with Elegance and Gracefulness in doing the Honours of a Table; together with Complimentary Billets in the most polite taste. Be careful in asking for the Dublin Edition, printed by JAMES HOEY, junior, as no other is correct, or contains those last mentioned additional Articles.

The following letter from the mistress of one of the most eminent boarding schools in England, was sent to the editor of the LADIES COMPLETE LETTER WRITER, and inserted in the St. James's Chronicle of the 15th of March, 1763.

‘ S I R,

‘ **O**N looking over the *St. James's Chronicle*, I remarked
‘ an advertisement of the *Ladies Complete Letter*
‘ *Writer*; as my Province regards principally the Education of young Ladies. I was curious enough to buy
‘ the Book, and in Gratitude to the Editor, and for the
‘ Benefit of the Ladies in general, must declare, I never
‘ read a Book more proper for the Purpose intended; It

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“ is indeed, a Fund of polite Instruction, and proves a
“ most agreeable Entertainment to my young Ladies.
“ The many Relations of interesting Events render it
“ so agreeably amusing, that they have thrown aside
“ their Novels and romances, and I propose they shall
“ read it in the School, and copy after it by Way of
“ Exercise, till they are able to write elegantly upon
“ any Subject. I wish, for the Honour and Advantage
“ of my Sex, it may please all Governesses as well as
“ it has

Hampstead,
March 11, 1763.

“ Your humble Servant,
“ MARY WILSON.”

The perusal of the above letter, induced *James Hoey*, junior, Bookseller in Dublin, to print an edition of the work therein recommended, at his press, with material additions, for the use of the ladies of this kingdom, (and between ourselves, for his own private benefit.) As incorrectness in a book designed to preserve youth from falling into error, and for the forming of their style, is more pernicious than in a work of another tendency; it became his duty, as a later editor, to examine his copy with care, detect the errors, and rectify them when discovered: all this, he has done in his impression, which, he hopes, will be found free from the grammatical inaccuracies, and gross blunders, that render the English edition, in many places, little better than a heap of confusion. As one instance from a hundred, the first lines of page 155 stand thus in the London edition:—“ The valet personated his master to a
“ tittle, and posed of in the stage coach, viz. a bar-
“ rister at law, &c. &c.” The additions in the Dublin edition are, 1. The precedency due to women. 2. Directions how ladies may acquit themselves with elegance and gracefulness in doing the honours of a table. 3. Short complimentary billets in the most polite taste.

* * * The *Dublin edition*, tho’ much larger, better priuted, and with the other advantages already mentioned, is sold as cheap as the English edition, the incorrectness whereof being now notorious in London, has rendered it unsaleable there. Those who intend

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to become purchasers of this work, are requested to be careful in asking for the Dublin edition printed by and for JAMES HOEY, junior.

The Editor to the Reader.

THAT no Book of this Kind has ever been thought of for the Use of the Fair Sex particularly, has often raised my Wonder; Letters calculated for their Use and Instruction, being scattered promiscuously throughout most of the Publications I have seen, and many even of those selected with very little Judgment. To remedy this Defect, I have taken great Pains to gather from every former Compilation, the very best and most approved Forms of Female Epistolary Writing, rejecting the numerous idle and improper Letters to be found in them all. Most of those I have made choice of, at the same time that they render the Fair Reader Mistress of an elegant Stile, are fraught with such Instructions as cannot fail of having the best Effect upon her Mind; inculcating the Practice of every Moral and Social Duty, and tending to make her happy, by making her wise and virtuous. Others are replete with Entertainment, and all of them the Production of the most celebrated Authors. To these I have added many Original Letters never before published; and as they are not the Issue of my own Pen, but supplied by the Friendship of Persons of approved Sense and delicate Manners, I may, without any Impropriety, say that they are not inferior to those already spoken of.

Chastity and Purity of Sentiment has been consulted in this Compilation; nothing trifling or absurd is to be found therein. I have not borrowed from the *French* Letter-Writers; the Manners of their Females are such as would fit but ill upon the Ladies of this Nation, and there is a flimsy Kind of Gaiety in their Epistolary Correspondence, that would be displeasing to the more grave and sensible Turn of Mind of our Fair. I have also carefully avoided inserting Letters written by the Ladies of yore, so plentifully strewed through other Books, as they seem very improper Models of Composition for the present Race of Beauties.

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Fashion has introduced the method of sending Messages on Cards; and therefore I have inserted several Forms thereof, which may be varied as Circumstances require.

In a Word, nothing is omitted that can render this Book a polite, a useful, and entertaining Companion for the Fair Sex, of every Age and Station: And that they may have the happy Effects intended, is the sincere Wish of

Their most devoted Servant,
The Editor.

ARTICLE II

LETTERS of the Rt. hon. Lady MARY WORTHLY MONTAGUE: written, during her travels in Europe, Asia, and Africa, to persons of distinction, men of letters, &c. in different parts of Europe. Which contain, among other curious relations, accounts of the policy and manners of the Turks; drawn from sources that have been inaccessible to other travellers.—*Price bound 2s. 8½d: sewed 2s. 2d.*

ARTICLE III.

THE History of SOPHIA: By the celebrated Mrs. LENNOX, author of the FEMALE QUIXOTE, HENRIETTA, &c.—*Price bound in calf and lettered, 2s. 2d: sewed 1s. 7½d.*

Concerning which the following letter has appeared in the PUBLIC LEDGER, a London literary paper.—

‘ Among the number of Novels lately published, I must confess I am not a little pleased with one adorned with the name of a lady, who, without any hyperbole, may be stiled, *The glory of the female sex, and an honour to the British nation.* HARRIOT STEWART, the FEMALE QUIXOTE, HENRIETTA, &c. are lasting monuments of her fine taste and superior genius as an original writer; and the elegant English dress she has given to SULLY’s *Memoirs*, (which on
‘ various

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various occasions, I have quoted and applied, to the satisfaction of the public) and BRUMBY'S *Greek Theatre*, now published in three volumes quarto, sufficiently evince her thorough knowledge of the languages, and her abilities as a translator. Most of her original pieces have also obtained the approbation of foreigners, and have been translated into French and other languages. I hope this circumstance alone will procure *The History of SOPHIA DARNLEY*, what the intrinsic merit of the work itself deserves, a favourable reception from the public. Mrs. LENNOX has forfeited no part of her reputation by this publication, which I warmly recommend as one of the best and most pleasing novels that has appeared for some years. The story is quite new, uniform and interesting; the characters are natural and properly supported; the style equal, easy, and well kept up, sinking no where below the level of genteel life, a compliment which cannot be paid to one of the most celebrated novel writers we have.

PROBUS.

ARTICLE IV.

THE STORY TELLER: OR, UNIVERSAL ENTERTAINER. Being a new method to cast off Care, an infallible cordial for Low-Spirits, and a Help to Conversation. By THOMAS TELL-TALE, Esq. In two vol.—Price bound 5s. 5d: served 4s. 4d.

The disorders of the mind may be removed without medicine; for in cases of this kind, chearful company, exercise, reading diverting books, and laughing, is the best physic.

GALEN.

*** This performance is on an entire new plan, in which is inserted none of those insipid thread-bare jests or stories published in the collections that are perpetually flowing from the press; this entertaining work consisting of entire new stories: an assertion, tho' somewhat strange, is nevertheless true, as the candid reader will acknowledge on perusal.

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The PLAN of this WORK.

THE sprightly chearful Companion who is continually striking out new subjects of mirth and good-humour, while he is joyous himself, diffuses joy to every one about him. Such a facetious merry mortal is formed to amuse, to enliven and divert, and as the pleasure of others seems to be his sole aim, their approbation is bestowed as his necessary reward, and when approbation is once gained, affection, if it does not always accompany it, is seldom out of call. Wherever this man leads, his companions will follow. But as the brightest genius will sometimes flag, and be incapable of exerting his powers, this Work will afford innumerable seasonable hints, and memory will supply the defects of imagination.

It is not every one, however, that can attain the happy talent of enlivening conversation. Sprightly starts of wit, pleasing sallies of imagination, and all the quickness and smartness of repartee, are not to be acquired by rule. The wit indeed may inspire wit, but his influence will last no longer than his presence; and those who attempt to *keep up the Ball*, generally have cause to repent of their folly.

The persons for whom these sheets were principally written, are those who distinguish themselves in conversation by the agreeable way in which they tell a story. These by an archness in their manner, a droll turn of expression, and the imitation of the peculiar accent of the country of the persons they mention, constantly fix attention, and are listened to with pleasure. By this happy art they lead the laugh, and whenever they please are sure of gaining applause. But it has been observed, that these, more than any other, are liable to one great impropriety, and that is, several times repeating the same story in the same company; an impropriety which this work is directly calculated to remedy, by affording them a fund of new matter, by which their capacity of entertaining will be prodigiously enlarged,

That the power of pleasing in conversation may be made more general than is usually imagined, and that
many

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many who are unwillingly silent in company, may be furnish'd with the means of displaying their abilities to advantage, is a truth, that, I think, may easily be demonstrated. The man of good sense, who takes care to stock his mind with proper materials, tho' he may want the sudden flash of wit, may yet shine with a bright and steady blaze, and by the force of good humour and the knowledge of men and things, may instruct and please without having recourse to a pun or a pointed jest; and give a noble and rational delight, without setting the table on a roar.

This accomplishment was hitherto only to be obtained by great reading, and the use of a number of books; but here these Volumes answer the purpose of a library.

In short, these genuine anecdotes and stories must be of the greatest service to every one who would shine in conversation, and we have taken all imaginable pains to render it as perfect as possible. The works of this kind have been constantly collected from performances of the same nature; but this is compiled from the authors themselves, our most celebrated biographers and historians, and there are added a variety of curious particulars relating to the most distinguished personages, which have been preserved in the closets of their friends, and were never before made public.

ARTICLE V.

[*A new Edition, being the second, with great additions; particularly, the History of PAMPHILIUS and SOPHIA, not in the former edition.*]

THE History of OPHELIA. Published by Miss FIELDING, author of DAVID SIMPLE, Countess of DELWYN, &c.—*In two volumes bound together, Price 2s. 8½d: sewed 2s. 2d.*

ARTICLE VI.

THE History of the COUNTESS of DELWYN: By the author of DAVID SIMPLE, OPHELIA, &c.—*In two volumes bound together, price 2s. 8½d: sewed 2s. 2d.*

ARTICLE

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ARTICLE VII.

[*A new Edition, being the third, corrected by the Author, and illustrated with Copper-Plates.*]

THE Life and Adventures of Sir LAUNCELOT GREAVES: By the author of RODERICK RANDOM, &c.—Price bound in calf and lettered, 2s. 8½d: sewed 2s. 2d.

ARTICLE VIII.

[*The second Edition.*]

THE entertaining Life and Adventures, in several Parts of England and Ireland, of JOHN CARTERET PILKINGTON, son to the Rev. Mr. Matthew and the celebrated Mrs. Letitia Pilkington. Written by himself. To which are added, never before printed, a series of letters which passed between the late lord KINGSBOROUGH and Mrs. Pilkington. Poems by Mr. Pilkington. A new scene for *High Life below Stairs*. An extraordinary letter from the late Colley Cibber, Esq; to Mrs. Pilkington, &c. The last articles are not in the London edition.—Price, bound in calf and lettered, 2s. 8½d: sewed 2s. 2d.

The character given of this performance by one of the Monthly Criticks, is conceived in the following terms—‘ This piece (if we may be allowed the expression) may be regarded as a modern IRISH ATLANTIS, in which several curious Anecdotes are preserved.’

‘ Our author’s narrative is enlivened, and receives consequence by the introduction of a variety of anecdotes and little epifodical stories of the abovementioned persons.

‘ The first volume is chiefly taken up with his own adventures, which, however, do not so much interest the reader from their strangeness, as from the agreeable manner in which they are related; domestic distrests, the insolence of the wealthy, and the uncontinuing professions of premature friendships, make up

‘ the

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the detail. Being early involved in his mother's distresses, he met several, who, in the first impulse of tenderness, were ready to harbour and relieve him; but every repeated solicitation diminishing their sensibility, they all at last abandoned him, and charged upon his insolence or ingratitude that coldness, which proceeded only from their own discontinuance of sympathy with his distress.

This performance was first published by subscription: several names of people of the first fashion appeared upon the list. We must own, however, that patronage extorted from the great, whatever praise it might reflect on them, added none in our eye to the merits of the author. We took up his book with a design to be displeased; and even prejudice predisposed us to read a performance thus ushered into the world with indifference and even contempt. But as we proceeded in his narration, we began to become reconciled to the author: the easy simplicity of his manner, the flowing elegance of his style, and a prettiness of thinking, so much resembling that of his mother, the well-known Letitia Pilkington, entirely altered our sentiments; nor can we avoid classing it among the most amusing performances that have appeared this season.

ARTICLE IX.

THE LIFE, extraordinary HISTORY and INTRIGUES of the Chevalier, JOHN TAYLOR, Oculist; who has been on his travels upwards of thirty years, thro' England, Ireland, Scotland, and the rest of Europe: Containing his adventures in London, Dublin, Paris, &c. Written from authentic materials, and published by his son, JOHN TAYLOR, of Hatton-Garden, London.—*In two volumes bound together, price 2s. 2d. : sewed, 1s. 7½d.*

Character of this work from the REVIEW.

In the course of our reviewing, we have not received more entertainment from the perusal of any work of amusement, than what this agreeable and lively novel

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novel afforded us. The masterly manner in which it is wrote, convinces us the Doctor had but little hand in it. It abounds with wit, satire, and a variety of humorous incidents, related in fluent language, perfectly adapted to the scenes, which, the very delicate reader will wish were in higher life; however, they are perpetually spirited, and discover an uncommon quickness of thought. The exploits of the matchless hero of this story, founded upon facts so manifest, exceed, in number and entertaining adventures, the most fertile romance that invention has hitherto produced; a character so complex, and so contrasted, no age, perhaps, or country has beheld. It looks as if nature in a playful frolic, had thrown him out to the world, in order to shew mankind how reason and passion, how genius and caprice, could counterwork each other within the human mind, and mark out a moral prodigy made up of all extremes. Our author's manner is concise, yet perspicuous; his allusions are truly comic, and his observations sensible and animated; his sentiments are forcible, and his satire most ingeniously severe. His descriptions are a species of composition in which he displays uncommon talents for wit and humour. Where he steps aside from truth, (by way of music between the acts, and plays upon his invention) he entertains us with specimens of facetiousness, equaled by none in our language, since the days of Harry Fielding.

ARTICLE X.

THE FORTUNE HUNTER: a modern Tale, embellished with a copper-plate frontispiece of a NIGHT-SCENE.—*Price bound in calf and lettered 2s. 8½d. sewed 2s. 2d.*

Account of this work from the REVIEW.

‘ The hero of this piece is a fortune-hunter: in the prosecution of his profession he meets with several adventures, which are happily conceived, and related with genuine humour. We should be glad to see
‘ more

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“ more of this author’s productions, who appears, from
“ this specimen, well qualified to entertain the public.
“ It is embellished with an ingenious frontispiece, re-
“ presenting one of the hero’s adventures, being a Night
“ Scene in a new taste, well executed by the engraver.
“ To diversify the volume, the incidents of our hero’s
“ history being all of the droll kind, the reader is pre-
“ sented with some new novels in a more refined taste.”

ARTICLE XI.

APOLLO; or the SONGSTER’S UNIVERSAL LIBRARY: Being a grand collection of the best Songs in the English language, *old and new*, for the entertainment of the Bacchanal, Lover, Buck, Sportsman, Free Mason, Loyalist, Soldier, and Sailor; and for all those who would render themselves agreeable, divert company, kill care and be joyous: Where the high seasoned WIT and HUMOUR will be a sufficient Apology for a *bad voice*; and whereby such as have a *tolerable one* will be able to shine, without repressing the Laugh of the merrily disposed, or offending the Ear of the most chaste Virgin. Consisting of many valuable and real Originals, not to be met with in any other Collection: Likewise, those sung at the theatres and gardens of London and Dublin for ten years past. To which is annexed, The COMPANY KEEPER’S ASSISTANT, being a collection of all the TOASTS, SENTIMENTS, and HOB-NOBs usually given in company, with several newly coined, but not yet current, this being the first delivery of them from the mint. In two neat pocket volumes.—
Price bound 5s. 5d: sewed 4s. 4d.

* * * These two volumes consist of four parts, viz.
1. APOLLO. 2. *The WREATH.* 3. *The CHAPLET of*
CHEARFULNESS. 4. WIT, WOMEN, and WINE. Any single part may be had alone price a British Shilling.

ARTICLE

ARTICLE XII.

MAGAZIN DES ENFANS. The POLITE TUTOR and TUTORESS, or the Young GENTLEMAN and LADIES INSTRUCTOR ; being a Series of Dialogues between Mrs. AFFABLE, a sensible Governess, and several of her Pupils of the first rank ; in which the young ladies are made to think, speak and act, in a manner suitable to their respective tempers, dispositions, and capacities. No less care being taken to form their hearts to virtue than to cultivate their understandings with useful knowledge. In this work are included lessons in GEOGRAPHY, and a clear abridgement of Sacred and Profane HISTORY, interspersed with useful REFLECTIONS, FABLES, MORAL TALES, SONGS, &c. for their amusement : A very proper study for young Gentlemen and Ladies of fashion, especially those at Boarding-schools. By Madam LA PRINCE DE BEAUMONT ; translated from the French. With an Address to the masters and governesses of Boarding-schools. Inscribed by the editor to Lady AMELIA FITZGERALD, eldest daughter of the most noble JAMES Marquis of Eildare.



ARTICLE XIII.

THE LIFE and ADVENTURES of PETER WILLIAMSON. Containing a recital of various vicissitudes of fortune, with a particular account of the manners, customs, and dress of the Savages ; of their scalping, burning, and other barbarities committed in North America during his residence among them. Comprehending in the whole, a summary of the transactions of the several provinces of North America, from the commencement of the war in those parts ; and a description of New England, New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, Carolina, Nova Scotia, and Canada : likewise, likewise, the cities of Boston, Philadelphia, New York, &c. Also, a discourse on kidnapping, with proper directions for tradersmen and others to avoid slavery, when transported from their native country. Written by himself. Dedicated to the Rt. Hon. William Pitt, Esq.—*Price ten Pence.*